March 10, 1934

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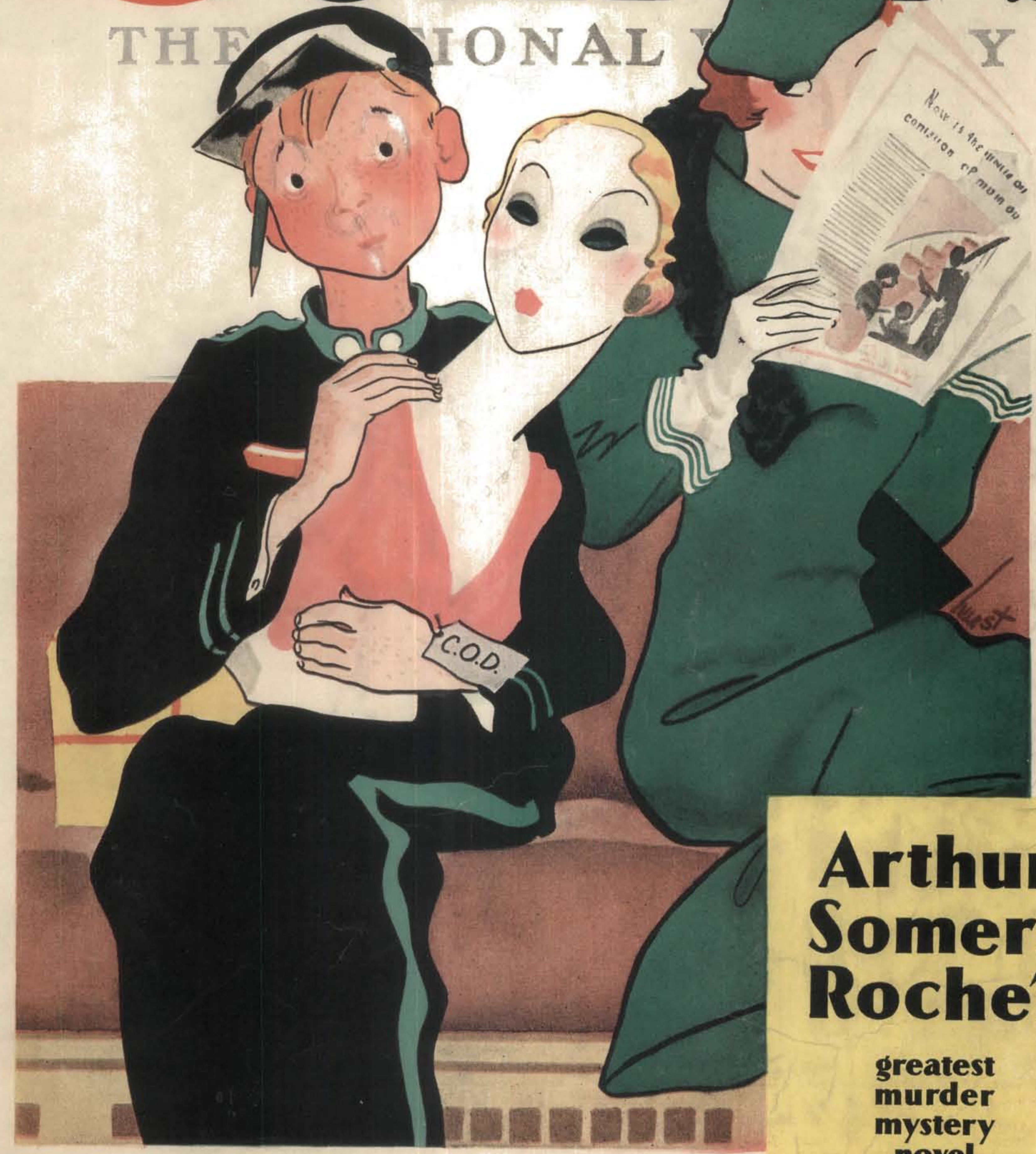


Arthur Somers Roche's

greatest murder mystery novel

The Case Against Mrs. Ames

Walter Davenport Ray Tucker
Hugh Wiley Kyle Crichton

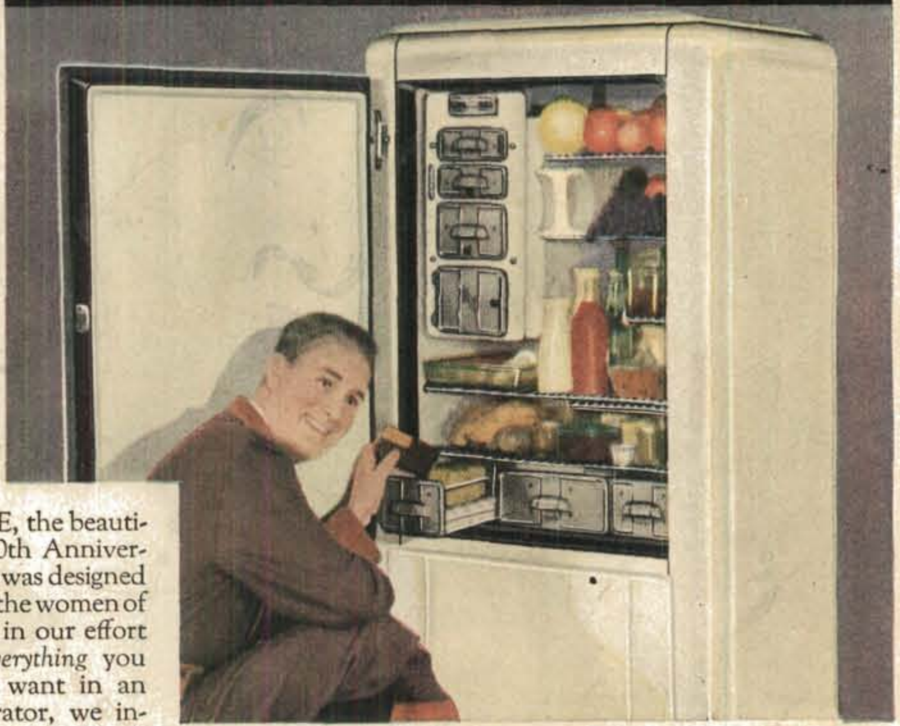
March 10, 1934

4 REFRIGERATORS ... *another way to a man's heart!* YOU CAN HAVE ALL 4

"SURE THEY'RE FROZEN—AND IT TOOK ONLY 80 MINUTES"

You need one for "emergency" fast freezing. The World's Fastest Freezing Speed tray gives you ice cubes in about 80 minutes—hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds.

"A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE"



You need one for "food filing"—a specific place for fresh vegetables—dairy products—left-overs—beverages, etc. Kelvinator has the ideal "Food File" for all kinds of foods.

OF COURSE, the beautiful new 20th Anniversary Kelvinator was designed particularly for the women of America. But, in our effort to give you *everything* you could possibly want in an electric refrigerator, we included many features which men find convenient, useful, enjoyable.

That is why men are so enthusiastic about Kelvinator's "4 refrigerators in 1," and are so eager for the Kelvinator to be your choice, too.

See the new Kelvinator now, and let the dealer explain how easily you can own one on the ReDisCo Budget Plan. ... KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit, Michigan.*

"AS FRESH AS THE DAY I CAUGHT THEM"

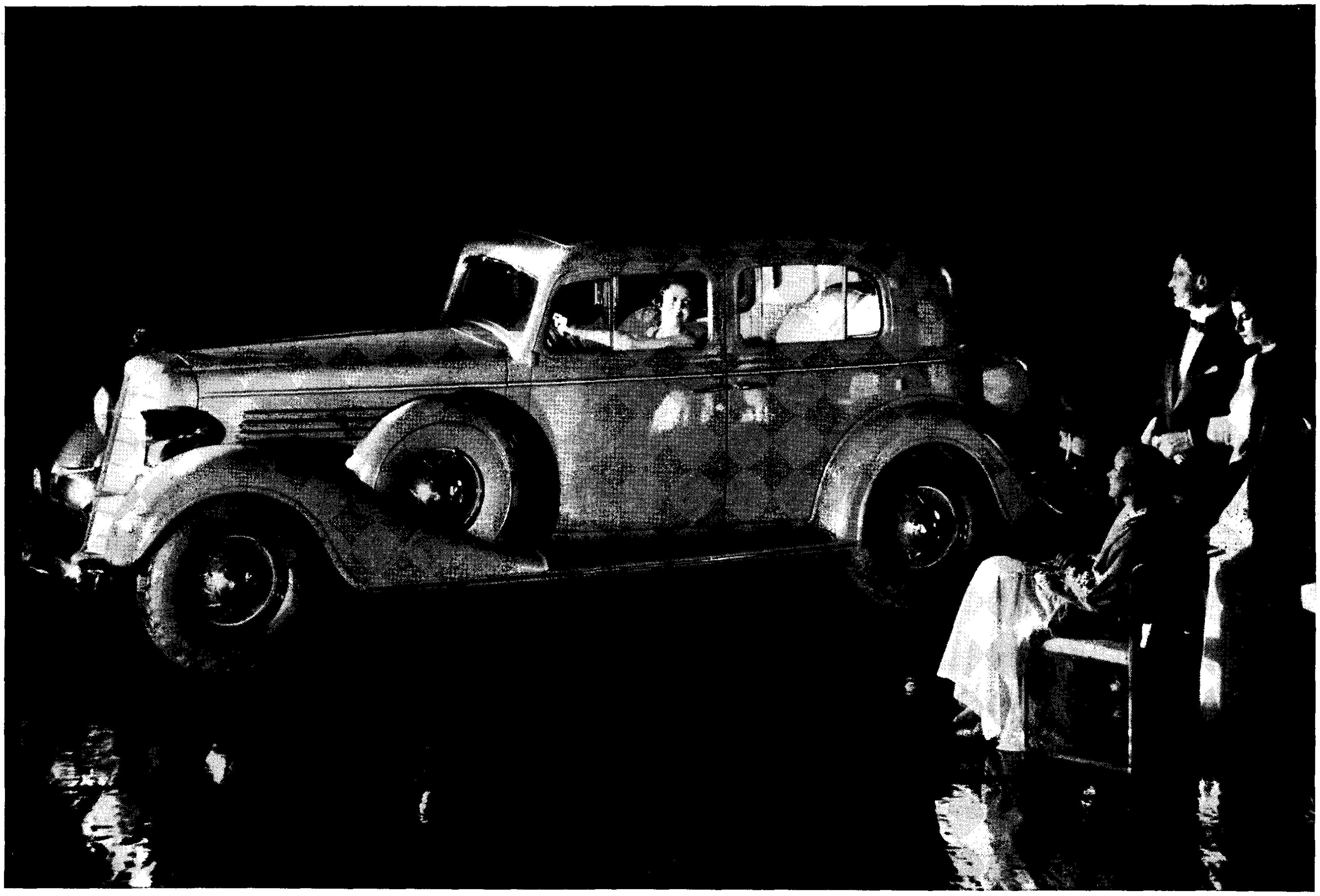
You need one for keeping fish or meat indefinitely at below freezing temperature. The Frost Chest, *a Kelvinator feature,* provides this important refrigeration service and provides it automatically. There are no dials to set.

"YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH DESSERT THERE FOR A REGIMENT"

You need one for making large quantities of ice cubes and frozen desserts and salads in a hurry. The fast freezing trays, which operate automatically, supply this—giving you a total of "4 refrigerators in 1"—*a Kelvinator feature!*

☆ KELVINATOR *4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1* ☆

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate our dealer



All That Is New Joins All That Is Good

IN the new Buicks of 1934, you recognize at once a vigorous new vitality of modern design. While these new Buicks bear no mark of the extreme, they strike out into refreshing new paths of beauty. Though they hold fast to all that is good and worthy, they lay aside the prosaic and the out-moded.

They captivate by gracious symmetry; by the smooth flow of line and curve into a windstream design of perfect harmony.

They transport you with a luxury undreamed of even a few years ago. For they carry you with the gliding ride as Buick gives it—without question, the most easeful and even ride you have ever enjoyed in your entire motoring life.

For great numbers today, the new Buicks are giving conclusive answer to the puzzling question of which car to buy.

They answer with extraordinary beauty and grace; with overflowing value; with a fine dependability that has few if any equals. They answer with increased space and more comfortable interiors in their new Fisher bodies — with automatic new conveniences — with marvelous new ease and sureness of control.

See Buick, then, before you bind yourself to buy any car. And, for your guidance, know that *again* there is a better automobile, and *again* Buick is building it.

WHEN · BETTER · AUTOMOBILES · ARE · BUILT · BUICK · WILL · BUILD · THEM

THE *NEW* BUICK Buick Body by Fisher . . . . *with* **Knee-Action Wheels**

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MISS ALMIRA GUDGEON knew about sailors. Eight years in the cashier's cage at the Alhambra Café had taught her. Her eyes said, "No foolishness!" and her lips said, "I've heard all *that* before." Just the same, she was excited when the fleet came back from Panama. *He* might come in—the abysmal brute.

The abysmal brute, Machinist Mate Wilfred McClarty, did come in. The only trouble was that he was shy. He didn't dare speak to Miss Gudgeon. He just followed her around, looking sinister. Miss Gudgeon intended to notify the police, but somehow she never got around to doing it.

McClarty was a smart man. He had the cleanest shaft alleys in the fleet. You could eat an egg off any of McClarty's shafts. But he had a tough time proving to Miss Gudgeon that his intentions were good. In fact, he had to make her "Miss Pacific Fleet" before she got the idea. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes her story.

SO ALL-EMBRACING is the New Deal that even the original Americans are going to participate in it. After being systematically robbed for fifty years the Indians are at last to receive honest and intelligent treatment. They have watched their lands dwindle, through legalized thievery, from 133,000,000 acres to 47,000,000. They have seen the character of their sons and daughters insidiously undermined. And they're pretty nearly licked. Now we're going to do something about it. John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, proposes to help them recover their land, their customs and their racial pride. Next week Owen P. White shows you how he's going about it.

THE natural thing to send to a girl, Jim Casserly had always thought, was roses. Jim liked a good many girls and sent a good many roses. He never kept count. But the record at his florist's read: Ninety-nine dozen, and there was an almost equal number of recipients. Molly Hill didn't think that was much of a recommendation for a prospective husband and she was determined not to be just "Another Girl." So she ran away and it was, oddly enough, roses that brought her back. In a dramatic love story Elizabeth Corbett tells you about it.

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE continues to explore the amazing ramifications of "The Case Against Mrs. Ames." Teresa Hyde Phillips writes the Short Short Story, Edward L. McKenna, Tommy Armour, Ray Tucker, H. I. Phillips, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox and others contribute assorted gems of wit and wisdom. Keep your eyes open.

This Week

●

March 10, 1934

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part I. **Beginning the superb love story of Rose Ames and Sam Kernochan. Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Heat Wave. **Chicago's night clubs go on a bender. Page 10**

PATTERSON McNUTT
Broadway Bound. **Not even expert advice could stop her. Page 12**

TALBERT JOSSELYN
The Man Who Couldn't Take It. **Championship golf, played from a wheel chair. Page 14**

KYLE CRICHTON
Hit Hunter. **Mr. Jed Harris, the boy who has grown older. Page 16**

RICHARD CONNELL
Only an Elephant. **How would you like to weigh a ton? Page 17**

HUGH WILEY
Medium Well Done. **Little Starlight comes a cropper. Page 18**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Rough Air, Part IV. **Can Hollywood kill love? Page 20**

RAY TUCKER
Copy-Book Senator. **The rules for success, as laid down and followed by Arthur Robinson. Page 22**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Honey Boy, **by George Milburn. Page 24**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Sun Babies. **Goings-on in St. Petersburg. Page 26**

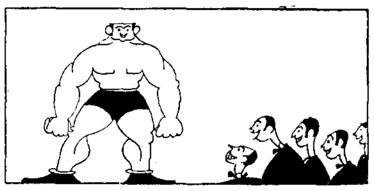
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **A few loose facts. Page 42**

EDITORIAL
Pot of Gold. **Page 62**

●

Any Week

THAT we may devote ourselves to the lighter aspects of our mail—such as matters of national planning, the bullion gold standard and equalized agricultural blocking—we hasten to assure Mr. Little Boy Laske of Minneapolis, Minnesota, "222 pounds of honest rassling," that we meant no nasty reflection upon the wrestling profession when, recently, we spoke off-handedly of the numerous things wrestlers do to make each other uncomfortable. "Rassling," says Mr. Laske, "don't hurt the rasslers after they get used to it. When I started rassling for a living, getting thrown on my head hurt me like everybody else. But after you get thrown on your head a while it does not hurt any more so do not make any more cracks about it."



WE MAY be wrong but we suspect that Mr. Norris J. Kelley of Santa Monica, California, understands Mr. Laske perfectly. Mr. Kelley says that he "wouldn't be surprised to get up any Monday morning and find that Monday had been abolished and that Tuesday would last only five hours. In fact," says Mr. Kelley, "I am expecting to be informed almost any time that I have been declared forfeited or something and that the Pacific Ocean has been merged with Lake Erie."

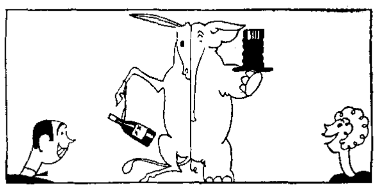
MRS. NATALIE S. FIERATTI of Tucson, Arizona, advises us that, at last, she has caught on. "The New Deal," says she, "is not popular with the politicians or the teachers of economics because all the predictions they make as to the outcome of President Roosevelt's ideas are never right. They always measure his ideas by standards that are no longer recognized by him. It would be a great surprise to many of these critics to find that this is 1934."

OF COURSE we're always ready to step aside for a better man. We have a letter here from Judge C. E. Claypool of Seattle, Washington, concerning "road hogs, speed demons and other offenders against highway decency and safety." Judge Claypool would have "every driver of a motor car within sight and hearing of such, give them the razzberry with a three-second blast followed by staccatos ad lib. They will know what it means. I have used it on the way to the court house. It worked."

BUT nothing coming across this desk this morning catches our fancy as hard as the first page of Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story, "See and Believe," done in Braille for the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind. We published the piece originally, as you know, and Mr. Brennan gave Mr. Walter G. Holmes, president and manager of the Ziegler Magazine, permission to reproduce it in the raised dot formations which the blind read with their finger tips. "This story," writes Mr. Holmes, "shows how the blind often see more correctly with spiritual eyes than many sighted do with their physical eyes."

WHICH reminds us that one of our harder-working statesmen told us the other day of a blind audience in the Mid-West listening to a word-hurler who was following his chosen career of running for public office. A handsome man was he, full of lariat phrases and bear-trap periods. After he had appealed to his sightless audience for their votes, a member of the orator's party said to one of the teachers, who too was blind: "It's a great pity that you cannot see our great candidate." Said the teacher: "But, dear lady, we have—through our ears. That is enough."

IN THE general confusion, Mrs. W. Bickle of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "just doesn't know what to make" of us. "First," says she, "you chastise the Eighteenth Amendment and now you get after the wets. One day you are for a Republican and the next you go Democratic. I wouldn't miss reading you for worlds but I certainly would like to know how you keep track of yourselves. My husband says that if you were running for office you would probably vote against yourselves."



A GIRL we like is Miss Ruth Caroline McMurdrie of Raleigh, North Carolina, who has "never been a reader of magazines." But some time ago Miss McMurdrie attended "a lecture where a very literary person devoted an hour to lambasting magazines in general and you and several popular publications in particular. My interest aroused, I went out and bought all of his pet aversions. The enclosed check is for my two-year subscription."

AND just in time for lunch.

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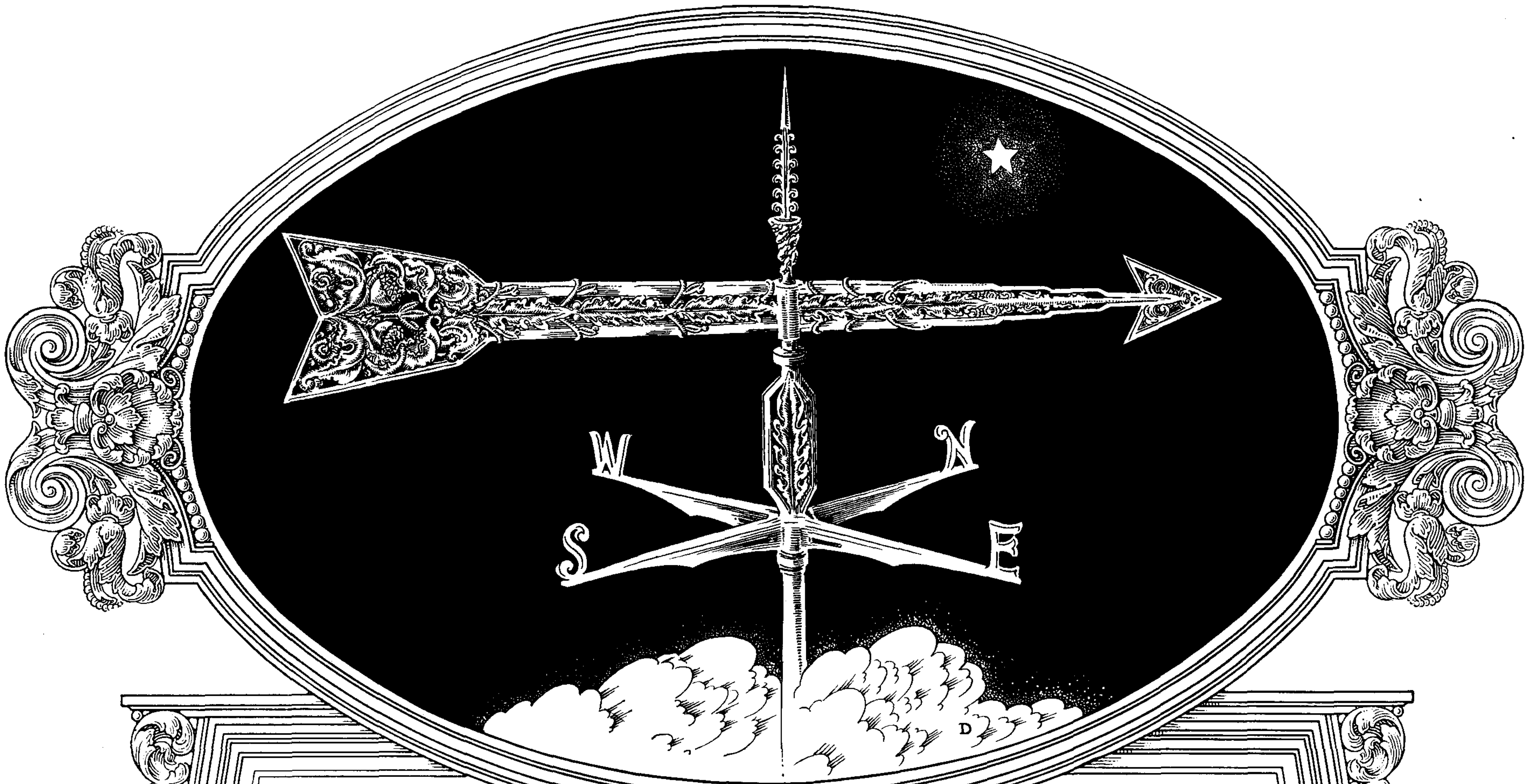

THURSDAY'S WIND

It may come from the warm south. Who can tell? Certainly there is a change in the current of business. Are your sails all set? » » » There never was a time when the Mimeograph gave the important help that it does today. It is one of the sound recovery processes. Not only is it a substantial factor in modern economy, but its nimble ability to turn out thousands of sharp and clean duplicates of all kinds of line drawings, forms, letters, bulletins, graphs, etc., has made it one of the most resultful forces in the business and educational activities of our time. For almost fifty years it has served progressingly to fill a growing need. It may be one of your real needs—right now. It is easy to find out! Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for local address.

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so is France, Germany, Russia, Japan and many other foreign stations

No longer is the Atlantic or the Pacific a barrier to your search for radio entertainment! No longer need you depend on nearby stations for your amusement!

With a PHILCO All-Wave Model—you can tune in London while you eat breakfast—enjoy English, French or German programs throughout the day—or listen to Rome or Madrid when you will. South America offers its finest military bands—its tango and rhumba orchestras. And finally to many PHILCO 16X owners comes the thrill of hearing from the other side of the world—Sydney or Melbourne, in Australia.

These programs come to you not as mere whispers—but with volume enough to entertain a roomful of people. Big Ben in London will sound the hours loud enough—if you will—to be heard throughout the house!

Programs from near and far—from local broadcasting stations or from half way around the world—reach you in their full richness and beauty only through an Inclined Sounding Board PHILCO—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

See and hear the great All-Wave PHILCO! Learn how easily you can add London, Paris, Moscow, Berlin and Madrid to the stations you listen to regularly!

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

Give your home a **REAL** *Radio*

PHILCO 84B • • • $20

How could anyone think of buying a radio of unknown name and uncertain age when a real 1934 PHILCO can be bought for as little as $20? The 84B is a wonderful little radio in an attractive two tone maple cabinet. Splendid tone—illuminated dial—and an exceptionally fine "distance-getter" at this low price. Tunes from 540 to 1720 kilocycles.

PHILCO 16X (ALL-WAVE) $175

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were present "in person".

SHORT-WAVE AS WELL AS STANDARD BROADCAST RECEPTION! Efficient reception on all American and foreign short-wave channels including the very short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume.

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Shadow Tuning—Automatic Volume Control—New Auditorium Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

16 Chassis with Remote Control,	$195
16 Chassis in Attractive Lowboy,	$150
16 Chassis in Baby Grand Cabinet,	$85

PHILCO also offers another all-wave chassis—the 44—in two attractive cabinets

44H—All-Wave Highboy . .	$89.50
44B—All-Wave Baby Grand . .	$65

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A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $55

(Complete and installed on any make car — any model — any year)

A new 1934 Model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—better tone than any auto radio that $55 ever bought before!

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

The [illegible]ainst Mrs. Ames

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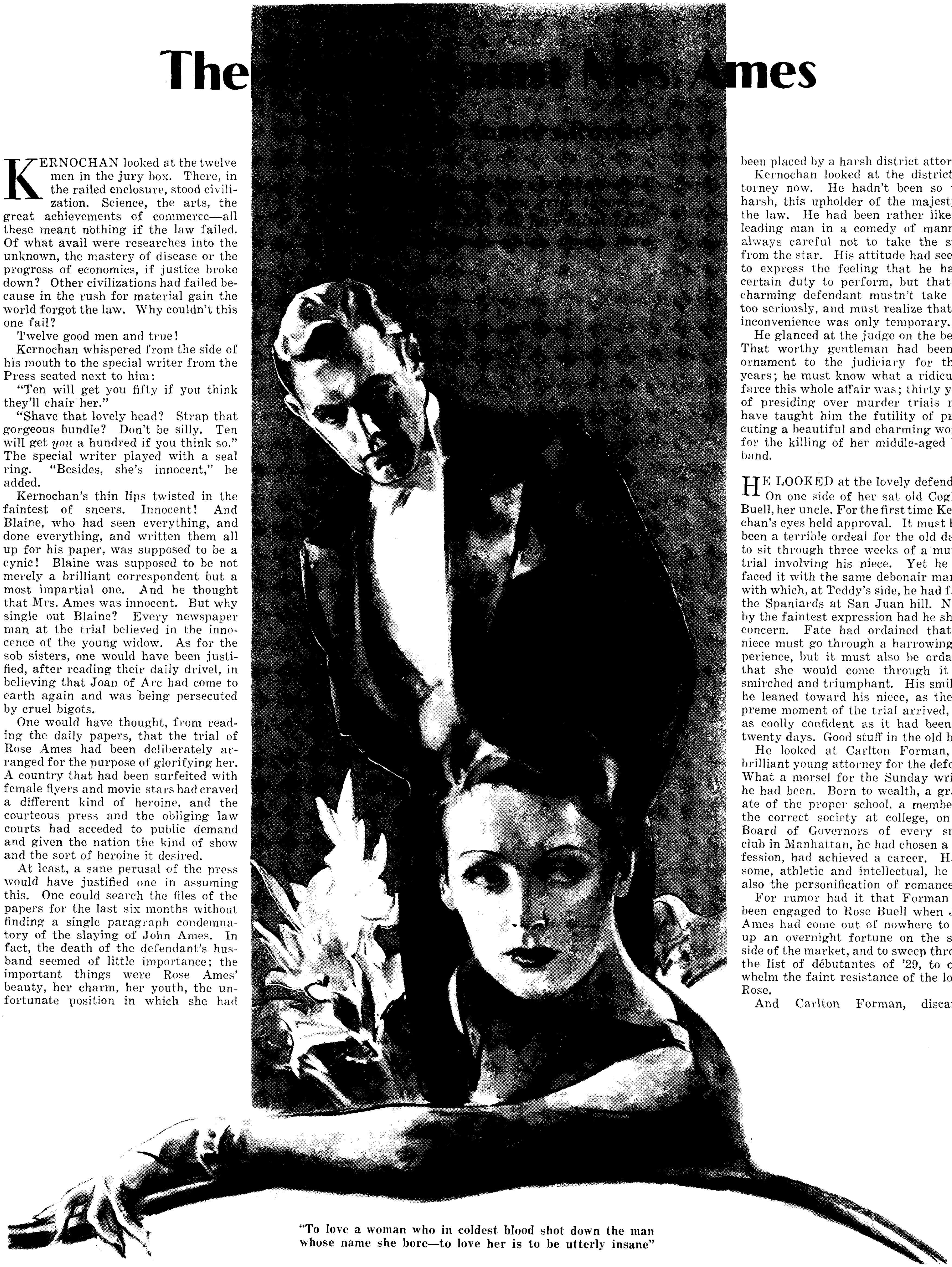


"To love a woman who in coldest blood shot down the man whose name she bore—to love her is to be utterly insane"

KERNOCHAN looked at the twelve men in the jury box. There, in the railed enclosure, stood civilization. Science, the arts, the great achievements of commerce—all these meant nothing if the law failed. Of what avail were researches into the unknown, the mastery of disease or the progress of economics, if justice broke down? Other civilizations had failed because in the rush for material gain the world forgot the law. Why couldn't this one fail?

Twelve good men and true!

Kernochan whispered from the side of his mouth to the special writer from the Press seated next to him:

"Ten will get you fifty if you think they'll chair her."

"Shave that lovely head? Strap that gorgeous bundle? Don't be silly. Ten will get *you* a hundred if you think so." The special writer played with a seal ring. "Besides, she's innocent," he added.

Kernochan's thin lips twisted in the faintest of sneers. Innocent! And Blaine, who had seen everything, and done everything, and written them all up for his paper, was supposed to be a cynic! Blaine was supposed to be not merely a brilliant correspondent but a most impartial one. And he thought that Mrs. Ames was innocent. But why single out Blaine? Every newspaper man at the trial believed in the innocence of the young widow. As for the sob sisters, one would have been justified, after reading their daily drivel, in believing that Joan of Arc had come to earth again and was being persecuted by cruel bigots.

One would have thought, from reading the daily papers, that the trial of Rose Ames had been deliberately arranged for the purpose of glorifying her. A country that had been surfeited with female flyers and movie stars had craved a different kind of heroine, and the courteous press and the obliging law courts had acceded to public demand and given the nation the kind of show and the sort of heroine it desired.

At least, a sane perusal of the press would have justified one in assuming this. One could search the files of the papers for the last six months without finding a single paragraph condemnatory of the slaying of John Ames. In fact, the death of the defendant's husband seemed of little importance; the important things were Rose Ames' beauty, her charm, her youth, the unfortunate position in which she had been placed by a harsh district attorney.

Kernochan looked at the district attorney now. He hadn't been so very harsh, this upholder of the majesty of the law. He had been rather like the leading man in a comedy of manners, always careful not to take the stage from the star. His attitude had seemed to express the feeling that he had a certain duty to perform, but that the charming defendant mustn't take him too seriously, and must realize that her inconvenience was only temporary.

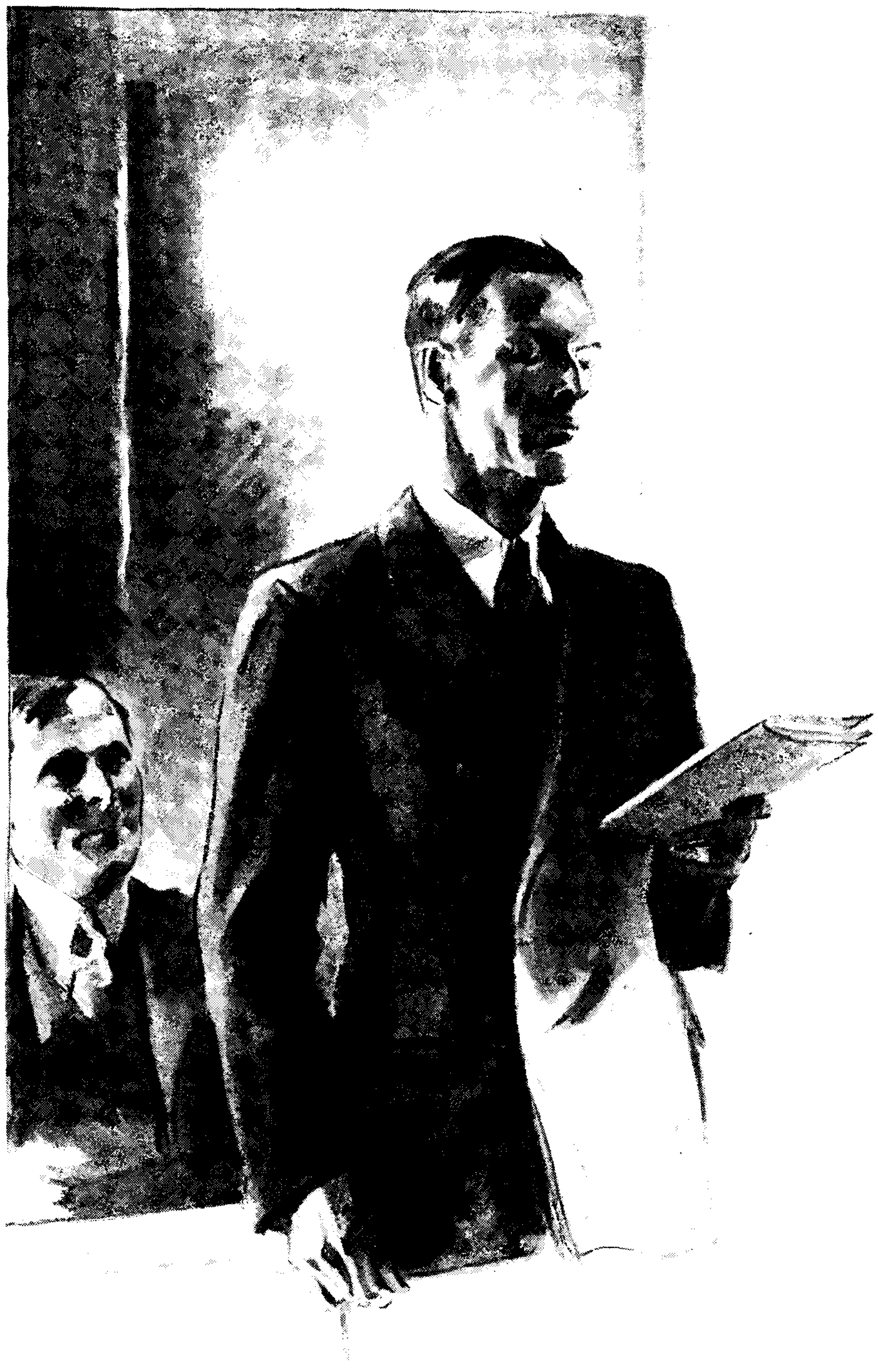
He glanced at the judge on the bench. That worthy gentleman had been an ornament to the judiciary for thirty years; he must know what a ridiculous farce this whole affair was; thirty years of presiding over murder trials must have taught him the futility of prosecuting a beautiful and charming woman for the killing of her middle-aged husband.

HE LOOKED at the lovely defendant. On one side of her sat old Coghlan Buell, her uncle. For the first time Kernochan's eyes held approval. It must have been a terrible ordeal for the old dandy to sit through three weeks of a murder trial involving his niece. Yet he had faced it with the same debonair manner with which, at Teddy's side, he had faced the Spaniards at San Juan hill. Never by the faintest expression had he shown concern. Fate had ordained that his niece must go through a harrowing experience, but it must also be ordained that she would come through it unsmirched and triumphant. His smile as he leaned toward his niece, as the supreme moment of the trial arrived, was as coolly confident as it had been for twenty days. Good stuff in the old buck.

He looked at Carlton Forman, the brilliant young attorney for the defense. What a morsel for the Sunday writers he had been. Born to wealth, a graduate of the proper school, a member of the correct society at college, on the Board of Governors of every smart club in Manhattan, he had chosen a profession, had achieved a career. Handsome, athletic and intellectual, he was also the personification of romance.

For rumor had it that Forman had been engaged to Rose Buell when John Ames had come out of nowhere to pile up an overnight fortune on the short side of the market, and to sweep through the list of débutantes of '29, to overwhelm the faint resistance of the lovely Rose.

And Carlton Forman, discarded



suitor, had been chosen by the woman he had loved to defend her from the charge of murdering the man she had married! Was there ever a better opportunity for the gossip writers, for the anonymous authors of the Sunday features?

He studied the face of the woman who in another moment would learn her fate. There was the faintest hint of a smile on her perfectly modeled lips. Not a brazen smile; even Kernochan conceded that. It was a smile of trust and confidence. Here was a woman whose round chin, straight nose, and broad forehead denoted strength and courage; yet there was nothing masculine about her; one had the feeling that despite her strength and courage she was deliciously feminine, the type of woman who would give her strength and courage into the keeping of greater strength and greater courage.

Men, gullible though they are, are not always flattered when weakness turns to them; but who can resist the flattery of being asked to aid strength? From her uncle and her counsel beside her to the judge on the bench and the jury in the box, from the court attendant to the audience, not a man there, save Kernochan, but felt the flattery of her appeal.

Oddly enough, women were as strongly her adherents as men. She had that rare type of beauty that inspires no jealousy in women. And the reason for this was that there was about her an atmosphere of—Kernochan hated the smugness which the word connoted—purity that set her apart from the commonness of the siren. Here was a woman who, despite her great attraction for men, could be trusted with one's husband or lover. Any woman would feel that. Kernochan, a man, felt that.

Yet she was indisputably a murderess. For reasons best known to herself she had killed John Ames. Her lovely face, the truth that shone from her grave gray eyes—these things meant nothing. Only dolts, only a generation that had come to look upon the law as something negligible, would set her beauty and charm against the evidence.

"—not guilty."

KERNOCHAN hardly heard the words that set Rose Ames free. The smirk on the foreman's face as he made pronouncement of the verdict had been enough to assure the reporter that his forecast of the trial's result had been correct. Not that he plumed himself on his foresight; no one in the city of New York had expected any other verdict. But that showed either an incredible inability to weigh evidence, or an equally incredible unwillingness to see the law operate against a lovely girl. Whichever it was didn't matter.

Idly Kernochan watched Coghlan Buell kiss his niece, saw Forman grip his client's hand, saw the judge's beaming smile as tolerantly he permitted the uproar in the courtroom. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, Kernochan jammed a battered hat upon his untidy black hair and left the courtroom.

A few blocks away, off Center Street, almost within the shadow of police headquarters, a speakeasy a few months ago but now plying a legitimate trade, was John's place.

Kernochan entered the place, nodded to the bartender, sat down at a table and accepted the bourbon set before him.

"They let the dame off, eh?" said the bartender.

"But it was a good show," said Kernochan. "Earl Carroll couldn't put on a Vanities for what it cost, and you must admit that this was a better show."

"She never done it," said the bartender. "Anybody knew that. The money could have been saved."

"What for? To spend on another trial?" grinned Kernochan.

The bartender stared at him, wrinkled his low forehead and then withdrew behind the bar. Swell guy, this Kernochan, but you couldn't always follow him. He served the newspaper man another drink, then several more, and Kernochan was in a pleasant glow as he stepped out into the frosty January afternoon.

HE WAS still in a glow when he reached the city room of the Leader. An office boy, glancing at him, pursed his lips. That was Kernie every time. Sober as a judge all through a big story, but cockeyed when it came time to write the finish. Oh, he'd write it. It seemed as if the newspaper man's great abilities were enhanced by the liquor he drank. Only, Jimmy had been an office boy for thirty-five years, and he'd seen star reporters come and go, and he'd never seen one aided in remaining by drink. It got the best of them sooner or later, and it would get Kernochan, too. Not right away, because Kernie was only about twenty-nine or thirty. But some day he would lose that knack of rating himself along, and instead of being intoxicated as the last page fell from his typewriter, he'd be drunk before he put the first page in. He looked pityingly at the reporter. Kernochan would have fainted with surprise had he known that anyone pitied him, much less Jimmy, the office boy, who was a grandfather.

He hung his coat and hat in the locker. A bottle caught his eye. He glanced around the room, hoped that no one noticed, drew the cork from the bottle and swallowed deeply. The glow within him grew warmer. He closed the locker and walked to his desk. As he sat down the city editor called him.

"Four columns ought to do it, don't you think, Kernie?" asked the editor.

"Four words would be enough," replied Kernie. "Another farce is ended."

"And that would sell a lot of papers for us, wouldn't it?"

"It might," said Kernochan. "Some day we'll reach the saturation point; the public will be so fed up with drool about lovely murderesses that a newspaper will catch the reaction and make a lot of money by printing the facts."

"We're going to print the facts about the Ames trial, aren't we?" demanded the editor.

"Certainly not," replied Kernochan. "The facts are that a beautiful woman deliberately murdered her husband and that, with the usual disregard for law, an American jury, aided and abetted by a prejudiced judge and a prosecuting attorney who didn't want to make himself unpopular with the sob sisters, acquitted her. She's as guilty as hell, and when I get through writing four columns of glorification of her, I'm going out and drown my conscience in all the liquor that a beneficent amendment has put within my reach."

From a torn paper package he abstracted a cigarette and lighted it.

"Four columns seems hardly enough, Davis," he said. "The trouble with you is you don't chum around enough with our society editor. Don't you know who the Buells are? Related to the Coghlans and to everybody else that's important. Why, I'll bet you don't even know what importance means. You think it means somebody like the President or Lindbergh or people who've done something. You're a swell city editor to want to wind up the smartest murder trial New York ever had in four columns. I suppose a war has broken out in the Balkans and you want to give it space. Or maybe a tidal wave has drowned all Japan and you think that ought to get a piece of the front page. You don't realize that this murder was fashionable! The defendant was a Junior-Leaguer; she made her début in twenty-nine just before the crash, out on Long Island, and there were five thousand invitations to the party, and it cost about two hundred grand. In that courtroom today were all the swells of New York. The defendant's counsel belongs to all the smart clubs. That ought to tell you something.

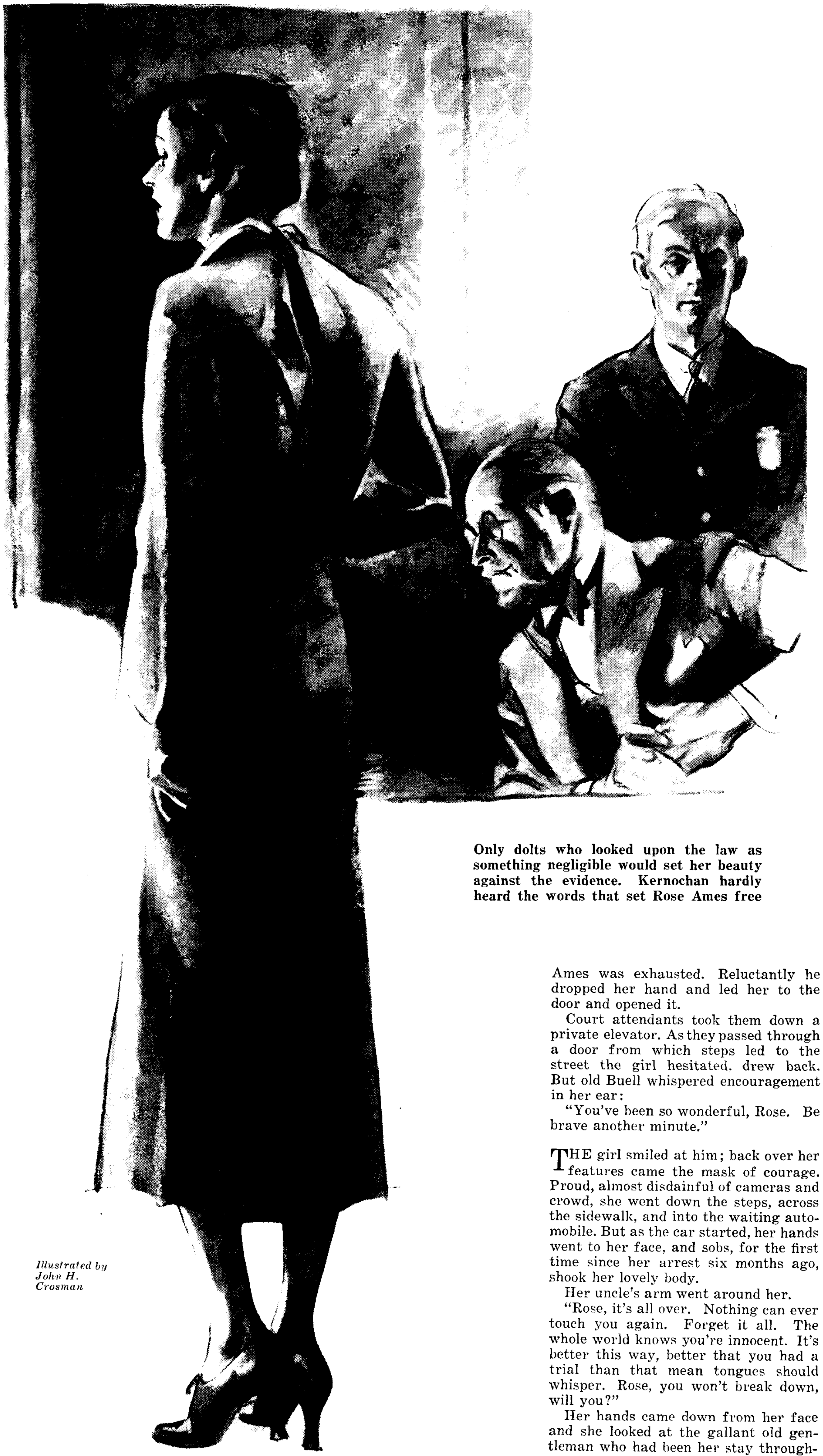
"The trouble with you, Davis, isn't, after all, that you don't chum around with our society editor; it's just that you never were smart, and never will be smart, and can't get the angles. I'll bet you don't know, offhand, how long a candidate has to stay on the waiting-list of the Mallet. You're nothing but a good newspaper man, but it takes more than that to understand all the values of the Ames trial."

DAVIS grinned amiably at the reporter.

"Now I'll tell you the trouble with you," he said. "You stopped in at John's place and h'isted a few. One of these bright days you'll h'ist a few too many and you won't be able to write four columns."

"That day will be tomorrow," said Kernochan. "After I bat out the four columns of rot you want, I'm going to get so completely plastered that I won't be able to tell my typewriter from a pink elephant for four days. A man has to drown his pride in something and, would you believe it, Boss, I'm going to push mine into a tank of bourbon."

"Better not. The orders are that the next time you disappear from the office you are to show your hospital bills and have an affidavit from the surgeon who performed the operation. I don't own this paper. I'm just the city editor. You're a swell reporter and you've never fallen down on a story once you've started on it. But there are many times when you're not around when I want you to start. The higher-ups don't like it."



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Only dolts who looked upon the law as something negligible would set her beauty against the evidence. Kernochan hardly heard the words that set Rose Ames free

"You mean that I might be fired if I went on a bender?" asked Kernochan.

"There's no 'might' about it. Them's the orders, lad. Now you quit trying to reform the world. After all, a jury has found her innocent. I think she's innocent myself. Why pick on her? Maybe this Ames needed killing. Where's your chivalry?"

"It isn't a question of chivalry," said Kernochan earnestly. "It's beyond chivalry. It's a matter of self-preservation. If murder is never to be punished when it's committed by a pretty woman, where are we headed for?"

"For an extra twenty thousand copies tomorrow," grinned Davis. "Get busy."

"I'll also get drunk," said Kernochan.

"Then you'll also be fired," said Davis.

THE judge had been most considerate. He had taken Mrs. Ames and her uncle into his private chambers after he had complimented the jury on their performance of their duty. There he wrung the hand of his old friend Coghlan Buell and even permitted himself the elderly man's privilege of holding Mrs. Ames' hand and patting it.

"I would have ordered a verdict, my dear Mrs. Ames," he told the young woman, "but I think a jury's verdict is even better, and there was, of course, no doubt as to that verdict. Your able counsel had taken enough exceptions to be assured of a new trial in any event. But that event was so unbelievably remote—my well-known friendship with your uncle, too, made me hesitate to take matters into my own hands. It was a highly intelligent jury and I knew that the result was a mere formality. I can only regret that the too-great ardor of the district attorney led him into a prosecution that from the outset was destined to failure."

Rose Ames nodded; she murmured an indistinguishable response. Now that the long ordeal was over, the mask of courage dropped from her face, leaving it no less lovely but a little wan, more than a little pathetic.

AS THE judge cleared his throat, in preface to further pomposities, old Coghlan Buell interposed. He knew that his niece's nerves had about reached the breaking point, and Judge Tompkins had never been known to relinquish an opportunity to talk to a pretty woman. A grand man, but an old dodo when a petticoat was around. If there were petticoats any more. Old Buell wasn't quite sure.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't sure of anything any more. A Buell had been arrested, confined in jail, subjected to the indignity of being placed on trial for her life. The World War had been no more cataclysmic than this, no more upsetting. If a Buell could be charged with a heinous crime and made to endure a trial, what security was there in this Bolshevistic world? The detectives who had arrested his niece, the grand jury that had indicted her, the district attorney who had prosecuted her—old Coghlan Buell would gladly have shot them all and have considered the act highly virtuous. After all, gentlemen could not accuse ladies of murder. Ergo, those responsible for the prosecution of his niece were not gentlemen. Failure to be a gentleman was a crime worthy of death. Old Coghlan's logic was simple, as simple as his snobbery.

"I think, Judge, I'll take my niece home now. Thank you for getting us out of that uproar in the courtroom. But I think Rose will rest better at home."

Judge Tompkins' face fell slightly. Half hours with lovely young girls came to him rarely nowadays, and they were not to be forgone no matter how they were achieved. But, of course, Mrs. Ames was exhausted. Reluctantly he dropped her hand and led her to the door and opened it.

Court attendants took them down a private elevator. As they passed through a door from which steps led to the street the girl hesitated, drew back. But old Buell whispered encouragement in her ear:

"You've been so wonderful, Rose. Be brave another minute."

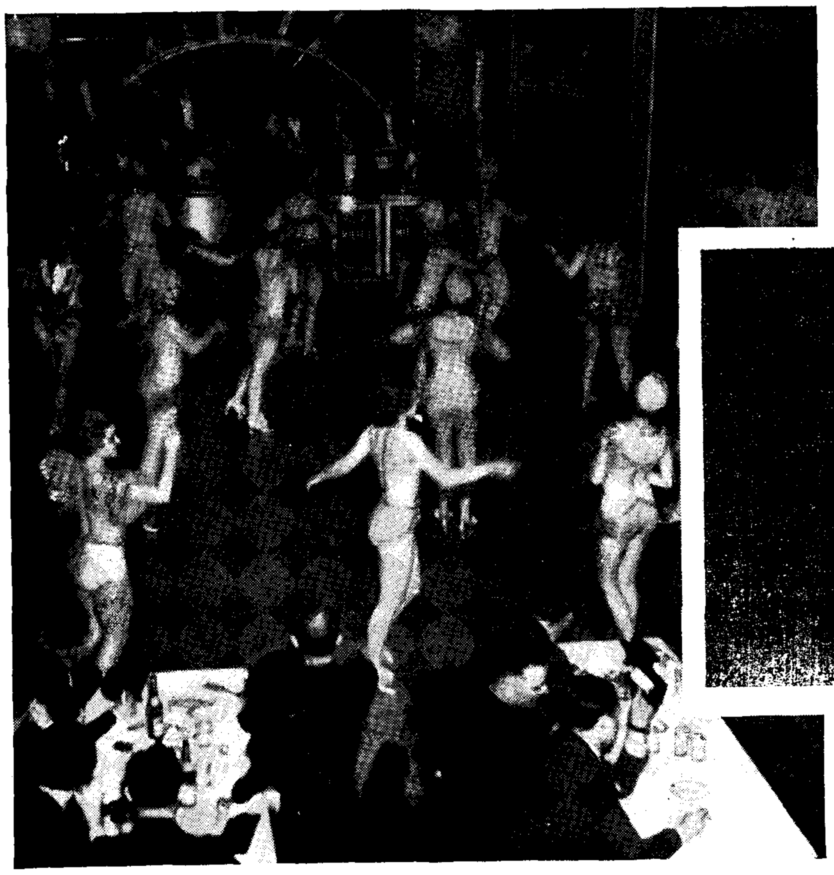
THE girl smiled at him; back over her features came the mask of courage. Proud, almost disdainful of cameras and crowd, she went down the steps, across the sidewalk, and into the waiting automobile. But as the car started, her hands went to her face, and sobs, for the first time since her arrest six months ago, shook her lovely body.

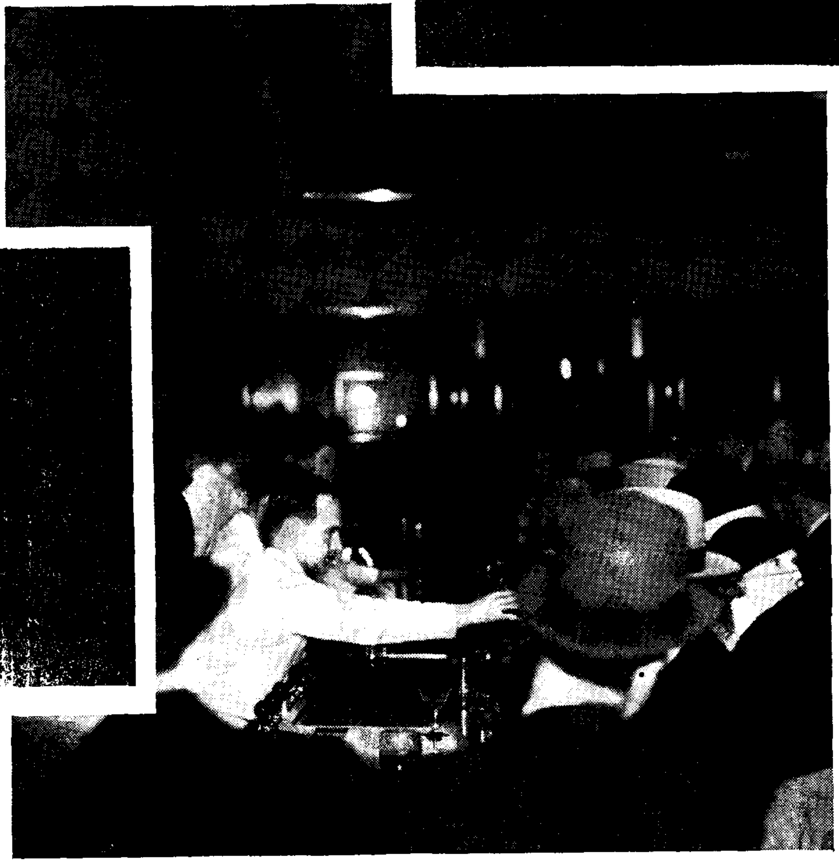
Her uncle's arm went around her.

"Rose, it's all over. Nothing can ever touch you again. Forget it all. The whole world knows you're innocent. It's better this way, better that you had a trial than that mean tongues should whisper. Rose, you won't break down, will you?"

Her hands came down from her face and she looked at the gallant old gentleman who had been her stay throughout these dreadful months.

(*Continued on page* 59)





IN THE lobby of the building wherein Doc Stein holds forth in Chicago, Mr. Joe Kospar of East St. Louis was trying to buck up his two jaded companions. He spoke in a loud Mississippi River dialect. Many years of side-show barking and tent spieling had robbed Mr. Kospar of whatever native ability he may have had to speak in conventional conversational tones. Besides, it was six o'clock in the evening and the nightfall roar of the Loop, to say nothing of the bleating crowd in the lobby, gave him tough competition.

He was assuring his friends that if he failed to sell them both, singly or as a team, before sunrise he would hand them one hundred dollars each and star them in a boat show next summer.

"Which," boomed Mr. Kospar, "is pretty dog-gone white of me, being I said only a couple months ago I would never have no part of a river show again owing to the things a guy has to put up with on a boat with gals."

With Mr. Kospar was a flinty young woman, thin as a whisper, wrapped in a famished fur coat that somehow gave you the impression that very little might be found beneath it. According to the cards which Mr. Kospar was offering passers-by with indifferent success, she was Miss Aster Lang, the International Torch Singer, who "gets 'em while they're hot and makes them hotter." She didn't look it.

Mr. Kospar's other companion was a tallow-faced man of perhaps thirty, whose ears were so large and outstanding that he seemed almost incidental to them. He was tightly dressed in a hoofer suit which hadn't been new for some time and, like Miss Lang, was given vigorously to jewelry, which they wore at random. Miss Lang, for example, sported a broad band of brilliants around her left ankle, from which dangled a collection of noisy brass disks. The man's name, as given by Mr. Kospar's cards, was Eddie Elton, The Boy with the Electric Feet.

Miss Lang looked to be ready to swap anything she might have left for a good night's sleep; but Mr. Elton was forever shifting his shiny and lightly-shod feet in tentative adagio steps. You see, one never could tell, there in the throbbing heart of Chicago's night life industry, when a night club manager prospecting for a melter or furnace act might happen along.

Busking for the Eats

"And not only that," roared Mr. Kospar. "If Doc Stein don't book us, I might have to open a place of my own."

"Let's eat," said Miss Lang without enthusiasm.

"Certainly," said Mr. Kospar, plunging his hands into pockets. "But it's a little early and I made a little arrangement with Nick George, who's running a nice tavern in Halsted street."

"For ten o'clock," protested Miss Lang wearily. "Busking again. My God, busking for the eats and maybe a dollar in nickels and dimes."

"And maybe a couple of bucks if you're hot," said Mr. Elton.

"If I'm hot," sneered Miss Lang. "If I wasn't, you two punks wouldn't be even walking on your heels. Listen, I gotta eat now—a little something anyway—or I—"

"There's the Doc now," said Mr. Kospar, breaking through the crowd toward a smallish, dapper man with cold, direct eyes. "Hey, Doc. Doc, just a minute. Listen."

But somebody, with the adroitness of one much practiced, shouldered Joe Kospar of East St. Louis aside, and a second blocker completed the shunting by depositing Mr. Kospar back where he had come from. And Doc—Jules C. Stein—who manages the affairs of more than ninety per cent of the country's dance bands, the Big He of the night club floor shows in Chicago, strode on uninterrupted, surrounded by celebrity. He was not going to a night club. Night clubs to Doc Stein are a business. He wouldn't go to one unless business expediency commanded. It seldom does.

Apparently there had been a most important conference in his Hollywoodish offices fifteen floors above where he had so completely ignored Mr. Kospar who, incidentally, was but one of a dozen troupers and managers of troupers who hailed him and tried to have a word or two. Or perhaps these famous fellows who accompany the Doc had merely called in one grand dazzling company to pay their respects. All of them big shots in the dance band business—Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Abe Lyman, Ferd Groffé, George Olsen, Johnny Johnson, Guy Lombardo, Don Bestor, Ted Weems and Paul Ash. It was too much for even the tired buskers. A sharp crash of applause greeted the lordly procession. A few of the masters took instinctive bows.

Fed Up on Fan Dancers

A moment later and they are all gone, leaving the lobby still crowded by the dime-a-dozen hoofers and torches who, like Mr. Kospar and his unwanted offerings, moped disconsolately out into the drabness of the Loop to compete for the nickels and dimes the tavern crowds and cheap night club patrons might throw their way. They call it busking or buskering. Some call them shills and their calling shilling. It doesn't matter; we'll rejoin them later, catch up with them and see them through a night that will make us glad we're not buskers. They are blues singers, torches, dancers and hoofers, jugglers, strong men, acrobats, comedians, accordionists, pianists, the struggling small fry of vaudeville. They'll do their stuff for their dinner and the coins you throw at them. You can't insult them. Most of them will have to crash the clubs or whatever you want to call the places; only a few are invited in. The punk racketeers have muscled into buskering, the two-bit gangsters have taken to managing the hottest of them. Joe Kospar is not of these.

The simple crashers split fifty-fifty with the proprietors—fifty-fifty on everything over a dollar, the life's that cheap. Sometimes they do pretty well, taking five or seven dollars, although the girls who really burn the crowd may get more. Particularly some of the fan dancers, although there's no certainty about it. The Loop and the South Side places are crawling with solo fan dancers and Chicago is wearying a bit of the art. In groups and fanless—well, that is something else.

Nobody I met, official or otherwise, professes to have any accurate count of these smaller, buskered clubs. Naturally Doc Stein wouldn't know; he could have nothing to do with these dregs. Jules Stein, a graduate of Rush Medical School, University of Chicago, conducts himself as a gentleman and is interested only in those places where you have to conduct yourself as a gentleman or be thrown out with that quiet but firm ceremony in keeping with such well-conducted establishments. Perhaps you wouldn't be thrown out; merely escorted. But you'd be out—for good.

Doc Stein practiced medicine for two years before diverting his talents to public amusement. Under his energetic direction there arose what his puny rivals scold as the band trust—the Music Corporation of America, which, as I have told you, manages, books, routes and dictates the engagements of more than ninety per cent of the dance bands in America. This, of course, does not include little local part-time orchestras but rather the fine professional bands your radio brings you and to which you listen and dance in the hotels, on the vaudeville and night club circuits, in the big public dance halls, at the balls and general evening festivities of important clubs, lodges and the like.

To sum it up, if you want a nicely polished dance orchestra guaranteed to produce no sour notes you see Doc Stein, whether it's for the coming-out party of your daughter Mary or for a movie, radio or a high-hat reception. Until this night-club fever sent Chicago reeling—and it's burning the city up—the Music Corporation of America clung to the band business. But during the Century of Progress Exposition, when night entertainment was in demand, the hotels and restaurants began to go in for floor shows. The energetic Doctor Stein at once decided that for those willing to pay enough he would combine floor shows of superior quality with the orchestras he furnished.

Since he was a gentleman with whom it was safe to deal, the restaurant, hotel and club managements found it convenient to buy all their entertainment from the one office rather than procure their bands here and their shows from hither and yon, dealing thereby with four or five agencies and managers who had a harassing way of not getting along together and whose performers were forever threatening to commit murder and suicide if somebody else's name wasn't taken out of the electric lights and their own substituted. For one price, in one office, Doctor Stein attended to all of that and the performers, like the bands, worked under firm and unified management with the smoothness of the table-serving forces.

A City on the Loose

Then came the repeal of prohibition, and Chicago, which nobody has ever accused of being a dry city, decided it was time to look into this night club business in earnest. Of course night clubs, never a novelty, began to appear in large numbers in all corners of the country. Schoolhouses, abandoned because an impoverished citizenry could no longer support them, became night clubs. Here and there church buildings, from which congregations had for one reason or another moved, became hotcha joints. Barns, vacant warehouses and even private dwellings were furnished with bars, a few tables and chairs and a phonograph—and of course several barrels of repeal liquor. Anyway, it repealed you if you drank enough of it and served to make a doubting public long for the prohibition stuff which, in comparison, was downright elixir.

With the repeal of prohibition, Chicago, which had never developed the speakeasy to the swanky heights that New York knew, went in for a prolonged spell of moon-raking. Nowhere else in America have the results been quite the same, even nearly the same. Almost anybody there will give you reasons. Some weakly contend that Chicago looked at repeal as emancipation from her murderous whisky and beer racketeers and was therefore celebrating. Others give you a muzzy sociological dissertation, saying among other things that night life in Chicago does not include the theater as it does in New York, and that, therefore, amusement is to be sought in other settings. Have it your own way. We shall hurry back to our subject.

Doc Stein's band and floor show business hit the stars with repeal. Even now he can't find enough first-class bands or sufficient celebrated performers to meet the demand. But while he searched and organized, trained and instructed, he added another enterprise to his chain—liquor. The hotels, restaurants and cafés that had found his combined bands and floor shows satisfactory were now having quite a time of it finding proper liquors and wines for their proper patronage. The bootlegger was still active and the supply of authentic, non-corroding whisky uncertain and never above suspicion. If you have a free-spending clientele it is stupid to give them drinks which will change their habits.

Revelry as a Business

So the Doc went in for liquor, assuring his patrons that the bottled stuff he would supply would be as noble as the entertainment he purveyed. He assures me that he forced his liquor on nobody. There it was, a full-hand proposition: He would not only furnish the band, the prima donna, the comedian, the girl show and whatever else it might be that you thought your customers might require, but he would wrap up the liquor along with them and deliver them all in one bundle.

The busker offers impromptu entertainment for what it will bring him

And there you have it. Ask anybody. The band is right, the floor show lays them in rows and the liquor brings you back alive. Nobody outside of the Doc's offices knows just what his income is but I am assured by those who should know that it is not less than ten thousand dollars a week—net, to the doctor himself. Which is much more than he'd get if he conducted a dance band where he would always be worried about the saxophones biting each other and the tympanums breaking their drums in temperamental rages.

Before we run after those buskers and look over the scores of lesser clubs which make the Chicago night reverberate like (and here and there smell like) your favorite zoo, we'll drop in at a few of the bars and such grand and expensive wassail palaces as the Chez Paree, the Opera Club, the Club Royale, the Paramount Club and the like. The

(Continued on page 55)

Broadway Bound

The story of a stage-struck beauty with money, and a trouper who knew what Mazda Lane does to the average girl like that

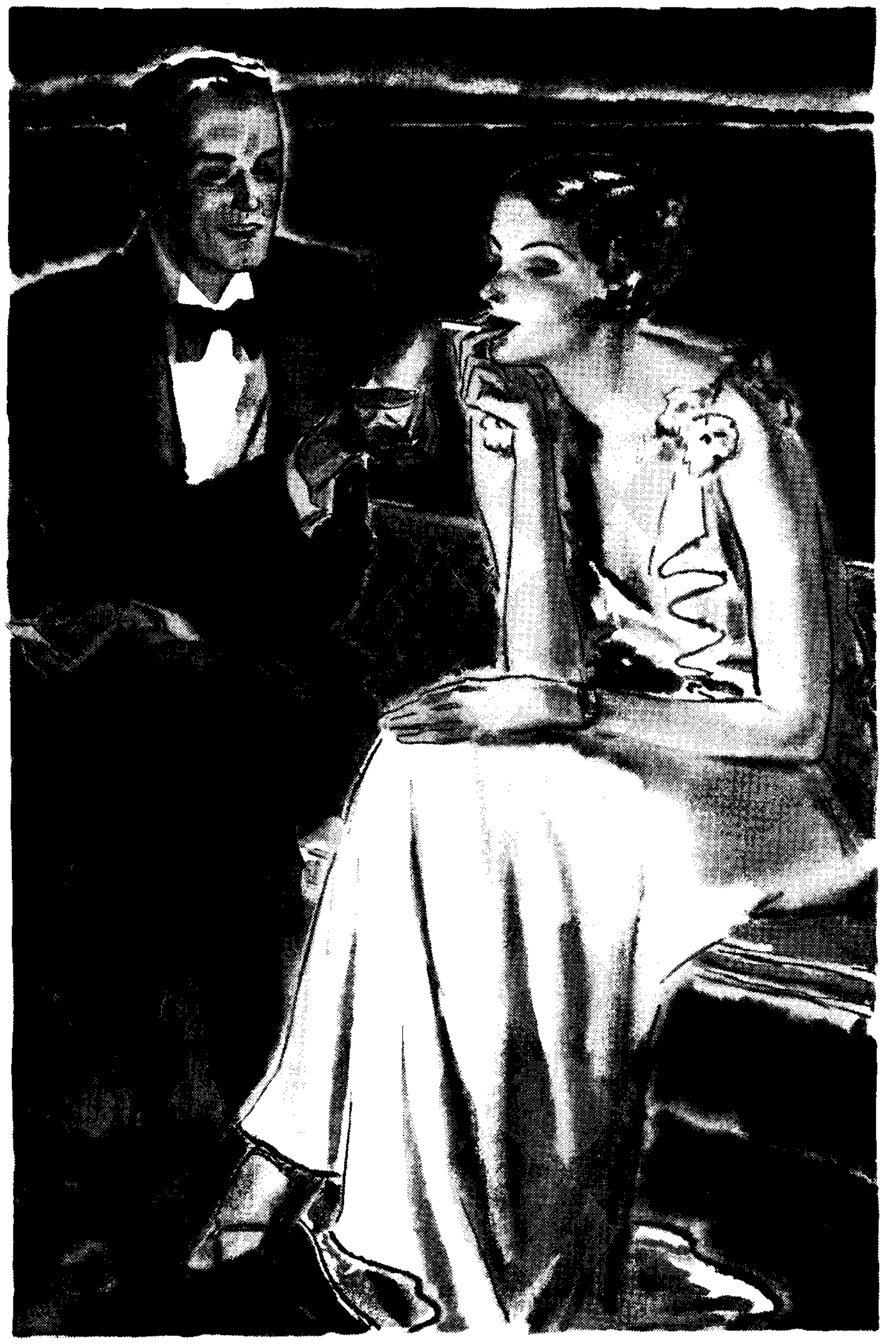
By Patterson McNutt

"MY SHOES and socks, James," Eddie Ryan murmured. "I've a date for beer and pretzels with the duchess."

The whispered phrase was offered as ironic comment upon the elegance of his surroundings. He was relaxed in a wicker armchair. By the white radiance of a June moon he saw revealed some of the spectacular luxuries of J. Mortimer Stewart's Long Island home. From the veranda he could see a strip of sand beyond the long slope of a velvet-smooth lawn. That was Stewart's private beach. At the water's edge a flight of steps led to the runway of Stewart's private pier. In the first deep water of the Sound a set of ship's riding lights offered warning that Stewart's private yacht was at anchor in its home port. Mockery twisted the line of Eddie's lips as he noted these evidences of wealth.

"You're on the big time now, kid," he assured himself. "The honky-tonks were never like this."

Eddie was a song-and-dance man. He was alone at an end of the long veranda, a trim figure in snugly fitted dinner clothes. An hour before he had dominated the miniature stage which was one of the showy features of Stewart's elaborate ballroom. A racial gift for wit and melody and the enchanting rhythms he could summon from a pair of dancing shoes had won for Eddie the rank of a star in a Broadway musical comedy. He called the entertainment he had offered Stewart's dinner guests a supper date, a Sunday night pick-up of a thousand-dollar bill as payment for rolling the yokels in the aisles. A yokel, in Eddie's special and private vocabulary, was anyone who sat in a theater on the shadowed cash-and-carry side of a footlight strip.



They surrendered themselves to the soft enchantment of the night

The murmur of laughter and the moan of a jazz band going to town with a torch number floated out from the open windows of the house to join the moonstruck shadows of the night. This was one of J. Mortimer Stewart's gala affairs, a celebration offered to honor the presence of a foreign prince. Gloria Stewart, by the delicate disclosures of tabloid columnists, was that way about the prince and ambitious to add his title to the fortune which she would one day inherit from her father. Eddie Ryan now recalled this Broadway gossip with idle interest.

"You've been hiding," a voice suddenly accused him. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

He swiftly abandoned the comfort of his chair and stood to face Gloria Stewart, slender and stunning in the clinging embrace of a green evening gown. Her bare shoulders were a pale whiteness softly blurred by the midnight darkness.

"Your dancing thrilled me," Gloria was saying. "Really, it was divine. Magic must have touched those shoes of yours."

THE glibness of such flattery made him vaguely uneasy. He was not familiar with the easy enthusiasms of such social small talk. Instinctively he fumbled for a phrase of wit that would be a weapon against her smooth assurance.

"Call it training," he protested. "After thirty years of it the dogs ought to know a few tricks."

"I know," she said. "I've read about you. You danced first with your father and mother in a vaudeville act when you were only five years old. I suppose you could really claim that you've actually been earning your own living since then. I think that's too romantic!"

He nodded solemnly.

"On my own since I was five," he gravely agreed. "Before that I was just a bum."

A gay burst of laughter bubbled within the lovely white column of her throat.

"That sounds like an exit cue," Eddie suggested. "On Broadway we claim it's a good idea always to leave them laughing when you say goodby."

He felt the touch of her hand.

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

"Don't go," she said. "I want to talk to you. Alone."

She slid her arm beneath the crook of his elbow and they walked toward the beach. At the end of the boat landing they found a comfortable settee. When they were seated Eddie produced a cigarette case. Their eyes met for an instant of appraisal across the flame of the match he offered her. For a time then they silently surrendered themselves to the soft enchantment of the summer night. Eddie finally broke the spell of their meditations.

"Curtain's up," he announced. "What's the dialogue?"

Gloria smiled.

"I want some answers," she said. "I've been trying to think of some questions that wouldn't sound too absurd."

"Why not break in with what you've got?" Eddie suggested. "If the act doesn't click we can always do some rewrite."

Gloria thoughtfully considered this advice. After a moment she offered an apparently irrelevant comment.

"My grandfather was born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks," she said. "Do you understand what I mean by that?"

"I know the place well," Eddie said. "I was born there myself."

"He was a Western copper miner," Gloria continued. "He had only his bare hands to begin with, but he fought his way over to the right side of the tracks. There was something rather magnificent about my grandfather."

"I've read about him," Eddie said. "He must have been tops."

Gloria found her recital difficult. Before she spoke again she had finished her cigarette and flipped its glowing stub to the black blotter of the water below them.

"MY FATHER has a fear of the railroad tracks," she resumed. "He doesn't want me even to see them. Somehow I find myself afraid of the plan of life he has for me. It seems too soft. I believe my grandfather would understand all this. Does it make any sense at all to you?"

"We're together so far," Eddie said. "Where do you go from here?"

"Your dancing tonight thrilled me," Gloria explained. "I felt that I was watching a master. Your absolute command of yourself was exciting, beautiful. Suddenly I knew that what you were doing was something I might at least attempt. Now I'm going to impose on your good nature. I want you to tell me if you think I might have some chance of success in the theater and the best way for me to start."

She waited eagerly for his answer. His first reply, after a moment of silence, was a sudden chuckle.

"I just thought of a gag," he said. "It's a habit of mine."

"Tell me," she demanded. "Please."

"That last part of your speech," Eddie explained. "You must know I've heard that before. Nobody else ever read it to me in such a perfect setting."

"I don't understand."

"I mean if I wanted to I could drop you right in the ocean," Eddie said. "Well, that's where most stage-struck girls belong."

Gloria answered this frankness with delighted laughter.

"I'm not swimming yet," she said. "Should I be encouraged?"

Eddie's eyes were whimsical as he studied her for a long moment.

"I've got a hunch," he declared suddenly. "I believe you really want me to be on the square with you."

"Oh, please," she insisted. "I do want your honest opinion."

"I've gathered that," Eddie said. "Giving it is where the novelty comes in."

His eyes traveled from the black cloud of her hair to the tips of her fragile slippers. His look was one of complete appraisal.

"You want to know if you can troupe," he said. "Well, you asked for a straight answer. I doubt it."

GLORIA was not disarmed by the bluntness of his attack. She fought back with a demand for explanation more complete.

"Why do you say that?" she said. "What's your reason?"

"A reason your grandfather would have understood," Eddie said. "You don't have to pay the rent."

Her eyes clouded with a puzzled frown.

"I don't have to pay the rent," she slowly tested his phrase. "I'm sorry, but I don't understand that."

"I might make you understand," Eddie said. "I'd have to talk about myself. That's not a habit of mine, but myself is the fellow I know better than anybody else."

"Please do," she said. "I asked for an honest answer. I'd also like to have it clear and definite."

"Here's my angle on that rent thing," Eddie said. "My father and mother were both troupers. When I was five years old my father wrote a family act. The Three Ryans—count 'em—broke into vaudeville. We played the grind houses, six and eight shows a day. We lived in shanty hotels where you could buy a bed for a half a buck a night. When we trouped we never saw the inside of a Pullman. We went day coach. On the night jumps we spread ourselves between a pair of seats with a suitcase for a pillow.

"Well, we didn't like those apples so well. We wanted to pay rent at the best hotels, wanted the price of a lower berth on a sleeper jump. We wanted that kind of rent money so bad we were willing to make any kind of a battle to get it. When we weren't working on the stage we practiced new steps in the dressing-rooms, doped out gags and novelty song numbers that might get us a spot on the big-time circuits. We must have seemed a little goofy to outsiders in those days. We didn't know there was anything in the world except a stage. We lived theater, ate it, dreamed it, talked about nothing else."

He paused. These were poignant, nostalgic memories. The depth of feeling their recollection could inspire suddenly silenced him.

"Today I'm a top-line hoofer," he went on after a moment. "I've got my name in electric lights on Broadway. Well, I think I know why it's up there. For thirty years I've always had to hustle to pay a little more rent for something I wanted and didn't have. At least that's the answer for it all in my book."

A SUDDEN embarrassment claimed him as he concluded his explanation of motives. There was again a silence between them.

"Now I do understand," Gloria said at last. "What you feel about me, I mean. I still believe that you haven't fully explained yourself. You've had to pay the rent, but you're also an artist. A great artist, really."

"I wouldn't know about that," Eddie said. "The critics have tagged me lately with that label, but I'm afraid of it. When a guy begins to believe his own notices he's liable to wake up some morning and find that he can't even pay the rent any more."

Suddenly his mood changed. He stood up.

"Next week 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' " he offered a mocking announcement. "Between the acts old Eddie Ryan, the well-known horse doctor, will dazzle the customers with some of his best bum advice. It's all wrapped up, folks, and

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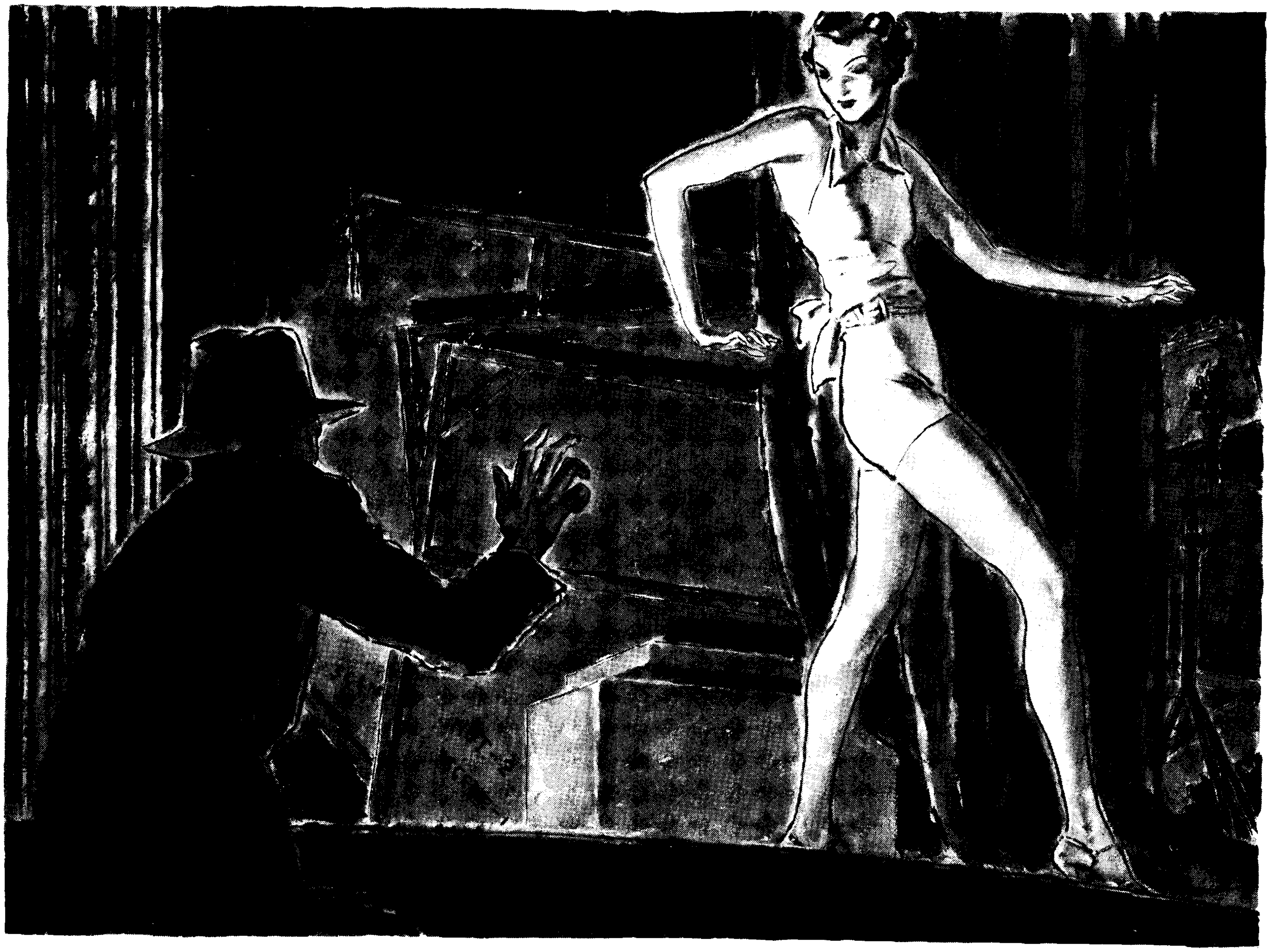


When she finished she looked up to see Eddie climbing across the footlights. "That's a tough one," Eddie said

The Man who couldn't take it

By Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Everybody hates a quitter. This is the story of a man who quit. Hate him if you can

CIRCUMSTANCE of birth had enabled Lansing Maynard to have everything he desired. All that he had to do was to demand and receive—and he had been the demanding kind.

Now, in his thirtieth year, he still could demand, still could receive. But now he could not demand, could not receive . . . everything. One thing was gone: Freedom.

He could not move from his hips down. He sat in a wheel chair.

In the time that it had taken his big car on that foggy night to swerve off the road, to plunge over the bank, to pin him beneath it, his long-held world of demand-in-full and receive-in-full had become a thing of the past.

Six months in a hospital bed, and then one morning a wheel chair. And on that morning, sitting in the wheel chair, he made demand of his doctor; demanded, his deep-set, black eyes boring into the doctor's, his voice rasping:

"How long will I have to be in this thing?"

The doctor had given days and nights to the Maynard case; he had performed a miracle in those first weeks in forcing the hand of death to release its relentlessly closing grip; he had performed another miracle in getting Lansing Maynard into that wheel chair. He studied the powerful, wide-shouldered young man who sat in the chair, whose black eyes were boring into his.

"That's a question that nobody can answer offhand," said the doctor. "A good deal of the answer lies in yourself. If you'll do exactly as we tell you—and I know that you will—there's the possibility that within two or three years—"

"*Years?*" The young man in the wheel chair shot the word out.

For a moment the doctor didn't answer; he was side-tracking words which, if uttered, would have told Lansing Maynard that while the possibilities were that he might walk in two or three years, the probabilities were that he'd spend the rest of his life in that chair. Finally he spoke:

"I don't think that we have to go into the length of time right now, do you?" He gave Lansing a smile; the smile of a tired man who had been on his feet, working for the past twenty hours. "The thing to do at present is to think about getting you out of this hospital, and home."

SO LANSING MAYNARD came home. Came back to the big, rambling house that he had known from smallest boyhood; a house of which he was now the master; a house set among great oaks and pines, looking across the greensward of a resort hotel golf links to cliffs and a blue, tumbling sea. And on the moment that Lansing Maynard wheeled himself out upon the long, westerly porch of the house and gazed seaward—gazed upon the bright beauty of the morning, on oaks and pines stirring in the breeze, the sea reflecting the deep blue of the sky, the great headlands to the north and south stretching out and out, green and wooded, white-plumed with surf at their rock-ribbed base—on this moment there came over the man in the wheel chair a black bitterness that he had never known through all the months in the hospital.

Bitterness had been on him through all those months spent in the white, still room, but as far as his nature permitted he had accepted his lot. Now, sitting in a wheel chair on a porch that had through the years resounded to the sound of his active feet . . . small-boy feet, grown-man feet . . . gazing out across a fairway where once he had strode so carefree, the perfume of whose fresh-cut grass came so sweetly to him on the warm morning air . . . now, black bitterness was indeed upon him.

It was the sight of that fairway, the smell of that fairway, that did more than all else to bring realization home to him. Immobility . . . wheel chair . . . two, three years.

ON THAT fairway, on that links that lay like a green ribbon between palatial homes and the bold, cliff-faced shore, Lansing Maynard had begun the game of golf when he was scarcely big enough to swing a club. On that famous ocean course he had learned the game that had carried him to local, to national golfing fame; thrice through the years had he had championships within his grasp—amateur championships, open championships—and thrice had he sat up all night before the finals, drinking, and had thrown those championships away.

"Well, what of it?" had been his retort to all questions. "There's plenty of time. I'll stand them all on their heads yet."

Plenty of time . . . and now he sat in a wheel chair on his porch.

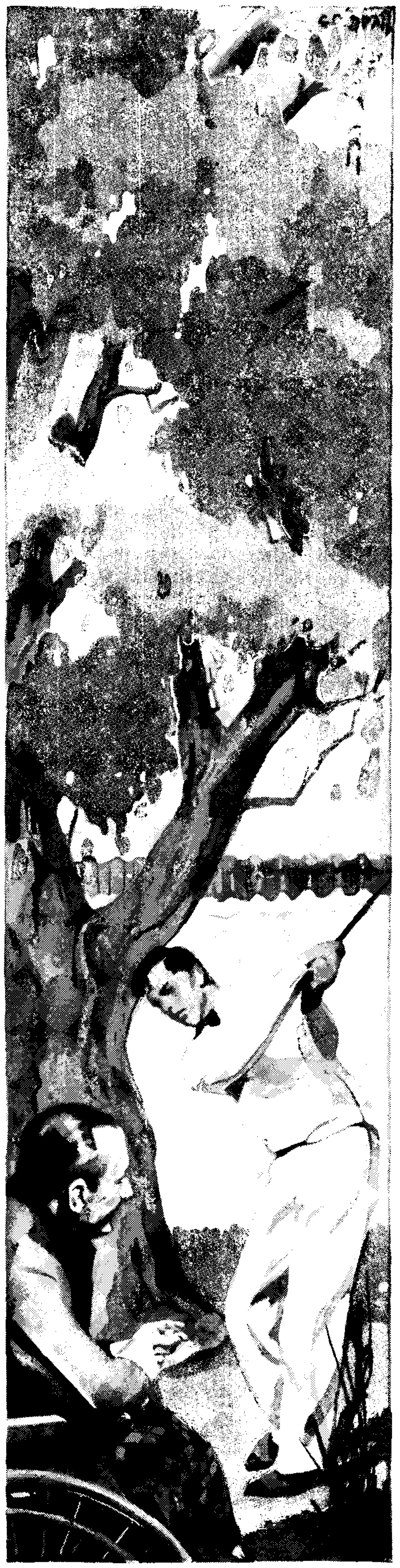
His gaze narrowed. Men were going by out on the fairway. A foursome; elderly players, slow-moving, and yet to the occupant of the chair on the porch it was as though they were going with winged feet, for they went in freedom . . . going along the course that he knew so well—that none knew so well as he!—going . . . gone. And he sat there.

Plenty of time!

He gripped the arms of his wheel chair.

"I won't stand it!"

He spun the wheel chair around; turned his back on what was, on what had been; wheeled into the house. And even as he entered his eyes went, irresistibly drawn, to the great high mantel, to the massive silver cups that stood there. He looked fixedly at them; and yet it was not cups that he was looking at. He was looking at the cups that were not there; that could have been there; that now never would be there.



"Sweet," said the man in the wheel chair, his voice low. "Sweet, that swing. You're a swinger"

Suddenly his hand went out and pressed a bell. A servant came.

Lansing Maynard indicated: "Take those cups. Put 'em away. I never want to see them again!"

He wheeled to a table, poured himself a long, stiff drink.

THUS the different life, the immobile life, began for Lansing Maynard. His friends came, talked with him, drank with him; they told him of the doings of the outside world . . . a world that had once been his. Then the hand of time tugged at them; geared to swift movement, they went—and he could not follow.

He brooded on this. More and more he brooded; more and more raised his voice against it when his friends came to see him; and from raising his voice against it, it was but a step to raising his voice against them. Why . . . why hadn't it been one of them who had been hurt instead of he? The friends grew fewer in number. The bitterness of his outlook, the heaviness of his tongue, increased.

A day came when he sat in the great house alone.

And then, capping it all, there arrived news by the morning paper. News, telling that the sites for the golf championships of the year had been chosen . . . and that the Open—the National Open—would be played on the course that lay outside his windows. The course upon which he had grown up, the course that he knew better than anyone else. . . .

Now . . . now from a wheel chair he would watch championship play upon that course.

He sat upon his porch all that day, gazing out across the fairway, seaward. He sat there the next, and the next. His gaze became fixed upon a certain spot; upon the cliff rim before him where it curved sharply to form a cove; where the cliff face dropped a sheer fifty feet into deep, clear cove water. Then, late one afternoon, on a day when a blanketing gray mist enveloped the world, and earth and sea and sky seemed one; when vision was compressed to but a few scant feet—when no one would be abroad—he came to his decision.

HE EASED his wheel chair down the runway of the porch, along a walk that merged into the fairway, out upon the fairway.

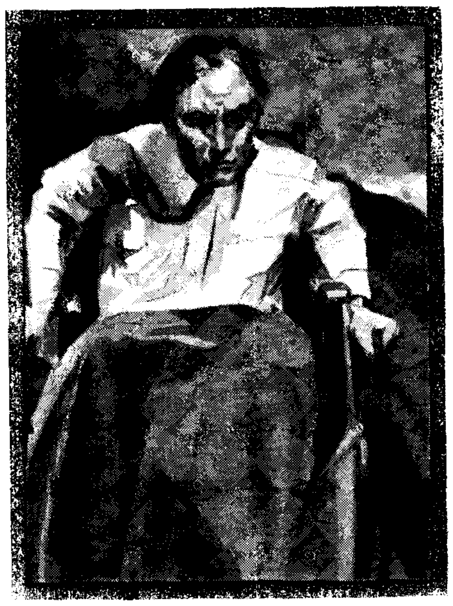
Out upon the fairway, across the fairway, in a blanketed world of gray. . . . Nearer and nearer the mist-hidden rim. No sound, save the lap-lap of unseen waters far below, the distant call of sea fowl.

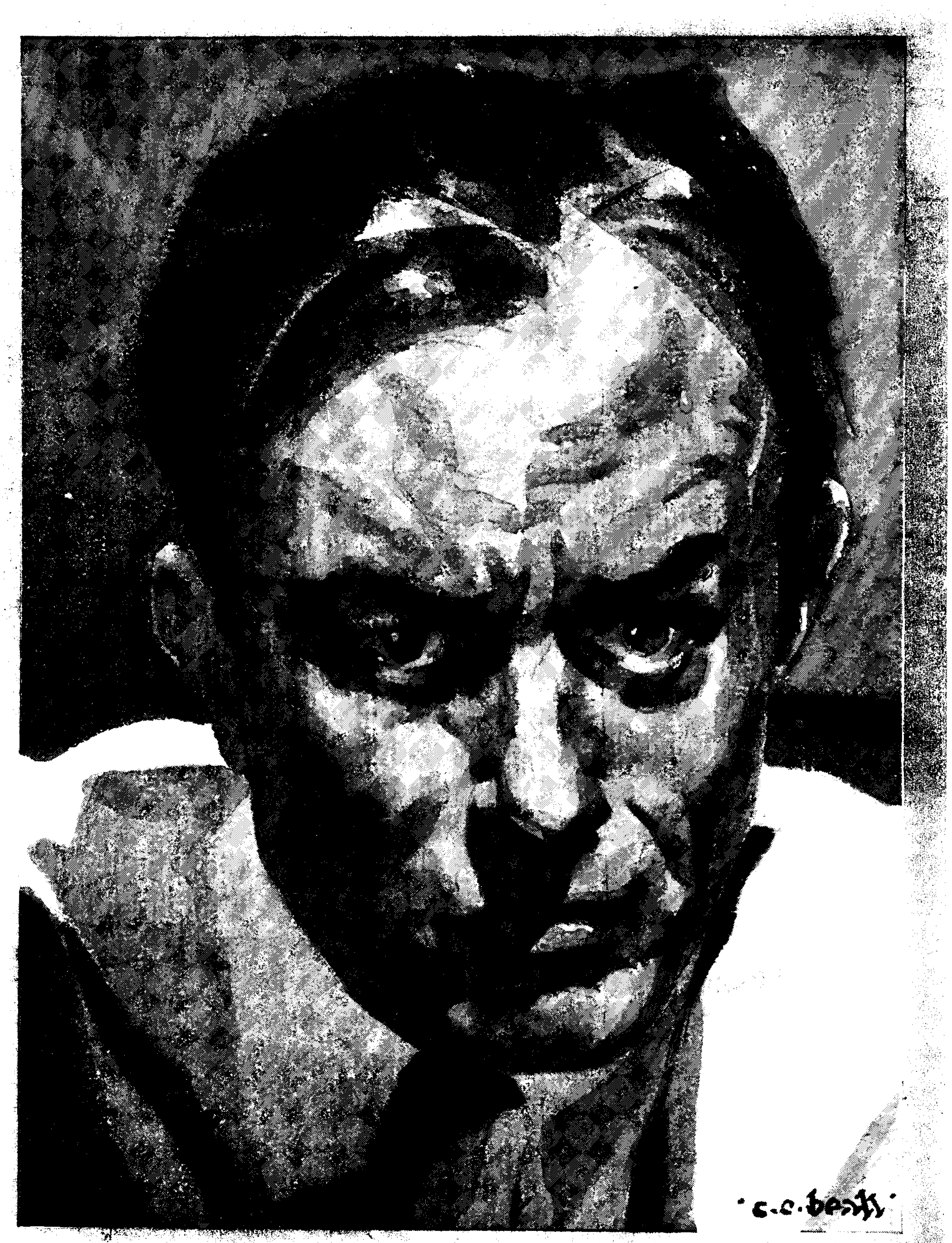
Then, the cliff rim. And Lansing Maynard was whirling the chair wheels forward. . . .

It will never be known who cried out the louder—Lansing Maynard in his wheel chair, urging it on, or the man who rose dimly from the low fringe of brush that clung to the cliff's crest.

Certain it is that they cried out simultaneously; for an instant the wheel chair stopped its flight, the figure at the cliff crest stood transfixed. Then the wheel chair was going ahead at redoubled speed, the figure was throwing itself at the chair. He caught it just as it crashed into the brush.

The chair slewed half around. Lan-





sing Maynard struck at the man with his fist. The man ducked, held on; with Herculean tug he yanked it full around. With mighty effort he hauled it from the brush; hauled it from brush and cliff rim, up, onto the fairway.

Then the man stopped, and leaned against the back of the chair, panting, panting, looking off through the fog. At length he spoke.

"Gee, mister," he said, his voice coming hoarsely, "gee, you don't want to do that again! You mustn't come out alone in your wheel chair, that way; not in the fog. You . . . you might have gone over that cliff." He continued to lean against the chair, and to pant.

Lansing Maynard said nothing.

The man at the back of the wheel chair spoke again.

"If you'll just show me where you live . . ."

The answer came stiffly, creakily from Lansing's lips: "Straight ahead."

The man shoved the chair slowly. They crossed the fairway, came to the walk. Here the man once more stopped, once more he leaned against the chair, breathing heavily.

Lansing Maynard turned his head, looked up at him. For the first time he really saw the man's face. Young. Not over twenty or twenty-one. Unshaven, drawn. Eyes staring gauntly out; gray eyes that matched the grayness of the mist.

A CERTAIN querulousness came over Lansing Maynard. "What's the matter with you? Sick?"

"No," said the other. "I . . . I haven't eaten for two days."

Lansing Maynard's eyes widened. "You haven't what?"

"Haven't . . . eaten for two days." The young man slowly straightened; started to shove the wheel chair along the walk.

In the moment that he gazed seaward there came over him a black bitterness that he had never known

"But," protested Lansing Maynard, and querulousness and puzzlement were in his tone, "but what were you doing, then, out along that cliff? You weren't . . . Say, you weren't . . ."

The other met his gaze. "No. I wasn't. I was looking for golf balls."

"Oh." This was understandable. Lansing Maynard had seen caddies hunting in the rough for golf balls; they sold them, and got money to eat. But this man . . . hadn't eaten for two days! Lansing Maynard had read about people like that, but he'd never met one before—not to talk to. Two days . . . six meals.

"But I thought," and he voiced his thought aloud, "that you fellows got some work. Some people still play golf and . . ."

"I'm not from around here," said the other.

"Oh. You're a caddy from somewhere else."

The other smiled wearily. "I reckon you can put it that way."

For the first time, Lansing Maynard's mind began to move, to get off dead center. "Say, what you need's a drink!"

"Thanks!" said the other, and he gave a little gasp. "But what I'd like is some food. I'd work for it. I'd do anything for it. I'd . . . well, here's your house and I'll be . . ."

"Wait!" said Lansing Maynard. "Of course, something to eat. Here, you get me up this runway and onto the porch, and we'll go into the house and . . . You come right along."

THEY entered the big front room. Lansing rang a bell. A servant came.

"This man is mighty hungry," said Lansing. "Get him something to eat. A lot of it, and whatever he wants. You go with him," said Lansing to the youth.

The young man took a step, then stopped. He turned to regard Lansing, and his face was working. "Say, I can't begin to thank you. When I've finished, if there's anything I can do for you . . ."

"You can come back here and have a drink," said Lansing Maynard.

The young man went.

Time passed. A footstep sounded, and the young man was coming through a doorway. His feet no longer dragged, the gauntness had already gone out of his eyes.

"Did they give you enough?" said Lansing Maynard.

"Gee!" breathed the young fellow.

"Here," said Lansing Maynard. "Now I'll pour you that drink."

He poured, a double Maynard size.

"Umm," said the young fellow, looking at it, and shook his head. "Thanks, but I'm afraid I couldn't stand as big a drink as that. It'd knock me right over. If I can have one about half that size. . . ."

"I'll take this one," said Lansing. "You go ahead and pour your own."

The young man poured, seated himself in a deep, wide easy chair. He settled back, relaxed, and a long, satisfied sigh escaped him. Then he was sitting forward, a confused look on his face. In settling back, in relaxing, he had run a hand across his forehead, down across a cheek . . . an unshaven cheek.

"I . . . UH," he said hastily, "I guess I look pretty terrible, needing a shave, and in these clothes. But they're the only clothes I've got, and I've been sleeping in them. You see," he hurried on, "everything else was in my suitcase, and it got stolen last week. For a week now . . ."

"You go ahead and drink your drink," said Lansing.

The young man settled back again; slowly drank.

"Where are you from?" asked Lansing.

"Middle West."

"Hmm. You took a big chance, didn't you, coming away out here to try to get a job bag-carrying when jobs are so . . ."

The young man shook his head; smiled.

"I was a golf pro," he said.

It was Lansing Maynard's turn to sit forward. His deep-set, black eyes were full on his guest.

"Huh?" he shot out. "A pro? You were? What's your name?"

"Oh," hastened the other, "that doesn't matter. You've never heard it. . . . Well, it's Brooks. Fred Brooks. I

(Continued on page 28)

Jed Harris and some of the plays to which he applied his Midas touch. Frances Fuller, Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins in The Front Page

Vandamm

Broadway, the first great Harris success, which netted him over a million and starred Robert Gleckler, right, and Sylvia Field

White

Harris saw The Lake in London, liked it, and produced it in New York, with Katharine Hepburn and Colin Clive

Vandamm

Another London success that New York favored, The Green Bay Tree. The players are Jill Esmond and O. P. Heggie

Vandamm

Hit Hunter

By Kyle Crichton

Mr. Jed Harris is not unanimously beloved along the Great White Way. But the citizens there sigh for the time when he was crowding one triumph on top of another. Those, they say, were the days. And now Mr. Harris is back

THIS is the season when Jed Harris came back to Broadway with two sizable hits, The Lake, starring Katharine Hepburn, and The Green Bay Tree. Since Mr. Harris is a little less than the best-loved man in town, having a positive genius for making enemies, there are two schools of thought about this.

On the one side there is the hope that he will some day have a failure of such monstrous proportions that he will end by sleeping in the subway. The other hope is that he will make a million dollars on anything he touches, because back in the days when Jed Harris *was* making his millions Broadway was a gold mine and it hasn't been a gold mine since.

In those lush days of the Coolidge era, Mr. Harris was known as the Boy Wonder of Broadway and everything was jolly on that street which has never, even by those of the most bizarre imagination, been called Straight.

Then Mr. Harris decided to be known as the Guy Who Got Away from It All. He had reached the age of twenty-eight, had made approximately two and a half millions of dollars from the theater and was convinced that life held nothing more for him. So he picked up and left. In some circles the lack of love for Mr. Harris assumes such proportions that he is suspected of being personally responsible for the Great Crash of 1929. This is based on the theory that everything was all right until he got bored and retired to Europe.

Mr. Harris was properly lulled by life in London, even the bonging of Big Ben on his sensitive ear being borne for the greater good of being in such distinguished surroundings. The first faint rumblings of October, 1929, did, however, reach his ears and he had some warning that the wealth he had entrusted to Wall Street was in danger.

Always a realist, Mr. Harris, therefore, was not materially shocked when his business manager met him on the cutter at Sandy Hook and urged him to adopt the proper reverential attitude while passing Lower Manhattan, where lay buried the famous Jed Harris fortune. At twenty-nine he was starting another career.

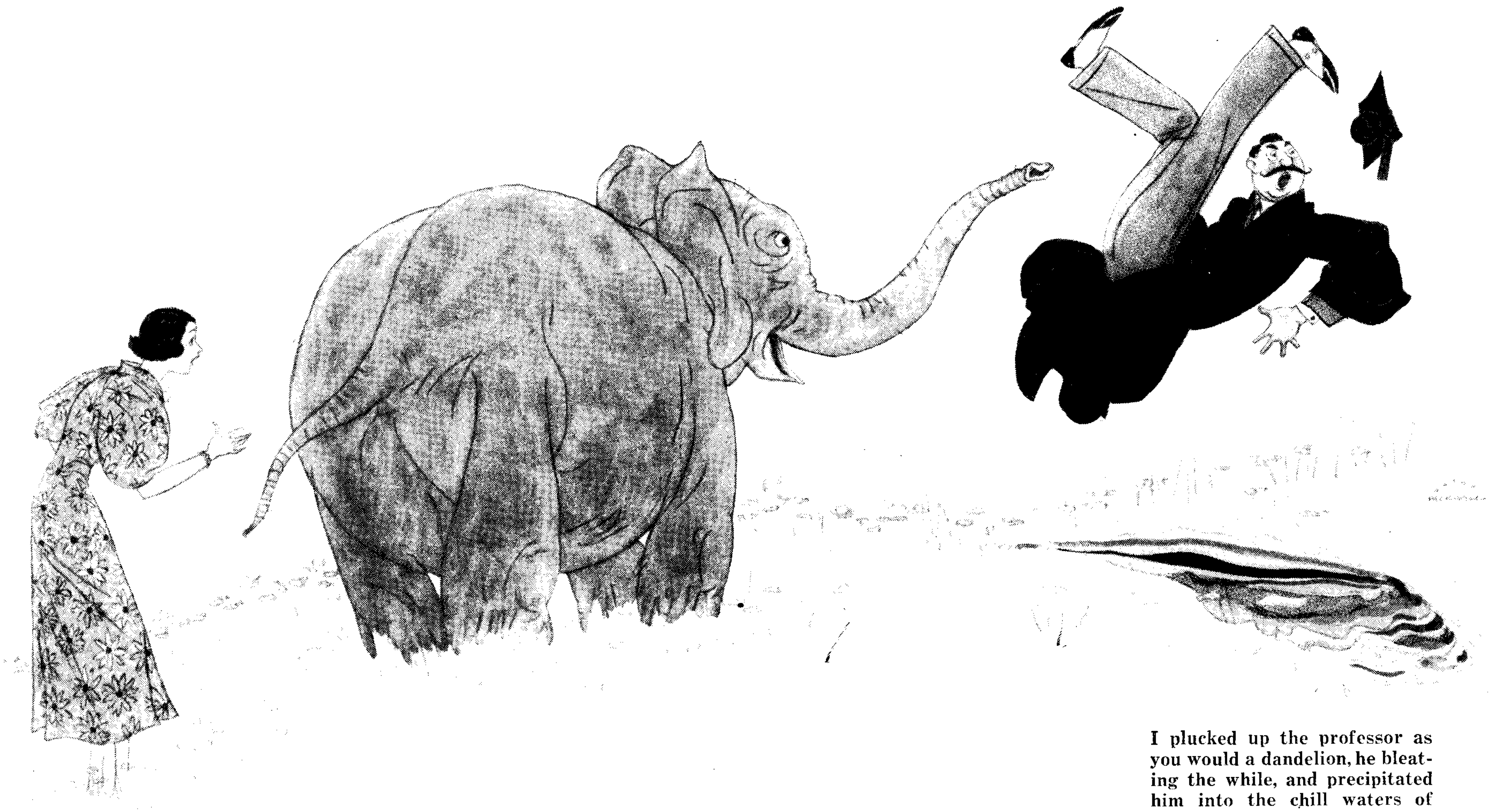
This was the middle period of a career which would be too fantastic for the stage itself but is entirely characteristic of that insane domain known as Broadway. Prior to this, Mr. Harris had, naturally, been born. His name at birth was Jacob Horowitz and his place of birth was Vienna. Brought to this country at the age of two, he lived on West Eleventh Street in New York City, learned to play the violin, went to public school and when first noticed by fame was attending Yale, which also bored him.

He worked his way along by jobs at the Taft Grill and the Shubert Theater in New Haven, but in all justice it must be said that he was intellectually too advanced for the gentlemen who had their pictures taken leaning on the Yale fence. So he left.

Next heard from, he was stranded in London, and later he was stranded in New York. In between, he had been stranded, of all places, at Epsom Downs, where he had gone in the hope of finding work. Not having the proper accent for an English bookie and finding that the stall keepers had definite British prejudices about who should wash dishes on the day of the derby, young Mr. Harris had the honor of practically starving to death in the presence of the flower of British aristocracy.

Having enough of England on his first trip, he arrived in New York after nine days as a stowaway on an English boat, an experience he would rather not

(Continued on page 34)



I plucked up the professor as you would a dandelion, he bleating the while, and precipitated him into the chill waters of the brook, head over teakettle

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Only an Elephant

By Richard Connell

A story to remember the next time you raise an elephant

FRANKLY, I am an elephant.

Perhaps you wonder how it happens that I know English. Well, I studied under Professor Wembridge Cooley at Hollyberry College, and am a Bachelor of Arts (unofficial) of that institution. Of Professor Cooley's work in animal psychology I hardly need tell you. He believes that other animals besides man can learn to understand words. Of course he is right. The spoken word is understood by some horses, most dogs and all cats.

Put aside prejudice and tell me why elephants should not go to college. We are noted for our wisdom and our splendid memories, and I rather fancy a few of us would not be unwelcome in the Yale back field.

It was my good fortune to be born right on the campus of old Hollyberry, and I was but a small shaver when Professor Cooley started me on my first excursions along the thorny paths of syntax. He would sit before me and point at objects, enunciating their names in a loud, clear voice—"pail," "hay," "chair," "flower," "bee," "mint-julep," etc., and under his patient tutelage my vocabulary burgeoned fast. Soon we essayed sentences—"The new brown riding boots of my uncle do not fit the handsome friend of my aunt" and so on, till in due course I was exploring the mazes of the subjunctive. Then he read to me, at first Æsop's Fables and Little Women, and later Dickens, and A Shropshire Lad. I adore poetry.

My avid mind ripened rapidly, and while still in my early teens I could appreciate the subtle nuances of the prose of Pater and the adumbrations of Proust. But here was my tragedy. I could not speak. Ten thousand words crowded to my eager lips, and I brought forth only unintelligible grunts. The elephant language I could, of course, speak fluently; but my vocal apparatus was not attuned to English. I wanted, oh, how I wanted to be able to tell the professor that I understood, but from me came only ungainly noises such as a man might make walking through a bog with squeaky shoes.

Nor could I express myself in writing. My trunk was not made for so delicate a task as forming letters with a pen. At typewriting I failed dismally, smashing four machines before I had, perforce, to desist. True, nature had endowed me with a sense of smell far superior to that possessed by the young ladies who attended Hollyberry, but this asset was of but slight value in my pursuit of culture.

I WAS permitted to have the freedom of the campus, and I stood on many a mild Alabama day outside the open windows of the lecture halls and drank in botany, political economy, history, literature. But what did it avail me that I had absorbed the theory of diminishing returns, the orations of Cicero, the binomial theorem, and the dramas of Ibsen? Sometimes I likened myself to a luteless minstrel in a soundproof cell; for I had a fine education, the soul of a poet—and the voice of an elephant.

In my formative days I was not race-conscious. Familiar with human speech from, so to speak, my cradle, and treated with an affectionate camaraderie by my college-mates, I had come to think of myself as a big brother, differing from them in contour perhaps, but akin to them in mind and spirit. That I was an alien was brought home to me with shocking suddenness one evening.

It was my custom to take a stroll after dinner in a daisy-dotted meadow in back of the Maria Alice Piggot Memorial Dormitory. I was deep in thought, musing over some lines of Browning I had heard that day, when I heard voices, and spied two figures, walking in the twilight, arm-in-arm.

I recognized the girl as Miss Patty Lee Ross, a charming sophomore from Mobile, and I saw that the bulky, cap-and-gowned man was Professor Rudolph T. Spottswoode, professor of Romance languages, and the one member of our faculty I held in disesteem. That he was handsome, with his mop of black hair and intense eyes, I grant; and I knew that more than one student had a "crush" on him, for they freely discussed their girlish problems in front of me, little guessing that I understood. But, perhaps intuitively, I distrusted Professor Spottswoode; there was, or so it seemed to me, the suggestion of a leer playing on his full red lips; to be candid, I deemed him rather a furtive fellow.

My quick ears heard him say in an insinuating baritone—

"Honey child, I'm crazy about you."

Miss Patty Lee giggled nervously.

"Now, Professor," she said, "you said you were going to explain French irregular verbs, and here you start talking like that—"

"I adore you, sugar," he said. "I'm going to kiss you."

"But, Professor," cried Miss Patty Lee, "Junior is watching us."

As indeed I was, and I was trying to express, with my countenance, my disapprobation of his conduct. He flung a leer at me, and said, in accents of contempt, "Bah, he's only an elephant!"

ONLY an elephant! The words cut like the lash of a knout. How I wanted to thunder back: "Professor Spottswoode, let me tell you, sir, that we elephants were a proud and free people when you Spottswoodes were skulking in filthy caves. You do well to boast of being a man. Did you ever hear of an elephant suffering from poverty or unemployment? Did you ever hear of elephants murdering each other over a scrap of land or a bit of gold?"

But all I could do was emit a rumble.

He took Miss Patty Lee in his arms, she protesting and struggling, and kissed her ardently. I saw red. Fortunately my sense of humor came to my rescue. I frolicked toward them, smiling and gurgling, as if it were just a prank, and I plucked up the professor as you would a dandelion, he bleating the while like a scared sheep, and went romping to the near-by brook into the chill waters of which I precipitated the professor, head over teakettle, as the girls say.

Still playing the rôle of mountebank, I capered about, trumpeting, and soon the girls came running out to ascertain the cause of my unwonted hilarity.

(*Continued on page 36*)

Medium Well Done

By Hugh Wiley

Illustrated by John Gannam

A romance of a city where, as Wong Sung the cook tells his friends, the gods of Justice have strange ways

AN HOUR before dinner Helen King walked into Wong Sung's kitchen. "No dinner tonight," she said. "I'm dining out."

"You papa not come home?"

"He's delayed two days."

"More better you bring eprybody here for dinner. Large turkey."

"I'm dining out. Everybody will be here for cocktails."

Wong Sung blinked his eyes at the thought of the wasted turkey. "Who am I to question the will of Heaven?" To Helen King, "You papa all right?" he asked.

"He seemed to be. Bring a lot of ice and everything for some old-fashioned cocktails. Mr. Blake likes that bourbon out of the old barrel."

"I fix eprything."

Walter Blake, the first guest to arrive, devoted sixty seconds to telling Helen King how beautiful she was and then, taking his cue from her mildly disinterested expression, he finished his greeting with a second one-way kiss that seemed to lack terminal facilities. All right. Such was the life of an arctic explorer. Something on her mind. "Where does it seem to pain you the most—and what is it?"

"Sorry, darling." Helen King smiled warmly at Walter Blake and the arctic chill melted to an equatorial temperature. "I'm disappointed. Dad telephoned from Houston that he wouldn't get to San Francisco until Thursday. He's flying to Los Angeles tonight."

"More oil wells?"

"I guess so. He said something about another million-dollar Christmas present for me."

"It's tough to be rich! How about mixing one before the rest of the mob arrives?"

"Hop to it. I can use an old-fashioned to beat the band. Maybe two or three of them! Darling—I wish you'd run the show tonight. I want to dance. Do you want to telephone Sam out at Tait's that we'll be there?"

"We'll be there with bells on! Tait's has a new name, you know—they call it the Edgewater Beach Club."

"It will always be Tait's to me—until they change the moonlight and the surf —and Sam."

HERE was a cryptic signal, understood by two young people. It resulted in a clinch. Coming out of it, "There never was a night like that," Walter Blake said wistfully. "Why can't we be married right away?"

"Please mix the cocktails. Wipe the rouge off your lips. You look silly. . . . There goes the bell. Mix a string of them. We have some more customers."

Enjoying the new freedom that came with repeal, Helen King's guests gave the demon rum a brief run for his money, and then, pleased with the idea of dancing through dinner, eight of the party voted yes on the Edgewater Beach Club proposal. Telephoning the club to confirm his reservation, "There will be ten in our party," Walter Blake said.

By eleven o'clock Helen King's guests had satisfied their appetites for food and drink and had danced until, in spite of the excellent orchestra, half of them elected to seek some greener field of pleasure.

Helen King nodded a quick acquiescence to a suggestion that the party seek a new port of call. She turned to Walter Blake in time to interrupt a burst of economics that he was orating into the cute ears of Jane Westlake. "The quickest way to discover what will happen in Washington is to consult a fortune teller. Nobody knows what—"

From across the table a green-eyed brunette charted the course for the next leg of the voyage. "That idea hooks me! There's a woman down on the Marina that everybody is perfectly mad about. She's a Russian. She isn't a fortune teller, exactly, but she has the queerest place. Charlie Bent told me about her."

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Rousseau—Olga Rousseau. She's in the phone book. I'll tell her we'll all be down. She won't even ask who's in the party but I'll bet she'll know our names!"

The eyes of the blond girl seated beside Walter Blake widened with delight. "How do you suppose she does it?"

"Let's find out," Blake suggested. Turning to Helen King, "Shall we take a whirl at this mysterious Rousseau bet, darling?"

"Of course! Everybody seems to like the idea. Let's go!"

Within three minutes after the green-eyed brunette had telephoned Olga Rousseau, a feminine voice rang through to the Edgewater Beach Club. "What guests are included in that party of ten just leaving? I want the information for the society page of the Chronicle."

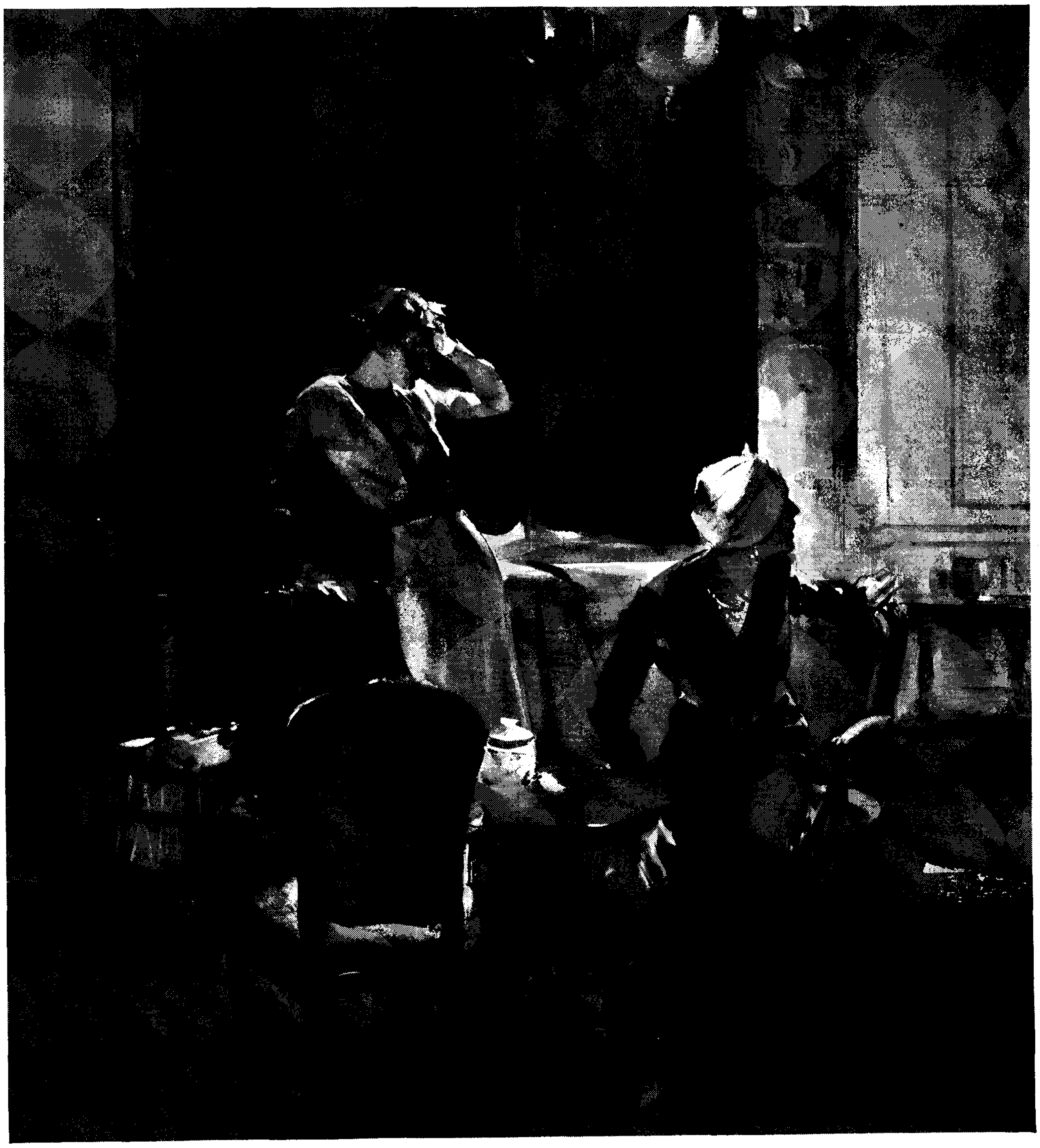
When the information had been given Olga Rousseau hung up her telephone and devoted the next eight minutes to research relative to Helen King. "Concentrate on her, Lily; the rest of them aren't important," she said to a stupid-looking Negro woman. "I know enough about three of them to take care of everything. This looks like easy money."

Lily, the Negro woman, smiled. "Catch 'em young," she agreed, diving into the personal data section of Olga Rousseau's elaborate reference library. "Where will you receive them?"

"In the small parlor. Turn on about four lights—the pink ones. Rig Little Starlight for the preliminary and bring her in with a dash of thin violin and a spot of baby voice here and there."

Without looking up from the pages of a book from whose text she was recording brief extracts in clean and beautiful shorthand, "Thank God for that radio rig," the stupid-looking Negro woman said. "It never gets sore throat right when you need a baby voice."

"Go easy with it," Olga Rousseau admonished. "Let the kid chirp three or four times and then I'll rig the play as I go along. Don't go too heavy on the dramatics when you wake me up. These



people are foxy eggs. . . . This Marshall King money is the biggest bet we've played since the Detroit cleanup."

"I'll be mighty careful," Lily said.

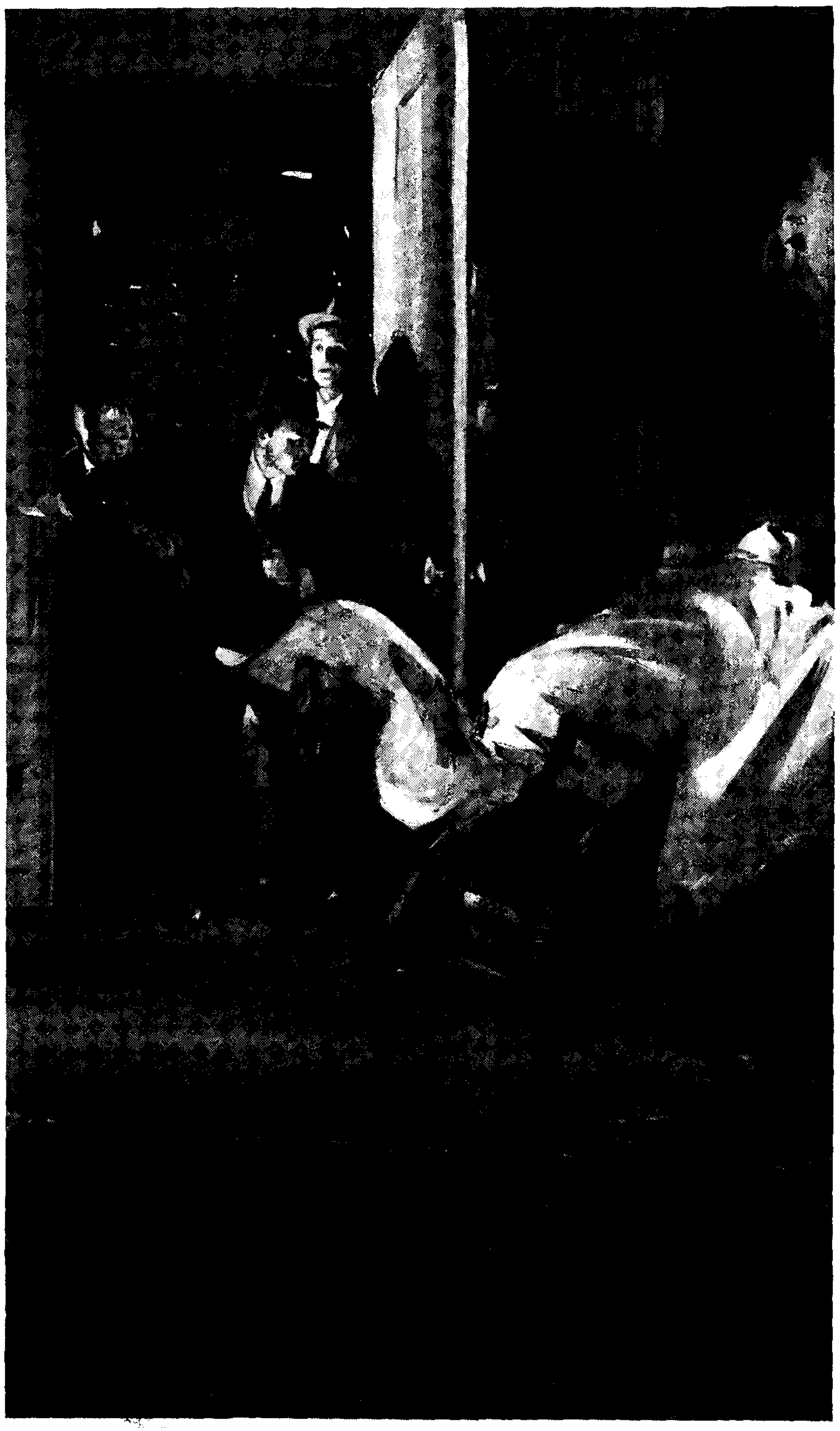
LEAVING his disappointed turkey cooling under a dish towel, Wong Sung rode the Washington Street cable car down toward Chinatown an hour after Helen King had left her house. In the Grant Avenue colony of his countrymen, Wong Sung invested in a ten-cent lottery ticket for the nine o'clock drawing. Thereafter, until the gods of Luck might smile upon his investment with benevolent humor, or frown upon it, Wong Sung regaled himself with two cups of potent black brandy. He drank the first one for therapeutic purposes. He lifted the second cup of liquor in a ceremonial gesture aimed at complimenting a Chinese visitor, who at the moment was a guest of the Cave of Harmony. This club, whose membership included fifty members of the Wong family, counted this visitor, James Lee Wong, as its most distinguished cousin.

To his countrymen James Lee Wong was a member of the Wong family justly entitled to all the social advantages of the name, but to the public at large and on the federal pay rolls, the guest in the Cave of Harmony was more simply James Lee. Just now it appeared that Mr. Lee was interested in discovering the agency through which an important shipment of opium had been landed in San Francisco. Mr. Lee spoke freely and without reserve. His companions were equally voluble in discussing the problem, so that within the hour three leads had been developed that promised to uncover enough evidence to convict a German principal and two of his Japanese assistants in the affair.

From this interesting assemblage, at five minutes after nine, Wong Sung withdrew to have a look at the luck that his lottery ticket had brought. He discovered that his ten-cent investment was a total loss. Then, with the black brandy glowing pleasantly through his veins, "Fortunes are built on diligent labor," he reflected. "Hola! The eyes of the blind need no ointment." He returned forthwith to his master's house to enjoy the gift of sleep.

SPEAKING to Helen King and her companions through the lips of Olga Rousseau, Little Starlight lingered for a while on the topography and the flora of the spiritual world. Following this she related more specifically the details of her recent meeting with Mark Twain and Benjamin Franklin. The climate of the spirit plane, comparable in some respects to that of California, engaged her for a moment and then, remarkably technical for an Indian maiden, she favored her earth friends with the architectural details of a white marble structure whose iridescent floor glowed with the soft colors of a precious pearl:

"The marble temple is half hidden with rose vines. Spirits walk through its corridors. In the center of the great hall there is something draped with laurel and great wreaths, wreaths of red flowers. I do not know— Yes! It is the spirit world ceremony for an earth visitor!



Helen King called to Blake, and then she fainted. In her last moment of consciousness she observed the seven-foot leap made by her father's white-robed spirit

"The red flowers cover the earthling's casket. There is beautiful music. The earth man is awaking. I see him. He is tall and slim. He has a lovely face. Gray hair. He is quiet and dignified and now he rises from his casket. He seems to recognize a lot of spirits who were friends of his on earth. They greet him joyously. They are taking him on a tour of the spirit world. The music is growing fainter. . . . I cannot hear it now. It is getting cold. I am going to—"

Interrupting Little Starlight, "What is the earth man's name who just arrived in the spirit world?" Walter Blake asked.

"I heard them speak his name," Starlight answered. "I cannot tell you. It would bring you pain and give you fear. Goodby, beloved friends of earth. I will speak with you again. Little Starlight loves you."

With the definite object of shaking Helen King out of the wide-eyed mood that had claimed her, "Adios, Little Starlight," Walter Blake said abruptly. "So long, kid. We'll be seeing you."

At this, struggling out of the seeming trance that had rendered her rigid, Olga Rousseau fell sideways from her chair. Blake picked her up. The woman, heavy in his arms, looked up at him in bewilderment. "Someone frightened Little Starlight," she said tearfully. "Oh, I am so tired!"

"Who is Little Starlight?" Blake asked.

"Please do not bother me with questions! I am utterly exhausted." From the couch on which Blake had laid her, Olga Rousseau smiled toward her guests. "I am sorry," she whispered.

"We'll be running along now. Thank you ever so much. A most interesting experience," Blake said.

Halting a moment beside her hostess, "I think you were perfectly wonderful," Helen King added. "The children's voices were so sweet!"

Olga Rousseau smiled at Helen King. "I'll see you soon again, my dear," she said.

AT Van Ness Avenue, two middle-aged, leather-lunged newsboys were bellowing an extra. Walter Blake stopped his car and bought a copy of the Chronicle. Across the top of the paper, "PLANE CRASH KILLS THREE," he read. "California Oil Man, Pilot, Secretary, Die in Take-off at Houston Field." Blake flashed one look at the leading paragraph that followed and then to Helen King, "Russia and Japan are at it," he lied. "That was a wasted nickel." He stuffed the newspaper into his coat pocket and drove Helen King to her residence.

When the girl was safe in the living-room of her house, Blake excused himself on the pretext of digging up a highball. He went to the telephone in Wong Sung's kitchen and put through a call to the Houston airport. When he had verified the newspaper report of the accident he called the physician who had attended Helen King through her various minor illnesses. "This is Walter Blake speaking. I am calling from Marshall King's residence. Mr. King was killed in an airplane crash two hours ago. I haven't told Helen about it yet. . . . Will you telephone for a nurse? . . . . Yes, I'll break the news to her now."

ELEVEN days after Marshall King's funeral, Helen King called alone at Olga Rousseau's house. She left the place within the hour and her eyes which had been dull with sorrow were shining now with the false light of some new hope that she had derived from her conference with Olga Rousseau.

Before Helen King had reached her own home after this visit, Olga Rousseau put through a call to Chicago for the proprietor of the Sterling Gold Finance Company. "You tell The Kick to start for 'Frisco right away," she said. "The Kick—not the Kid. Kick Konrad, you big tin ear. . . . What do I care if he's at work on a job! Tell him I said to drop it and head west! That's all, Abe. Goodby!" Olga Rousseau hung up the telephone and turned to the stupid-looking Negro woman who stood beside her. "Konrad always was a fool," she commented. "From what Abe said he's messing around with another kidnapping job. That bird will get his neck stretched yet."

"He never had any brains of his own," Lily agreed. "When do you expect him?"

"Four days from now or I'll see that he burns."

"What are you going to do when he gits nere?"

"Plenty! Your job right now is to get a line on Marshall King's voice. Your best lead is to mix up with the Pullman boys. He used to ride The Lark from here to Los Angeles a lot."

"I've got his voice. It had a Middle-Western whang to it that got husky after he had three or four drinks. Soft Tennessee 'r,' A. E. F. Army slang and always keyed low. He never talked loud in the pinches."

"A man worth fifty million dollars doesn't have to talk loud. Where did you get the dope?"

"I was out last night with a chauffeur that drove him for eight years. Incidentally, I picked up the song Mr. King used to sing when he was doing a little drinking, or a little thinking, or when he was just plain happy. It is unusual enough to be convincing."

"You get the music?"

"Listen, honey!" In a rich, low voice the stupid-looking Negro woman sang:

" '*He always did the best he could,*
He always said that he would try;
And so this little caterpillar,
He became a butterfly.'

"That was one of them. His sentimental song was that Sweet Rest thing:

" '*On the other side of Jordan,*
In the green fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is sweet rest for me.' "

"That's good work. Post The Kick on the music. That Jordan thing has a pull to it."

"Are you going to work The Kick as soon as he comes, Miss Olga?"

"Not by a long shot! We'll save him for the big play. Lily, unless I'm a sap, we'll be ready to pull the blow-off after the beautiful Helen gets three or four more loads of Little Starlight stuff."

"But, darling," Walter Blake protested, "there is nothing supernatural about that Rousseau woman! Look at the thing calmly and rationally."

(Continued on page 47)

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

HIS life in constant jeopardy, Jim Breed, noted Hollywood flyer, makes a resolve never to marry. Then, meeting Anne Carson, a newspaper reporter, he falls in love with her. And presently, his fine resolve swept aside by a storm of emotion, they are engaged.

Meanwhile, another girl—Carol Castaine, star of a new picture on which Breed is working—has, unencouraged, fallen in love with Breed. Conscious of her beauty, her power over men, she merely smiles when Breed tells her of his engagement; she *knows* she can win him in time.

But Breed and Anne plan to be married at once. They ask Slim McKay and Sunshine Smith, two of Breed's stunting companions, to witness the ceremony. And within a few hours, Slim crashes, is killed.

The tragedy leaves Jim Breed in a frightfully perturbed state of mind. He has a premonition that he, too, is soon to die. Ferd Gottschalk, directing Carol's new picture, has planned an appallingly dangerous stunt for him. Will he, he wonders, come through alive? In his apartment he has a few drinks with Sunshine Smith and Sam Wein, his publicity man. The visitors leave. Carol Castaine comes in. "I am here," she announces, "because you need me, Jim." And, as though she were Anne Carson, she kisses him. As she chats with him, Barry Trent, her leading man (whose reputation is none too savory), is making some surprising remarks to Anne—in Anne's apartment. A self-invited guest, Trent insists that Jim Breed loves Carol Castaine. "And so," he concludes, "I'm waiting. I want you."

He leaves. The phone rings. Anne answers it. Some woman inquires mysteriously if Barry Trent is there. After which Anne phones Breed's apartment. A woman answers. *Carol Castaine!* But Anne is only vaguely disturbed; for she knows Jim Breed. . . .

The evening before the great flying scene (in which Breed is to risk his life by crashing) Anne goes to her apartment with Breed. Sam Wein and a number of other friends are there. A surprise party! Jim slips an engagement ring on Anne's finger. He kisses her. Then: "This is our party. You go get something on. We're stepping out!"

IV

HALF an hour later they filed out to the cars and rolled gayly away. After the group had gone, a tan roadster turned the apartment house corner and stopped by the entry. There was a woman driving it, accompanied by two men wearing shiny serge suits. The woman, a yellow blonde with a one-time peach-bloom complexion, looked at the men out of hard eyes.

"The girl with the light hair," she said. "With the apricot dress. You saw her?"

"Yes," said one of the men.

"Well, this is where she lives."

"Easy," said the same man. They both got out, and the woman drove away, gears clashing. The men traded glances.

"Don't marry nothing like that, Eddie. Put her in a jam and she'd use a gun. Which was the guy?"

"Trent's the tall, skinny fellow. I'll take the first watch. You come back at midnight. That crowd won't be back for a hell of a while."

THEY stopped at Castaine's house to pick up Carol—and stayed for two drinks and a weird game of murder. There were Carol and Barry Trent and Sunshine Smith; and Wyn Andrews, the redhead, and Sam Wein; and two rather famous writers, one looking as a writer is supposed to look and the other resembling a dumb house detective in pictures; there was Lowenstein, an executive of the Rex outfit; there were Lydia Lane and a lawyer who handled trust funds for picture people; and there were a half dozen vivid, pretty girls part way up that unstable ladder which is career in Hollywood. The stop at Carol's place, Anne saw, established the mood; it would be a boisterous party. The young writer thought of something, then, and they trooped to the cars again, bound for his place.

Jim Breed was somewhere in the shuffle. Sunshine and Barry Trent fixed themselves to Anne, and in the sudden whirl of finding places, Carol Castaine, all grace and carelessness, slipped in beside Breed and slammed the car door. Anne, in the immediate background, saw Breed look anxiously around, but Sunshine Smith pulled her about to his machine, Barry Trent following.

"The supreme art of chiseling," Sunshine said, spuriously softly.

THEY raced half across town to the writer's apartment. There was more to drink, and careless talk and careless laughter. It was a picture full of glitter and restless motion; somebody started a variation of the "bean-porridge" hot game, the apparent idea being to miss and slap somebody else in the face. But the writer said, after a while, "I only came here to get my keys. We were going to be out late, weren't we?"

So they took to flight again. They stopped at Lydia Lane's chalet in Beverly Hills. But a crazy idea had got hold of them, and the point seemed to be to sample drinks and run. A lightweight boxer, one-time champion, joined them along the trail and displayed the most suave manners of the evening. This thing began to grow a little confused. Sunshine and Trent stayed with her—they were beside her when she turned to locate them. Somewhere, she did not know at what point in the evening, Jim Breed came out of the confusion to where she was sitting. He was smiling.

"Getting along?"

"Still with you," she said, and looked down. Beneath her glass—it seemed she had held a glass half full of amber liquor all the evening—a round dull stain showed on her apricot dress. When she lifted her head Jim had gone back into the swirl. Barry Trent had disappeared, too, but Sunshine still was on hand, studying the scene with a poker stare.

"Sunshine, what's all this about?"

"Fun," he said, and showed his contempt.

THEY were in the street again and the air revived her; and later, in the Rex executive's place up one of the Hollywood canyons, she had a moment of clear sight. The famous son of a famous father had dropped in with his own party in tow; and he took the center of the room and impersonated his father with a gay, impudent accuracy that roused cheers. Wyn, the redhead, broke a white carnation from a vase and laid it behind her ear, and passed the famous son with a bold, slow flirt of her shoulder. Barry Trent cried out, "Tango!" The Rex executive pushed two people off the piano stool and began to play; and then those two in the center of the floor wheeled and defied each other extemporaneously; and suddenly went whirling around together. A bit of beauty, Anne thought dimly, caught out of the anonymous, noisy evening. She let her eyes search for Jim, finding him bent forward from a chair, his solid face amused and interested. This night was good for him. It pulled him out of his gray mood, it made him forget. She thought of that, and reached over to touch Sam Wein sitting on the floor.

"Call me tomorrow, when the crash is over."

"The very moment," said Sam, and his eyes went enigmatically beyond her to Sunshine. The tango was done, but Lydia Lane had taken the spot and she had pulled down her shoulders and broken up her voice. It was Lydia Lane impersonating Elsie Janis impersonating Eddie Foy. The evening began to blur once more and Anne drifted away from it, seeming to fall downward on cushioning layers of mist. When she returned to this party again she was on the street with the crowd, Sunshine and Barry Trent to either side. They were all bound somewhere else. She saw Wyn Andrews and the Rex executive walk down the curb to Wyn's maroon roadster, and she released herself from her escorts on sudden notice. "It's been nice, hasn't it?" she said, and followed Wyn. "Take me home, will you?"

Wyn said, "It's about time," and waved the Rex executive back. Anne settled herself in the car, seeing the party pull away, one machine and another. Wyn turned sharply into a side street. "This thing will go on and on, and on and on. I'll say one thing for Jim Breed—"

She missed a milk wagon, swore between her two red lips. "He's one of the few men in this dizzy colony that could stage a brawl like that and get a crowd. Respectability and fear have come over us. It's—it's just another nine-o'clock town."

"I hope they won't mind."

"THEY won't miss you," said Wyn frankly. "There's a new soldier for every dead one." She came recklessly around a corner and eased the car to the apartment house curb. Anne opened the door, but Wyn extended a detaining hand and said swiftly, "Wait a minute." She cut the ignition and pulled a cigarette from her bag, lighting it with impatient fingers. Looking around, Anne saw sullenness compress the vivid kid's cheeks.

"Look, you've given me a lot of tips about this picture business. You're regular, Anne—and damned kind. So I've got to tell you. Well—you're letting yourself in for trouble."

"Wyn—"

"No, wait. Not Jim Breed. I love that man—and it isn't him. I can't tell you any more. But I know that you're on the edge of something you can't see. It's—it's dirty and rotten—and dangerous."

"Are you very sure?" said Anne. Her tone was small and quiet; both hands lay still across her lap and she looked through the windshield at the far-off glow of a street lamp.

"Yes." But then Wyn turned half about. Her words came out in one headlong, desperate rush: "What am I going to do, Anne? I'm in a jam."

"What kind of a jam?"

"What kind would I be in?" countered the girl, moodily.

"Oh, Wyn!"

"I told you once you had to make bargains with men in this business, didn't I? Well, let me go home. I'll work out of it. I'm as hard as any man in the world—and I can be as selfish and cruel. I'm not a kid any more. I know what to do."

Anne got out, her distress showing through. Wyn's lips were half apart and she wasn't pretty then; she was just a girl with a pert, spoiled face. "If I can help, come to me," said Anne.

"Oh, Lord," cried Wyn, "I wish I could warn you—I wish I could! But I've got to keep my mouth shut. Be careful. It wouldn't matter to some women. But it will break your heart." She said, "So long," swiftly, and slammed the door, and drove away. Her tires wailed when she turned the corner. The hall clock in the lobby registered three A. M. as Anne passed wearily by it, going upstairs. In the street, one of the men of the serge suits limped out of a dark doorway, noted the time on his watch, and walked off, heavy shoes clacking on the pavement.

TWO tall, thin-branched trees centering the scene; in the foreground some barbed wire, and still nearer a trench occupied by extras in field gray uniforms and heavy helmets. Sound men scrambled across the uneven ground, testing the hidden mikes; an assistant director shouted futilely at a disappearing truck. Everybody was a little on edge, even Gottschalk, who laid his megaphone down and tried to light a wet cigar. He looked at Breed with an extreme sharpness. "You dive once so we see how it looks. If it's all right you get a signal. The siren, Hymie." Hymie cranked that instrument's idiotic laughter across the sultry afternoon. Breed turned back to his plane on the flats, hearing Gottschalk speak through the megaphone.

"Everybody. We're shootin' a crash. The first dive is rehearsal. You men keep your places. Heads up till you hear this siren again. Then run along the trench. Those in front of the trees get into the underground dugout. Watch it close. I don't want nobody hurt."

Breed reached his ship, made an indolent gesture at the extra flyers standing by. Sunshine climbed out of the cockpit and yelled above the engine roar:

"O. K.?"

"Why not?"

"Bring her down right, guy!"

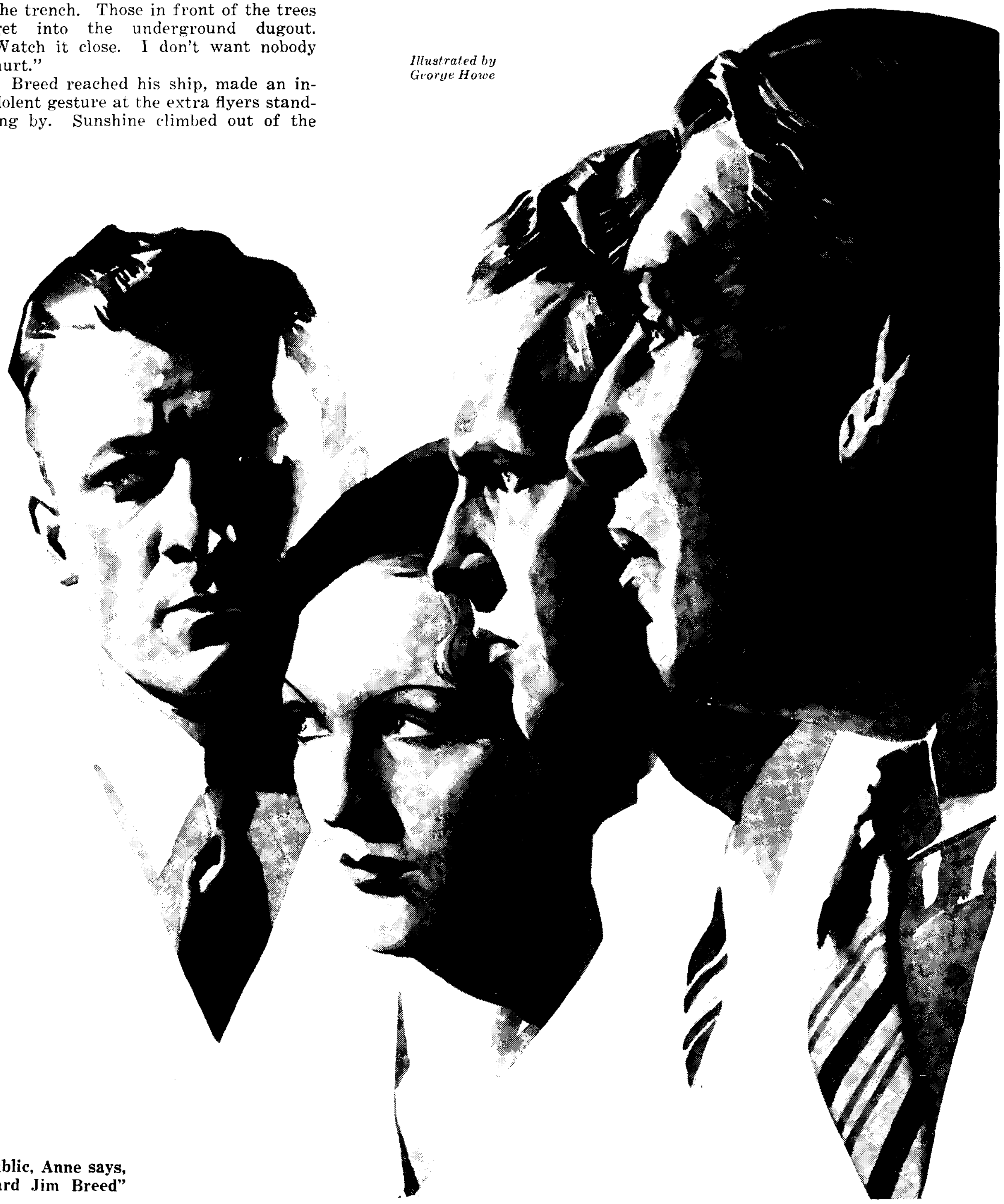
Breed settled himself. He cinched the safety belt around him to the last possible notch, pulled down his helmet, and struck the crash pad in front of him with a gloved fist. He idled the motor a moment, listening to it, then signaled and gunned the ship. He went off the ground clean and quick, climbing into a flawless sky. Banking for a sight of the earth, he saw Sunshine running toward Gottschalk with a pair of semaphore flags. At three thousand he did an Immelmann and pointed back for the trees in a long glide.

No funny stuff this time. All they wanted down there was a test for range and direction. But he was a little high, and so he dropped on his nose another thousand, flattening into the glide afterward, watching the trees rush forward from a level, yellow earth. At five hundred he increased the angle of descent and opened her up, tearing down the incline with his machine gun covering the cameras. He was less than fifty feet from the ground when he slid by the trees on his right wing and saw the extra people stumbling along the twisted trench below. Faces looked up at him; a man waved. He climbed in short spirals until he got Sunshine's semaphored approval. After that he straightened eastward, climbing. At twenty-five hundred he put the stick central and cruised, giving Gottschalk time to rearrange the scene.

THERE was no warning at all, and he wondered about that. The perception of risk was a part of the game. The chill that ran across the base of your neck, faint or sharp, was the monitor sense that kept your brain from insisting on too much; for you flew by the seat of your pants—and when you lost that touch you were only another dumb egg bound to die, as happened often enough in the stunt business. If you kept on, you always did one stunt too many. Suddenly he pulled the ship over on its back and fell into a spin, impatient to have the job over with.

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrated by George Howe



Castaine was lightly amused. "The great public, Anne says, is interested in knowing how I feel toward Jim Breed"

Copy-Book Senator

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

At an early age Arthur Robinson discovered the rules for success. They've made him a prominent, if not beloved, member of the Senate. Will they keep him there? He's the same as ever, but some say the rules have changed

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Senator Robinson, before and after taking thought for the next election

"LI'L ARTHA" ROBINSON of Indiana once wrote a book entitled Memory and the Executive Mind. In it he maintained that to become a great man, even a statesman, all you must do is commandeer a few facts—mostly from reading one newspaper a day—and never surrender them. Every mind, the young author informed his readers, is a blank at birth, and it requires only stubborn reading and memory to transform it into a future senator's mentality—into a grandiose grab-bag or a well-scribbled copy book.

As he was only thirty years old when he broke out as a crossroads psychologist, his exposition of the machinery of the mind might be disregarded if his career did not show that he meant himself to be taken seriously then and now. Even then Salesman Robinson was training for a seat in the Senate, and he recommends that everybody, like himself, fix the future pattern at an early age—the earlier the better. He did. He has never changed and he has never forgotten.

For this reason the senator, ordinarily rated as a minor cog in the senatorial scheme, has some significance for the first time since he came to the capital. The playmate of drys and dragons when the Anti-Saloon League and Ku Klux Klan darkened the landscape, he seeks reëlection now as the pluperfect product of the minority blocs which ruled politics and government in days other people are glad to forget.

His copy-book mind will not allow him to let go of yesterday's memories. Social and economic advances which have swept hobgoblins from most minds seem to have escaped him; he represents, politically, decadent influences. Every politician who smarts in the rarefied air of national solidarity will be watching his experiment on the voters of Indiana. If he survives as a result of his deliberate appeal to group passions, it will encourage others to do likewise. The outcome may also show how permanently we have recovered from the ills of the older order.

Gunning for "Li'l Artha"

It may be difficult for him to win in the face of the more wholesome spirit that apparently animates the voters, and some Indiana politicians insist that he could not get the nomination if potential rivals thought it would be worth a fifty-cent piece. The disaster which overtook the more likable Jim Watson in 1932 may be in store for him, and this may account for his present writhings. The Klan and the Anti-Saloon League are in disrepute, especially the Indiana branches; the things his sponsors stood for don't seem to live in Washington any more.

The Democrats, who regard him as the Senate's "most pestiferous member," now that they have got rid of Tom-Tom Heflin, are determined to defeat him, if possible. They yearn to finish off their conquest of the other Hoosier senatorship, the governorship, the House delegation, and many city and county governments by mopping up "Li'l Artha." They consider it both a political and a civic duty, and one that would be a pleasure to perform.

But Mr. Robinson has a certain peculiar political cunning. Right now he is making—or trying to make—as pretty a somersault as the Senate has seen in some time. He is repudiating his ancient and discredited allies without serious modification of their slogans and tenets; he is changing political garments but not his mind. He has not abandoned the complex he exhibited when he accepted Anti-Saloon League fees for dry speeches, a senatorial nomination from a Klan-controlled governor who later escaped jail by pleading the statute of limitations, and gifts from a Klansman now in the hoosegow for life, or when he sided with Heflin in the latter's most fantastic assertions. He is still the same "Li'l Artha," but he is carefully camouflaging it.

Seizing upon the more petty and violent symptoms of the current nationalistic mood, he plays to the same star-spangled gallery as of old. He chased the British Ambassador off the Senate floor and rebuked the Senate for extending such a courtesy; he weeps rhetorical tears and musses his reddish hair in passionate attacks on veterans economies; he assails international bankers; he pouts at such Rooseveltian friends and appointees as Woodin, Morgenthau, Acheson and Bailie, mourns Russian recognition as sanctioning a régime devoted to extinction of Church and home, and to the end he assailed repeal.

By these tricks, which are always transformed into tirades against names and nations supposed to be unpopular with veterans, church people, working men, drys and farmers along the Wabash, he may resurrect the old-time religion of hate and prejudice that helped him to win in the past. Even his enemies grant him a certain order of smartness.

An Old-School Campaign

The Democrats do not underestimate this sort of campaign, especially in view of his eccentricities on the stump. His speeches may sound bizarre in the Senate, but he knows what tune to dance to and what hands to shake in the backwoods districts. He draws large crowds of the curious when he kicks his way through the leaves and dust of country lanes behind the local fife-and-drum corps and he pleases the vanity of the home folks when he gives out the news that "Ours is a noble heritage"—which is his patent-medicine prescription for beginning and ending campaign talks.

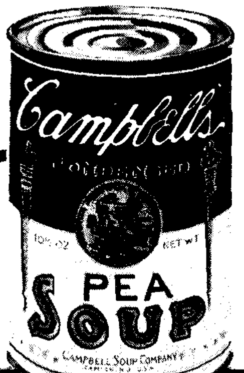
The pious people of Indiana beam on him when he announces, with eyes uplifted, that "honor, decency and character must prevail, for there can be no economic recovery without spiritual recovery." Stealing the bombast and bonhomie of Jim Watson, he slings his arms around everybody in reach, smothering them with caresses, calls them by their first names upon introduction, and agrees with everything they say in the slurring, ingratiating tone which exasperates senatorial ears and nerves.

Away from Washington he appears to be a bold, brave fellow, and his strutting doubtless provides some measure of compensation for the lickings he has to take in the Senate chamber. The Senate's attitude toward him would have withered a sensitive man long ago. It laughed in his face when he tried to blame the Wilson administration for the oil scandals, and when he held John J. Raskob responsible for the boom and crash, but he actually enjoyed the excitement he created.

Snickering in their seats, Republicans never defend him when Democrats cuff him around, and nobody dreams of suggesting that his detractors be called

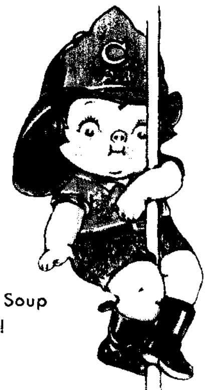
(Continued on page 49)

Pea soup



. . . . so delicious and so satisfying!

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL



I'm always there
And never late
When Campbell's Soup
Is on the plate!

Do you take full advantage of Pea Soup to bring to you its remarkably nourishing, wholesome goodness? When well made, it is one of the most delicious of soups and at the same time it supplies an abundance of beneficial vegetable nourishment.

Campbell's famous chefs make it to your taste's delight. Sugar-sweet tender peas are blended with rich creamery butter to make a soup that has the charm and the flavor which come from the gardens of Spring.

This is a soup which should be served regularly for the family's enjoyment and benefit throughout the year. It is strictly vegetable and does not contain meat in any form whatsoever. It is therefore an ideal selection for the Lenten meals and for Fridays.

To serve as Pea Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Pea, add milk or cream. Either way, you find it as delightful as it is convenient!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom
Mutton
Noodle
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
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Tomato
Vegetable
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Pea Soup

LENT FRIDAYS ANY DAY

THREE OTHER STRICTLY VEGETABLE CHOICES

TOMATO SOUP by Campbell's chefs is famous for its sunny, sparkling flavor. Enriched with creamery butter, it delights the taste. Extra rich, extra nourishing, served as Cream of Tomato (see label).

CELERY SOUP by Campbell's chefs has all the tonic goodness and alluring flavor of crisp, snow-white celery, blended with creamery butter. It makes splendid Cream of Celery, too (see label).

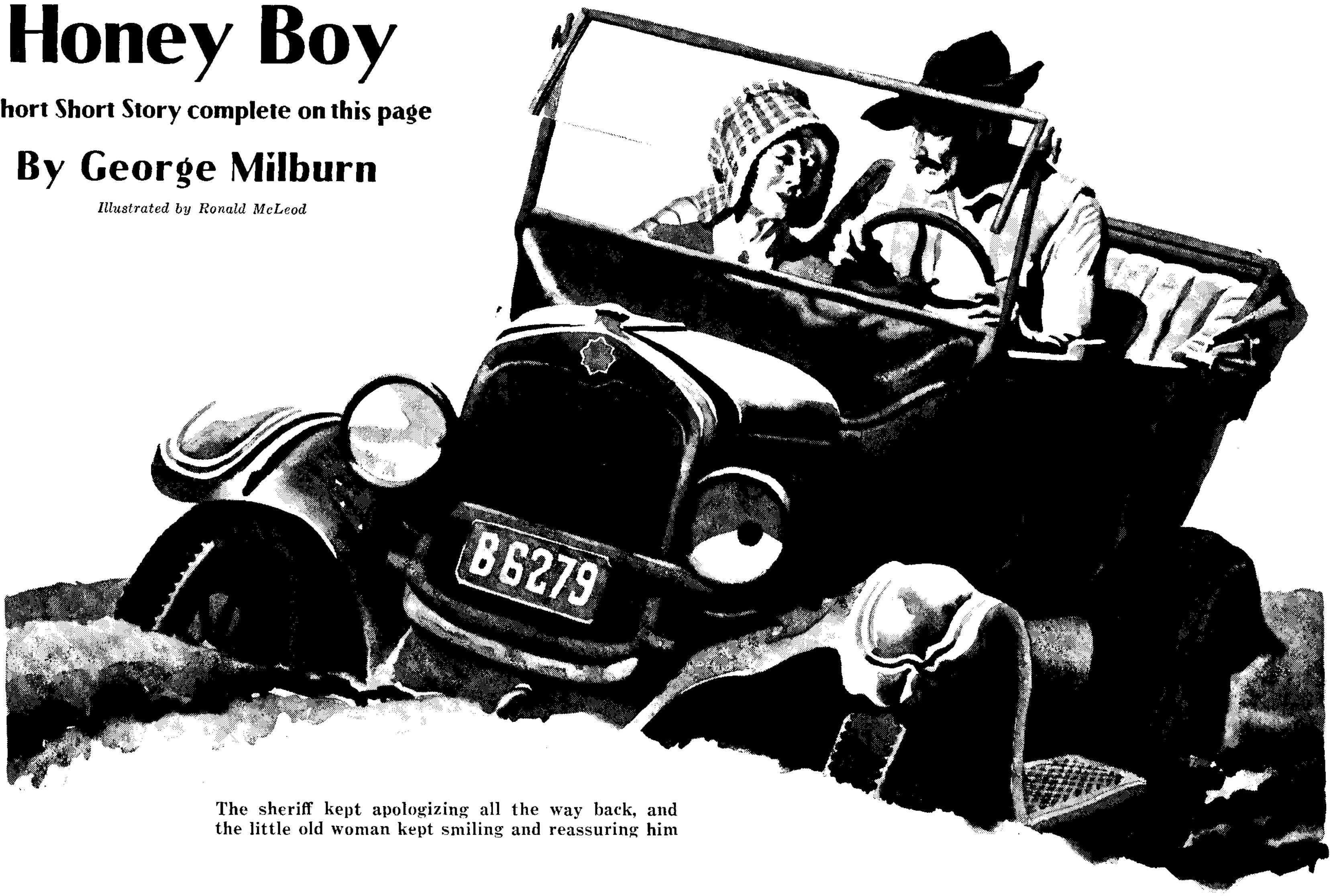
ASPARAGUS SOUP by Campbell's chefs is the rich, smooth purée of dainty asparagus. Creamery butter adds its goodness. Especially attractive when served as Cream of Asparagus, as the label directs.

Honey Boy

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George Milburn

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod



The sheriff kept apologizing all the way back, and the little old woman kept smiling and reassuring him

SHE stood at the parlor window with one lace curtain slightly drawn, peering at a crumpled flivver that labored up the rutted trail through the pasture. The car stopped with a final gasp in the clean-swept front yard. She opened the cabin door and came out on the flat rock stoop, a small, pleasant-faced old woman in faded gingham.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Dale," the ruddy, droop-mustached driver said courteously, taking off his hat with a flourish.

"Howdy do, Sheriff. Won't you 'light and come in?" she asked in a slow, cheerful voice, thin hands fixing her knot of gray hair.

"I'd be proud to, Mrs. Dale," he said solemnly.

He got out and followed her into the cabin. He crossed the threshold awkwardly, hat in hand, and gazed around the small, low-ceilinged room. A radio cabinet took up one end of it.

"Got you a new radio, Mrs. Dale?" he asked, ill at ease.

"Yes, Sheriff," she said, smiling. "Honey Boy give me that my last birthday. My baby never forgets his mother."

"Well, uh, Mrs. Dale, to tell you the truth, it's Honey Boy I come to see you about," the sheriff blurted, twisting his big hat.

"I allowed you had, Sheriff," she said dryly. "Most folks do come to see me about Honey Boy these days, only not many says so right out like that. Gracious sakes! the peddlers and agents and newspaper writers, and I don't know what all, has kept the dust rising off that pasture road for three years now. All of them after Honey Boy."

"But I ain't *after* Honey Boy, ma'am. Matter of fact, I—"

The little old woman leaned forward in her rocking-chair. "It looks to me like, Sheriff," she said pertly, "the law would quit hounding my son for a while. You know just as well as I do that Honey Boy ain't doing half the things they claim he is. What if, like any full-spirited boy will, he did make a slip and hold up a bank, or maybe two banks, I don't know . . . does that give folks any call to blame ever' piece of rascality in the country onto him? Is that a Christian way to treat a twenty-five-year-old boy?"

"Why, no, I reckon not, Mrs. Dale," the sheriff began uneasily.

She straightened her frail, stooped shoulders and interrupted: "Of course not! Why, I heared they've got out a five-thousand-dollar reward for him, dead or alive, the bankers' association has. Well, if Honey Boy Dale is as mean as they claim he is, don't you reckon somebody who knows him would turn him in and claim that money? No, sir! He's the kindest, gentlest, most open-handed boy that ever was, and anybody that actually knows him loves him too much to betray him for any amount of money."

The sheriff cleared his throat loudly and raised one hand. "Mrs. Dale, that's what I was aimin' to tell you. Emmet Wisdom shot and killed Honey Boy last night."

HER wrinkled, blue-veined hands clutched at the arms of her rocking-chair. She half rose, then sank back. "Emmet Wisdom?" she quavered. Then she set her pallid lips in a resolute smile. "Sheriff, you needn't come here storyin' to me. Emmet Wisdom is Honey Boy's best friend. He's lived in our house for weeks at a time. He just et dinner here yesterday noon, so he couldn't have—"

The sheriff studied the pattern in the faded rag carpet. "Yes, Mrs. Dale," he said hoarsely, "he done it all right. He brung the body in this morning."

"It ain't Honey Boy's body!" she exclaimed.

"It's got on Honey Boy's clothes," the sheriff said doggedly.

"That ain't no sign it's Honey Boy, Sheriff, and you know it! Emmet Wisdom *couldn't* 'a' shot my boy. Emmet's always been just like one of our family almost. He growed up with Honey Boy."

"Well, Mrs. Dale, since you say so, I will admit that we can't say for sure it's Honey Boy. The way it was, I don't know how to put it exactly, but seems like Emmet, he used him one of these high-powered rifles. The bullet just made a little hole where it went in at the back of the head, but where it come out it didn't leave much of the face. So they cain't nobody identify the corpse for sure without it's Emmet Wisdom, and we cain't go on Emmet's word. We thought maybe, bein' as you're Honey Boy's mother, you wouldn't mind takin' the trip to town to see whether it's him."

She shook her head, her lips smiling, but fright in her eyes. "It couldn't be Honey Boy, Sheriff," she said with quiet desperation. "Emmet Wisdom is just trying to prank you. He always was a mischievous child, I recollect. Why, they ain't a man in the world low-down enough to kill his best friend that-a-way. But I haven't got no objection to making the trip to town. Let me go get my bonnet."

She hurried into the other room and came back with a calico sunbonnet. They got into the car and rattled off down the pasture trail, over the five long, dust-clouded miles to town. The sheriff stopped his car in front of Jenkins' Furniture Store and Undertaking Parlor. He elbowed his way through the gaping throng of villagers in front of the building. The old woman followed, stepping spryly.

They entered the back room, where the corpse lay sheeted on an embalmer's truck. She put on her silver-rimmed spectacles and walked up with an unfaltering tread. The men in the room stood silent while she bent over the body and examined it intently, methodically. Their heavy breathing was the only sound in the small, shadowed room. After a long interval the little old woman looked up, straight into the challenging eyes of the men who confronted her with stern, rigid faces.

"Some of these is Honey Boy's clothes, all right," she said calmly, "but that poor mortal ain't *my* child. Honey Boy had a strawberry birthmark on his left shoulder. No, gentlemen, this here ain't my son."

"Well, if that ain't Honey Boy Dale, then who else could it be?" Cas Jenkins, the undertaker, burst out.

She shrugged her frail shoulders. "Better ask Emmet Wisdom that," she said sharply. "Most likely somebody he's murdered to get the reward. All I can tell you is, it ain't my boy."

SHE turned and marched out of the place. The sheriff followed sheepishly. "I sure am sorry to have give you this scare and to have put you to the trouble of this trip to town, Mrs. Dale," he said as they got back into the car.

"Why, Sheriff, I didn't mind the trip to town. I'm always willing and anxious to help out in a case of death. And you didn't give me no scare. I knew in the first place that Emmet Wisdom hadn't harmed my boy. I didn't doubt but what you thought he had, but I knew different all the time."

The sheriff kept apologizing all the way back, and the little old woman kept smiling and reassuring him. He let her out at her cabin door. She stood watching the car jolt down the trail toward town and the setting sun. Then she went into the house. She sat for a while staring into the twilight gloom; then she got up and unsteadily walked over to the ornate radio that had been a birthday present. Vaguely she ran her gnarled old hands down its gleaming sides in a gesture that was almost a caress, then she slumped against it and her voice broke on the silence, sobbing:

"Honey Boy! Oh, my Honey Boy—it was all I could do. . . ."

When we talk S-K-I-D-D-I-N-G we KNOW what we're talking about!

It's nothing new for a tire-maker to claim non-skid safety.

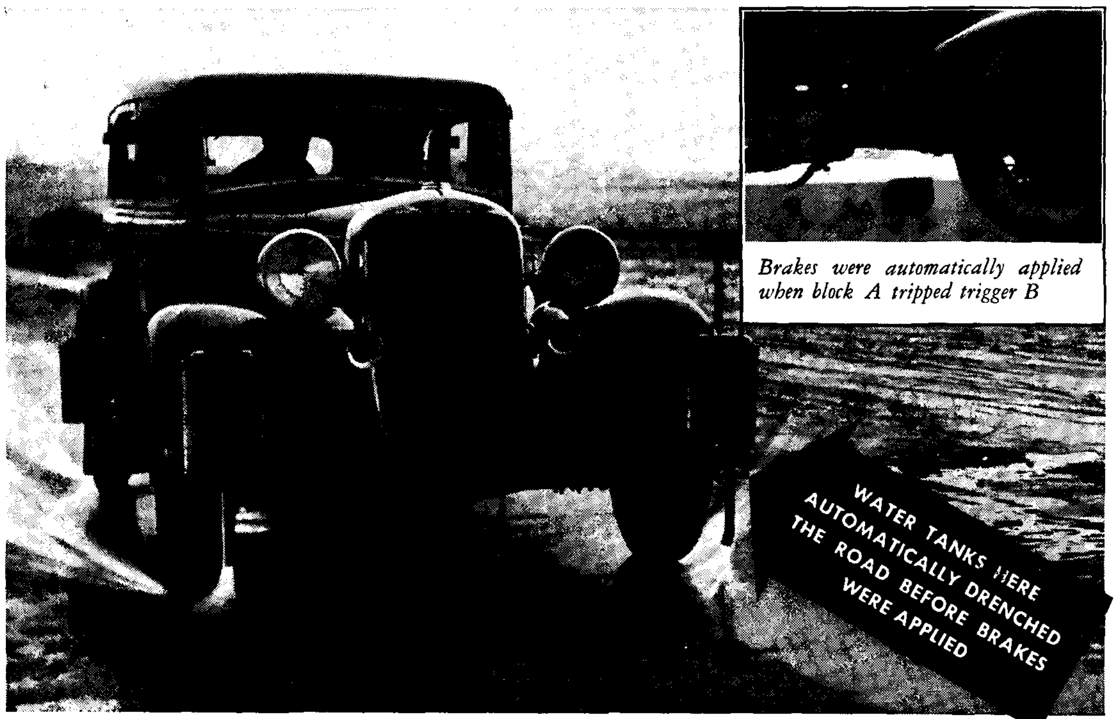
All of them naturally claim it—because it's something the public wants.

But claims won't protect you on a wet and slippery pavement.

We wanted to know *what will.*

There's just one practical test of any tire that claims non-skid safety, and that is: *how quick can it stop your car on the road?*

So we took a year to settle the question, made not one test, but 8,400.


WATER TANKS HERE AUTOMATICALLY DRENCHED THE ROAD BEFORE BRAKES WERE APPLIED

Brakes were automatically applied when block A tripped trigger B

8,400 tests like this—with actual cars on actual roads—showed which tire can stop your car quickest

Bought all the best known makes of tires—in 14 different sizes.

Built a private road, where passing cars wouldn't be in danger.

Then we tested each tire again and again—and averaged *all* the tests for each make of tire—just to be absolutely fair about it.

And now we know what we're talking about—when we say that the Goodyear All-Weather Tread—with the safety of center traction—will *stop your car in the shortest distance possible.*

You may not be aware of the fact—but all tires on the market today split into two sharply opposed divisions.

On one side is the Goodyear All-Weather, most popular and widely-known tire in the world.

On the other side are almost all the rest of the tires offered for sale.

What's the difference? Simply this:

Goodyear believes that *the safest way to make a tread is with center traction*—which means *grip in the center, where the tire contacts the road.*

Others, judging by the tread designs they use, are satisfied with something else.

But why guess which tire is best? *Your safety is in the balance.*

Look at the figures and judge for yourself:

HOW FAR OTHER TIRES SKIDDED AFTER GOODYEAR STOPPED

GOODYEARS STOPPED QUICKEST

2ND BEST TIRE 14% FARTHER	SMOOTH TIRE 77% FARTHER —AND MILLIONS ARE RIDING ON SMOOTH TIRES TODAY!
3RD BEST TIRE 18% FARTHER	
4TH BEST TIRE 19% FARTHER	

There is a vivid demonstration of safety that beats a thousand claims

How the laboratory *sees* center traction. *Through this heavy plate glass with the Goodyear Tread pressed against it, you can see how the tread-center grips—how those husky blocks of rubber squeeze down and pinch the road for safety*

Never before have tests been made so thoroughly and impartially.

Roads were flooded with water—with soap and water—with oil—or smeared with grease.

And out of *all* these tests—under *all* conditions—Goodyears proved *center traction is best.*

Goodyear fame explained

Now you begin to understand why the Goodyear All-Weather Tread is the most famous tread in the world.

While other tires have switched from one tread design to another—Goodyears have kept the same famous tread design year after year.

Right from the start—it has never needed to change.

From the days of fabric tires—then on cords—then on balloons—now on Airwheels—Goodyear has given you the *safety of center traction.*

But safety depends on more than tread.

With the powerful grip of Goodyear Tires—there must be a stout body beneath.

So every Goodyear Tire has the extra resilience—the extra life—the extra endurance of patented *Supertwist Cord in every ply.*

That's why Goodyears give you *everything* it takes to give you safety.

That's why public confidence in Goodyears is so great that year after year *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*

GOODYEAR

NRA

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio

Outdoor chess provides entertainment in the less athletic hours at Mirror Lake. The tables are crowded from seven in the morning on

An exciting moment in a bout between two pugilistic members of the Three Quarter Century Club. The boxers are 78 and 79 years old; the referee is 103

Sun Babies

By Quentin Reynolds

If anyone less than a hundred years old had been refereeing the match he might have made a bum decision. As a matter of fact he was 103, and at 103 you're as nearly infallible as you're ever likely to be. At least that's what they say in the Three Quarter Century Club, where the secret of enjoying life is common property. Yes, of course, it's in St. Pete

On Sundays, singing is the order of the day. Just a good old-fashioned song-fest at which everyone has a grand time

"IN THIS corner," the bark of the announcer's voice quieted the hum of speculation and excitement, "Myron Emory, the Cuban Flash. Weight—132 pounds."

The storm of applause stilled when the announcer raised his hand. "And in this corner Charlie Young, the New Hampshire Wildcat. Weight, 114 pounds. The boys will fight four rounds for the whiskerweight championship of the world. The referee—Charlie Eldredge of Worcester, Mass."

The two boxers, lean, tanned to a crisp golden brown, advanced to the center of the ring to hear the last-minute instructions from Referee Eldredge. Then—the ring was cleared of seconds; the crowd which filled Waterfront Park sat back tense and expectant; the bell rang and the strangest boxing match ever to be held anywhere began.

Four rounds they battled—now boxing cleverly, now slugging toe to toe, and the crowd shrieked its encouragement. Twice Young hit the canvas but twice he arose and his fast finish earned him the draw which Referee Eldredge gave him.

Both men protested the decision. "Emory did not land a fair blow," Young said scornfully. "Once he hit me on my ankle and again he hit me with his hard head. Emory should go back to the cattle business."

"I knocked him down twice, didn't I?" Emory said coldly. "And that second time he must have been down fifty seconds. If anyone less than a hundred years old had been refereeing the match I would have won on a kayo."

"Both boys need more experience," Referee Eldredge said. "As for me giving the wrong decision—say, I've voted for twenty-one Presidents and I haven't picked a wrong one yet. Well—hardly any wrong ones."

The crowd filed out, chattering excitedly about the match. They had been treated to perhaps the strangest athletic event ever held. There were four men in the ring during that fight. There was Emory, who was seventy-nine years old. There was Young, who was seventy-eight. There was Eldredge, the referee, who was one hundred and three, and then, hovering about, invisible to the audience but undoubtedly present in the consciousness of the three, there was that old gentleman with the scythe whom all three men were fighting.

It happened of course in St. Petersburg, Florida, a city which specializes in old age. The contestants were all members of the famous Three Quarter Century Club, in many ways the most unique club in the world. All of its members are over seventy-five and not one believes in sitting down complacently, talking and sighing about the good old days, and growing old gracefully. Every member is active and there is a sport or a diversion which interests each one, for the leaders of the club are specialists in old age and they have actually put into practice and operation that ancient bromide that "a man is as old as he feels."

Now this happened in the Braves' ball park at St. Petersburg and there were 5,000 present who saw it happen. I think it's the greatest sport miracle that ever took place.

The Three Quarter Century Club is represented by two baseball teams, the Kids and the Cubs. Twice a week they play regulation nine-inning games on the regulation big-league diamond used in spring training by the Boston Braves. They were playing a close game one afternoon recently—going into the last half of the ninth the score was 2 to 1 in favor of the Cubs.

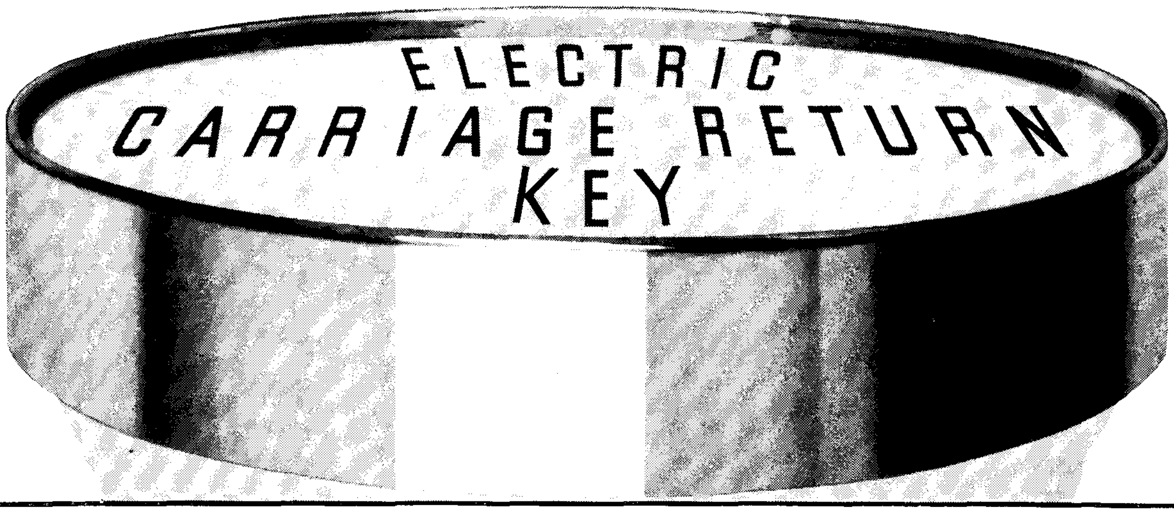
A Play That's Rare

The first two men up for the Kid team singled, and Young, pitching for the Cubs, began to look worried. George Yesberger of Berea, Ohio, came to the plate carrying a big bat. Yesberger is the Babe Ruth of the Three Quarter Century Baseball League. A hit would win the game and the atmosphere was as tense as that of any big-league ball park, as Yesberger crouched at the plate.

Young wound up, the ball came floating to the plate and Yesberger swung. The crowd arose with a roar, for the sharp crack of bat meeting ball was singing a base-hit tune. The men on first and second lit out fast. The ball seemed on its way toward right field. As it passed over first base, Higgin, guardian of that sack for the Cubs, leaped high and the ball, interrupted in its journey, nestled happily in his glove. Higgin stepped on first base, doubling the base runner who was halfway to second, and then he wheeled and threw the ball to his team mate on second base, who stepped on that bag to complete the only triple play I ever saw on a diamond—and I've been watching big-league ball games for a lot of years. It ended the game, gave victory to the Cubs, and gave the players on both teams something to talk about for a long time.

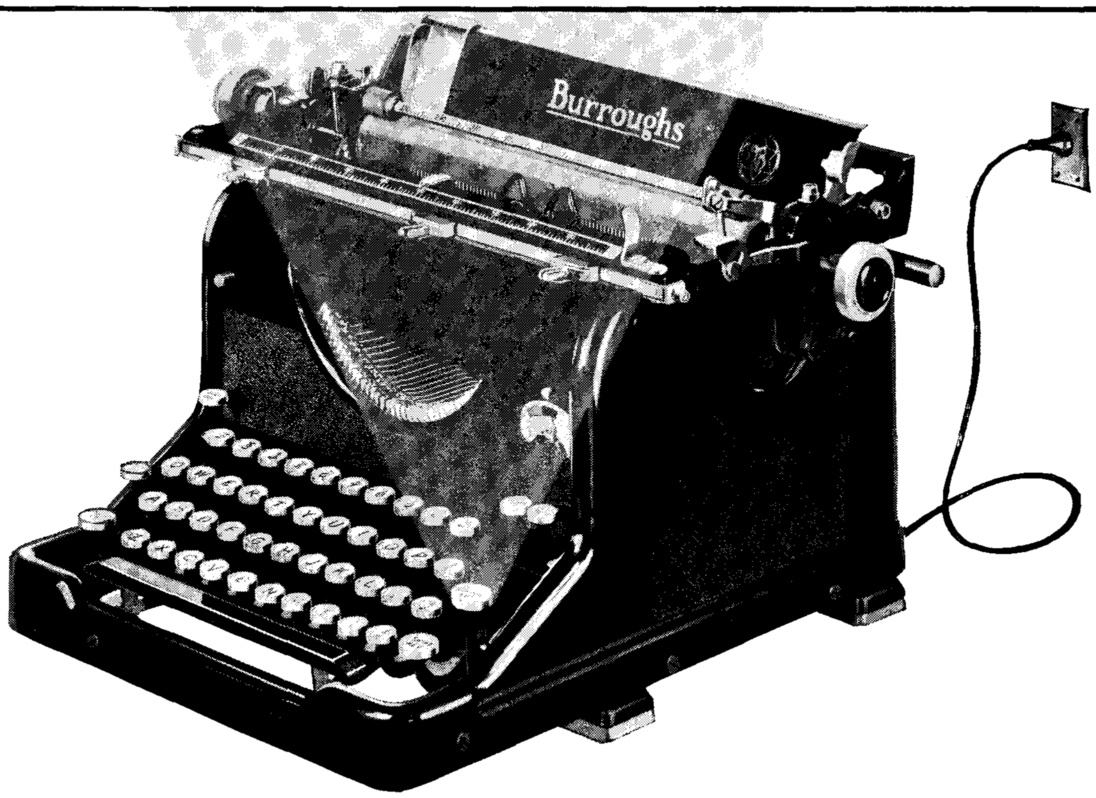
An interesting sidelight is the fact that the Yankees and the Braves have been training at St. Petersburg for years, holding daily practice games, and never has either team completed a triple play. The eighteen players walked off the field chuckling, and if your eyes could have pierced the ether you might have seen a frown on the face of that

(Continued on page 54)



NOW A TOUCH OF THIS KEY RETURNS THE CARRIAGE

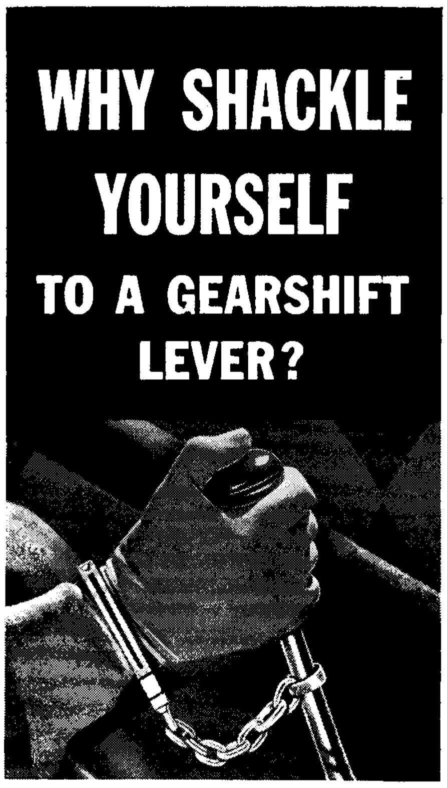
you don't have to BANG it back by hand



The new Burroughs Electric Carriage Typewriter is operated entirely from the keyboard. At a light touch of the Carriage Return Key, a built-in motor returns the carriage to the starting position or to an intermediate point, and automatically spaces to the next writing line. Shifting for capitals is also electric. The result, naturally, is easier, faster and neater typing.

BURROUGHS ELECTRIC CARRIAGE TYPEWRITER

Typewriter Division • BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY • Detroit, Michigan



WHY SHACKLE YOURSELF TO A GEARSHIFT LEVER?

● Think of being shackled to a gear-shift lever for two or three years after gear shifting by hand becomes passe!

That is something to ponder—something buyers are advised to take into consideration before choosing their next car.

Remember that Reo now gives you *automatic* shifting. It is no longer necessary to bother yourself or the others in the front seat with a gear-shift lever. You do not have to worry about clashing or stalling. You are not continually required to take your hand off the wheel to go through the tiresome and vexatious business of shifting gears.

The Reo SELF-SHIFTER does all this *automatically!*

All cars will come to the automatic transmission sooner or later. Reo has proved conclusively that it makes driving much simpler and safer—and these are basic benefits that can not be ignored.

So, we are simply suggesting that you avail yourself NOW of a revolutionary and trouble-saving development that everybody will be enjoying *later*.

Make your choice a Reo and you get a car that is REALLY UP-TO-DATE—and one that you can count on to give typical Reo long life and low cost satisfaction.

Standard Reo passenger car prices are now as low as $795 at factory, plus tax.

WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Self-Shifter operation.

SEE THE REO SELF-SHIFTER AT THE SHOWS

THE REO WAY—NO GEARSHIFT LEVER

REO MOTOR CAR CO.
LANSING, MICHIGAN

The Man who couldn't take it

Continued from page 15

was just the assistant pro, at the home course. But I was a pro."

Lansing Maynard continued to regard him. "But . . . what happened?"

"Well, you know how times have been. Our club hung on as long as it could, and then it folded up. I tried to get other jobs, but there weren't any. Then I came west. I played in all the tournaments I could. I didn't win any of 'em; but at that I wasn't so bad"—and here a note of pride came into the speaker's voice—"I did win some place money. Then I got sick, and my game slumped."

The narrator took a pull at his glass; went on:

"I tried to get any kind of work, and there wasn't any. Then somebody stole my suitcase. They didn't get my golf clubs, though," and here again sounded a note of pride. "Then I started beating my way up the coast . . . pretty tough going . . . and I got to the town over the hill here. I heard about this golf course. The weather was foggy and I came over, hoping that in the fog nobody would see me and run me off, and that I could find enough golf balls so that I could get something to eat. . . ."

The narrator's voice trailed off. On the border-line of slumber he roused, looked around, swiftly shook his head, got hastily to his feet.

"Golly," he apologized, "I was almost asleep! I'll be getting along. I can't begin to thank you for . . ."

Lansing Maynard hadn't taken his eyes off the narrator. "Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . I'll find some place," evaded Fred Brooks. "It's warm weather and—"

"It isn't," said Lansing Maynard. "It's foggy and cold. There's a bedroom above the garage. You go up there and get some sleep."

IT WAS morning. A glorious, sun-filled morning.

As Lansing Maynard's attendant was lifting him from bed into the wheel chair, Lansing heard singing coming from the garden. He asked about it.

"It's that young fellow, Brooks," said the attendant. "He's been up for a couple hours, hoeing in the garden."

"The dickens you say!" said Lansing Maynard.

He wheeled out onto the porch, to an end of the porch, and looked down. Young Fred Brooks was wielding a hoe around a rose bush; was doing it in professional style, and was singing.

"Hi, there!" said Lansing Maynard.

The young man looked up; the singing stopped.

"Good morning! I'm . . . I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"Disturbed nothing! How are you?"

And then Lansing Maynard's eyes, taking Fred Brooks in, caught something standing against a bench, beyond. It was a golf bag filled with clubs.

Fred Brooks saw where Lansing Maynard was looking. "Oh, yes, my bag of clubs. I'd hid it out, yesterday, when I went to look for golf balls and . . ."

But Lansing Maynard obviously wasn't listening. He was looking and looking at those clubs, and a queer sensation was going through him. Tingling. How long, how many years since he had seen, since he had hefted a golf club?

"Let me see 'em," he found himself saying.

"Sure!" Fred Brooks brought the bag up onto the porch, beside the man in the wheel chair.

The man in the wheel chair took out a driver, hefted it, gripped the leather, waggled it . . . and a tautness was in his throat.

"Nice . . . club," he said. "A little bit light for me."

The youthful, gray-eyed Fred Brooks—Fred Brooks who had once been an assistant pro—watching the man in the wheel chair, asked before he realized he was asking:

"Did you ever play golf? That is, before . . ." He stopped.

Lansing Maynard nodded. And then the ghost of a smile came over the grim, hard face that hadn't known a smile in months. He looked out, over the fairway before him. He spoke, and his voice was low:

"I shot that course, once, in competition, in sixty-eight."

For a long, long moment there was silence on that porch. Then it was broken by a low "Whew!" more breathed than spoken. This was swiftly followed up with: "You . . . your name . . ."

"Maynard," said the man in the wheel chair. "Lansing Maynard."

"Lansing Maynard? *You're* Lansing Maynard? You're the man who was . . . who was the longest driver . . . who . . ."

"Who was," said Lansing Maynard. He held out the driver to Fred Brooks. "And now . . . now let's see your swing."

The youth took the club, stepped away, looked about to see that he had free clearance, and swung. Swung again. And:

"Sweet," said the man in the wheel chair, his voice still low. "Sweet, that swing. You're a swinger." His voice came up. "I was a smasher." Then his voice went low again, and he now spoke as though to himself. "A smasher. Yes . . . and I smashed." And for an instant a bitter, bleak look came upon his face; came, and went. At length he spoke again, and now his deep-set, black eyes were upon Fred Brooks. "Would you . . . would you like to play this course? It's . . . it's a fine one."

The way that Fred Brooks drew in his breath, the way his eyes lighted, was full answer.

"O. K.," said the man in the wheelchair. "Whenever you feel like it, let me know. I'll do some telephoning. . . . Maybe you'd like to try it after breakfast. And say, let's have breakfast together; it's lots pleasanter than . . . just eating alone."

As Fred Brooks went down the walk toward the fairway after breakfast, Lansing Maynard, on the porch, watched him go. Watched him going in youth, as he himself had gone in youth, years ago. He sat on the porch through the morning. But though he sat there in the flesh, in his mind's eye he was playing the course with Fred Brooks; the course that he had known so well . . . The ocean course of courses . . . his course!

THEN the figure of Fred Brooks was advancing up the walk. A tightness came into the chest of the man in the wheel chair; his eyes were fixed, fixed on that approaching figure; fixed, as though he were searching for something. And then Fred Brooks was on the porch, was crying out, eyes alight:

"Oh, it's the most wonderful day I ever had in my life! I've never played on a course like it!" And then he was telling of the course, was telling of every shot, and Lansing Maynard was listening, listening, was interjecting, commenting, questioning . . .

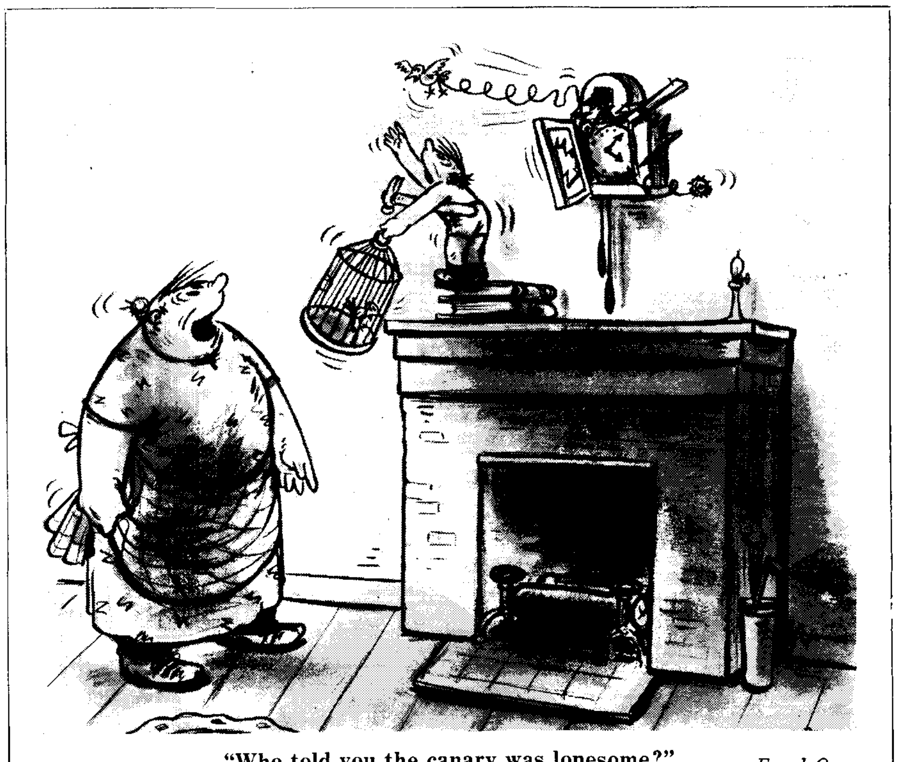
"You like to garden?" said Lansing Maynard, at last. His voice had now dropped to the casual. "You know, I could use another gardener. Maybe . . . a singing gardener," and here he smiled. "And early mornings and late afternoons you could play this course; keep your game up, that way. We could fix the greens fees with the hotel people that own the course, you paying them out of your wages. And whenever you played the course you could sort of tell me . . . how it looked. Evenings I could tell you all I knew about it—I've known it since I was seven—we, sitting together in front of the fire."

And then, before the gray-eyed youth had had chance to do more than start to open his mouth, Lansing Maynard was going on, casually . . . was trying to go on casually:

"Have you . . . have you happened to hear where the Open is going to be played this year?"

"Uh . . . why, no," said Fred Brooks.

(Continued on page 30)



"Who told you the canary was lonesome?"

Frank Owen

Smoke 'til the Midnight Spread

. . . and still keep
a fresh, cool mouth

Do you officially open your smoke-day the moment you open your eyes? And keep lighting 'em without counting 'em 'til midnight and beyond? Then it's Spuds for you . . . if you'd like to have a fresh-tasting mouth all the while!

What about this "fresh" taste?

How can any cigarette keep your mouth cool and clean? Spud does it with menthol. But not with menthol *in the smoke.* The menthol does its job *in the cigarette* . . . by lowering the *temperature* of the smoke. This cooler smoke is chock-full of fragrant, full-bodied tobacco flavor. But it's milder. It's free from tongue-bite. And it really keeps your mouth tasting fresh. See if it isn't so. Smoke a pack.

THE AXTON FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD

MENTHOL - COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c · (25c IN CANADA)

Tells

who

sells

Don't "shop around" for the brand you want. Look in your classified telephone book and find out who sells that brand. Authorized dealers for many advertised products are listed under the trade names of the brands they sell—as illustrated below.

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIR

Coal.—(Cont'd)

BLUE COAL

America's Finest Anthracite color-marked for your protection. The blue tint is your guarantee of better, more economical heat. Authorized dealers listed below.

'blue coal'

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

Alboum Sanford 10 ... MI tchl 2-2664
Applegate John R ... MA rkt 2-3748
... MA rkt 3-3782
Arlington Coal ... S sex 3-3296
Bailey Chas N ... rkt 3-1076
Benedict Frank ... 2-2024
Bloch Oscar 3 ... 3-0593
Boice R C &
Buchanan Ch
Burkhardt
Canniff Co
Caponegr
Caprio A
Carlson
Carney

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

The Man who couldn't take it

Continued from page 28

"I was wondering, but I hadn't seen a paper lately."

"It's going to be played . . . here."

For one second . . . two seconds . . . Fred Brooks stood as though he hadn't heard, hadn't understood; then he gave a whistling intake of breath, and his eyes swept to meet those of the man in the wheel chair; held there for a moment, passed on; and in that holding it was as though beacon fires had flashed a signal between the two across the spaces of time.

FRED BROOKS worked in the Maynard garden, and on spare hours played the course; practiced . . . practiced. Soon he was shooting it in par, round after round, from the championship tees. He, and a man in a wheel chair on a porch. A man in a wheel chair who would have given his soul to be out there on that course; who had tried—daily had tried, had had constant work done—to get life into those dead legs of his; to stand; and who had failed, and had gone back to trying, and to failing, day after day.

Late spring came, and Fred Brooks journeyed to where the regional qualifying for the Open was to be held. Only two places available, and he would have to win one of them.

All that day Lansing Maynard sat on the porch of his great house, gazing seaward, waiting, and finally, when the sun was low above the waters, a telegram came. One word:

"Qualified."

The man in the wheel chair put his head back, back, closed his eyes; opened them, and looked out upon the fairway; the fairway of the past, the fairway of the present . . . Fred Brooks (he and Fred Brooks!) qualified.

The Open came; the great of the golfing world descended upon the course. Said Lansing Maynard from his wheel chair to Fred Brooks, as Fred Brooks was preparing to leave the house on that first morning:

"They'll start taking the course apart this morning. They've taken it apart all week—in practice. But not one of them will take it apart for four rounds straight. Forget that they exist. Forget that the gallery exists. Just you . . . and the course!"

Fred Brooks went, his eyes glowing. Just he and the course? He, and the course . . . and a man in a wheel chair! A man in a wheel chair who had been with him on that course from the first moment he had played it months ago; who was with him now as he went out the door. . . .

He shot the course in even par, a seventy-two, that first day. The day's leader, the champion, had a breath-taking sixty-nine.

He shot a seventy-three, one over par, the second day. The champion had a seventy-seven.

He reached the halfway mark three strokes behind the leaders.

ON THE morning round of the final day he was out in thirty-seven, one over par. Others, the gallery thundering at their heels, were out in course-cracking low thirties. He was back, still unnoticed, in par . . . the gallery racing after new, blazing idols who were setting the in-bound nine afire.

He finished that morning round two strokes behind the leader.

He and Lansing Maynard ate lunch in silence; the silence of men resting. A word or two at the end of the meal, a meeting of eyes—deep-set black ones looking into gray ones—a grip of hands, and Fred Brooks had gone for the final round.

Lansing Maynard wheeled out upon the porch . . . and wheeled back into the house again. He couldn't stay in any one place. He was out, and in again. He looked around the big room. His eye caught the mantel; the mantel that had once held his golf cups . . . cups an age ago put away.

"Huh!" he finally said aloud, and then, "No!" And then he was studying the mantel again.

In the end he rang a bell. "I think," he said to the man, "that that mantel will look a little less bare if you'll get out the cups that used to be on it, and polish them, and put them up again."

Once more he wheeled out upon the porch. He looked at his watch. He had calculated the time to the minute when Fred Brooks would start. He sat, waiting. . . .

Now!

He stood in the gallery at the first tee. Fred Brooks was taking his stance, was addressing his ball. And Lansing Maynard began to move his lips:

"Listen, boy! Keep it up to the left a little, don't get it too high, and hit it straight, straight! Umm . . . there!"

He went along the fairway with the gallery. He came up to where the ball lay.

"All right, boy," and his lips began to move again, "take your time. Go for the apron and let her run. . . . *That's* the stuff! Now go for your putt. Birdie if you can, but on this green be sure of your par . . . Atta boy, par!"

He walked with Fred Brooks to the second tee, and now indeed were his lips moving.

"Boy, boy. I'm telling you. The championship's at this hole, waiting for you. Shoot the works! You can get over that ravine and on in two. Mark where your drive is, take your spoon or iron—you've done it dozens of times—and go for it! . . . You're on! Now, take your chance. Straight for the back of the cup and . . . eagle!"

Lansing Maynard, in his wheel chair on his wide, westerly porch . . . talking to himself.

The hours went; the sun sank toward the western horizon. Suddenly Lansing Maynard spoke loudly: "It's over!" Then he sat without a sound.

Time passed. He closed his eyes. He drowsed.

He awoke with a start. Fred Brooks was standing before him; was standing before him there on the porch, his face inscrutable. He was standing there, face inscrutable . . . with empty hands.

Lansing Maynard had pictured him standing there . . . with the cup in his hands. And there was no cup.

For an instant things went dark. And then Lansing Maynard rallied. Swiftly he wheeled the chair forward, gripped the youth's hand, held it tight, tight. And: "You tried, you tried!" he said. "Oh, you tried!"

And then he had released Fred Brooks' hand, and Fred had gone; had gone without a word, across the porch, down into the garden.

LANSING MAYNARD sat as one of stone. Dreams . . . had been only dreams. He wheeled himself indoors; outside it had suddenly grown cold, cold. As he entered the big living-room, try as he might he couldn't keep his eyes off the mantel, where he had ordered the cups placed . . . the cups that were to have had a companion.

He looked—and the cups were not there. His eyes whipped around the room. They stopped . . . at the wide table. The cups stood on it, grouped about a tall cup that . . .

A tall cup that . . . The Open Cup!

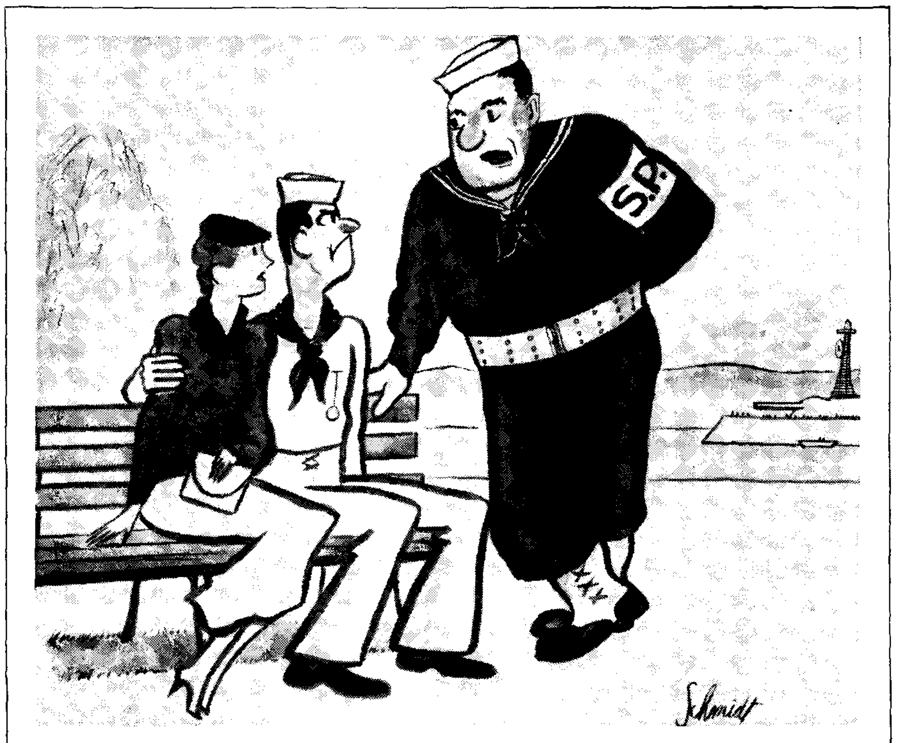
Lansing Maynard was at the table, was reaching for the cup. It was just beyond his grasp. He reached again, and, reaching, rose. Rose to his feet. Rose to his feet, stood, for the first time since his car had gone crashing over the grade. His legs . . . no longer dead.

He had the cup in his arms. And then he realized that he was standing . . . standing!

He cried out. And then Fred Brooks was in the room, was looking. . . .

And then the two were standing with arms around each other, and Lansing Maynard, tears rolling down his cheeks, was choking out:

"Oh, my God, boy . . . we've won! Both of us . . . have won . . . won!"

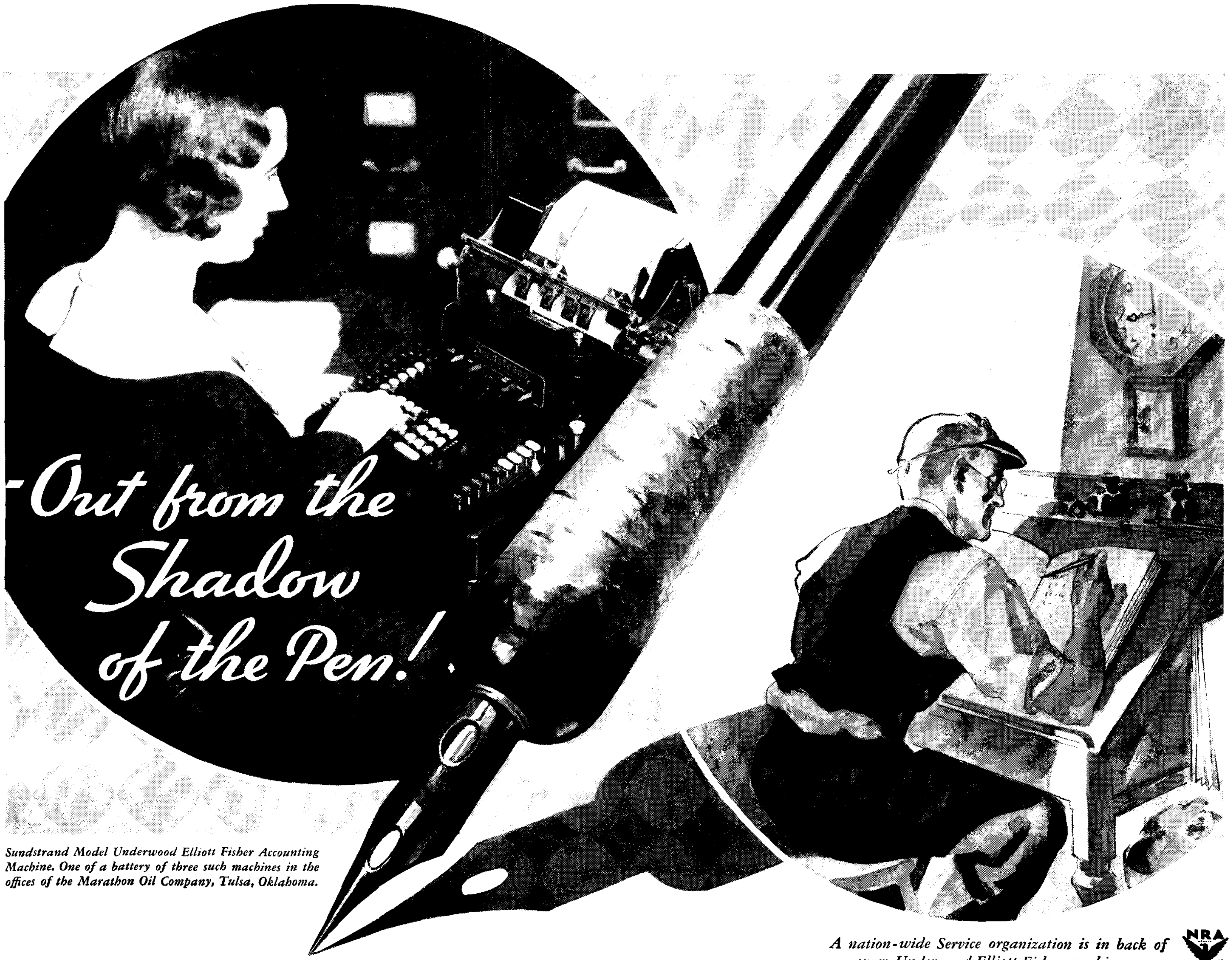


"The Rear Admiral is waiting for you to return so the fleet can start back to California"

Walter Schmidt

MARA ON
G OLINE

MARATHON OIL ACCOUNTING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Chevrolet for 1934

be satisfied with any other low-priced car

Hit Hunter

Continued from page 16

have to repeat. After a period of hoboing over America, he found himself back again on Broadway and got himself a job on the New York Clipper, the old theatrical sheet. He later became a press agent. As a press agent, Mr. Harris was perhaps the most critical personage who ever made a nuisance of himself in a big city.

Getting together a few dollars of his own and turning the white heat of his personality on Leonard Blumberg of Philadelphia, Harris collected the $2,200 which was needed to produce Weak Sisters. It made no fortunes and it brought no ruin, so the Blumberg-Harris combination (70 per cent of profits and losses to Blumberg) tried it again with John V. A. Weaver's Love 'Em and Leave 'Em, which also set no brooks aflame. However, it made a little money and was followed by Broadway, written by Phillip Dunning, then stage manager at the New Amsterdam, and rewritten by George Abbott and an ex-Yale man named Harris. It was put on at a cost of either $7,000 or $11,000, according to who is telling the story, and it netted Jed Harris $1,300,000.

The figures of his later smashes are equally astonishing and they are given herewith to conclude the mercenary portion of this entertainment as rapidly as possible. Coquette cost $10,000 to produce and netted Harris $500,000; The Royal Family cost $30,000 and netted him $400,000; The Front Page cost $15,000 and netted him $350,000.

Jed's Bad Moments

By this time he was not only the foremost figure of the American theater but he had become a myth, a Broadway legend. His judgment of plays was uncanny and his touch was the touch of Midas. According to rumor, he lived a life of oriental splendor but there were no outward signs of it because in personal appearance he looked much like Heywood Broun, which is to say on the side of the nonchalant in dress.

He was slimly built and appeared to weigh about a hundred pounds (although he claimed 140, with clothes) and he was the most belligerent man in New York City since John J. McGraw ceased getting beaten up. He wrote insulting letters to critics on the slightest provocation, and if all the men threatened by him with bodily violence had really been attacked, West Forty-fifth Street would have looked like a slaughter house on a Saturday morning.

Then retirement and England and 1929 and *blooie!* He returned, as Ben Hecht said, resembling (a) An English dandy of the late '90's, bowing from the waist and full of poise and some affectation, and (b) Rasputin, the monk. But his magic touch seemed to be gone. His first play was perhaps the finest he has ever produced, Chekhov's Uncle Vanya, but it was not a money success.

It was the passing of Uncle Vanya which prompted the Harris press agent, Richard Maney, to write that the withdrawal of the Chekhovian masterpiece perhaps meant that Mr. Harris "had combed the last Cossack out of his curls," a line which captured the town.

He followed Uncle Vanya with Mr. Gilhooley, which lasted four weeks and was the first genuine Jed Harris flop, as well as being one of the few Helen Hayes failures in history. Not content to follow Mr. Maney's advice he next brought out Gogol's Inspector-General, which lasted six days and made him think that perhaps the Bolsheviks were right in getting rid of the old Russians.

Later appeared The Wiser They Are, The Fatal Alibi, and Wonder Boy, all rather well forgotten except by their fond authors. By this time it was conceded that even Jed Harris could have his bad moments.

During these leaner years he was carrying on a steady cannonading with two young men named Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur who, for an advance of approximately $7,000, had finished two acts of a play called Twentieth Century. The hero of the play was the aforementioned Mr. Maney, who is quite a personality in his own right. Mr. Harris thought that it would be a fine thing for the play to have a third act and the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur agreed with him and were always on the point of getting down to it. When Mr. Harris wired and demanded the third act of that play, they wired back and asked what play.

When he replied that they knew very well what play, they answered, Oh, *that* play; well, just as soon as they finished their ice cream and cleaned up the supper dishes, they'd see what they could do. When he telephoned them in Hollywood, the exchange of insults was so marvelous that the local service in Des Moines, Iowa, was crippled while the operators huddled over the transcontinental wire wondering what Mr. Hecht could possibly think of to say to Mr. Harris in reply.

This went on for years until Mr. Harris, beguiled by reports that not only were Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur ashamed of themselves for not finishing the play but were actually, at the moment, locked in a room at a Los Angeles hotel working on it, went so far as to make designs for his sets and consider possible actors for the cast.

Eventually Mr. Harris dropped Twentieth Century just as he has dropped other plays which were promising for somebody but not for *him.* He had Maxwell Anderson's Both Your Houses, which was later produced by the Theater Guild and became the Pulitzer Prize Play and yet was a financial failure. In the present season he had I Was Waiting for You and even went to the expense of having the set made. When he couldn't get the cast he wanted, he gave it up. For the Shuberts, it lasted exactly six days.

Off to London for a Hit

He has never been sorry for turning down Journey's End, which he always refers to as the Merriwell Boys in the Trenches. Being frank about his artistic judgment is a thing that has made him respected but not loved. He has probably not endeared himself either to the great man or to the Theater Guild by remarking that Eugene O'Neill "must have been a good guy before he got to Strange Interlude."

In any event, neither Jed Harris nor the American stage was in a particularly healthy condition when the summer of 1933 rolled around. New York, with its sixty legitimate houses, had been represented during the hot spell by three shows. Charles Dillingham had gone broke for $7,000,000; the Shuberts, largest of all theatrical organizations, were bankrupt, and Al Woods had dropped a million in the market and was flat. Mr. Harris had not reached the point of looking in the cookie jar or in his old clothes for a stray dollar but it was plain that a little success in the theater would not anger him. Always attracted to the place, he went off to England and proceeded to take a look at the shows in the West End.

At the same time, under the flickering lights of the entrance to the barn, Mr. Lee Shubert and Mr. Al Woods could be seen standing in some slight confusion amid the between-the-acts crowd of a summer tryout hoping that they might avoid being trampled either by a cow or by a scion of one of the better Connecticut families. Mr. Shubert was wearing his bowler and his dainty, glistening patent-leather boots with the high heels (cowboy style) and looking in his romantic swarthiness for all the world like a Corsican bandit. Mr. Woods, never a stickler for fashion, wore the old hat and smoked his cigar and welcomed friend and foe with the same affectionate warmth. "Sweetheart, if I had fifteen G's, I'd put on a show that'd knock 'em positively . . ."

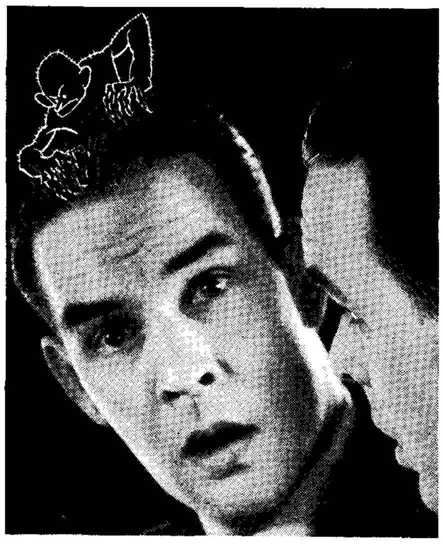
Telling the Yale Club

Mr. Harris found London comparatively alive. They actually had plays running, and there was a rustle of notes and a tinkle of coins in the treasurer's office that reminded him of something he had heard somewhere else before. More than that, the playwrights, between the lot of them, had contrived two or three good ideas. He immediately set his eye on Mordaunt Shairp's The Green Bay Tree but found it was already the property of the Shuberts, who had reorganized and were up to their eyes in plans for the new season. But this was all right because he found the Shuberts willing to make an arrangement and it is under that arrangement that The Green Bay Tree is now playing.

A play about which he was equally keen was The Lake, written by Dorothy Massingham, who committed suicide shortly after its production in London. Mr. Harris knew immediately what he wanted to do with that play and after getting an option on it rushed back to America to get in touch with Katharine Hepburn, who in the meantime had become one of the big names of motion pictures. Miss Hepburn, as little impressed by the importance of Hollywood as she had been about Broadway when she was being fired from every company in town, decided quite promptly that this was the part for her to play. She played it, much to the gratification of Jed Harris and that portion of the populace which came to the Martin Beck theater to see her.

Both of the new plays revealed that Jed Harris had returned to Broadway. The old fire and surety and delicacy of touch were there. Sitting now in his office in West Forty-fifth Street, he wastes very little time thinking of the days when Universal Pictures was bidding $225,000 for the film rights to Broadway. He is quite content with his plays of this season, is reading manuscripts and battling with the Theater Guild for the rights to Sean O'Casey's Within the Gates. That is life as it should be.

He thinks that the "theater is the shell game of the arts" and he isn't too concerned about money, so if he yearns for a smash hit it will not be for the customary reasons. What he really longs for is an attraction of such dimensions that he can sit again in the box office and answer the phone when the Yale Club is on the wire. "Sorry," he will say in his suavest Yalensian accent, "but the rack is clean. We sold out at two o'clock today." That will really mean that Jed Harris is back on Broadway again.



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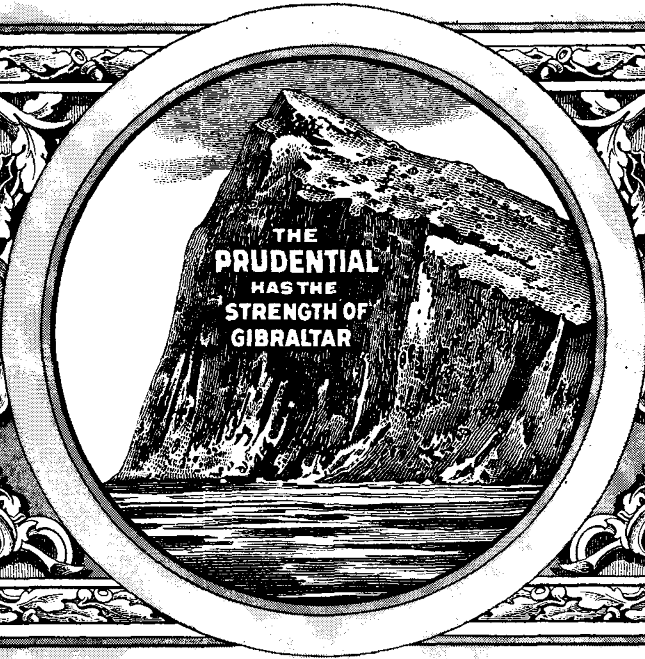

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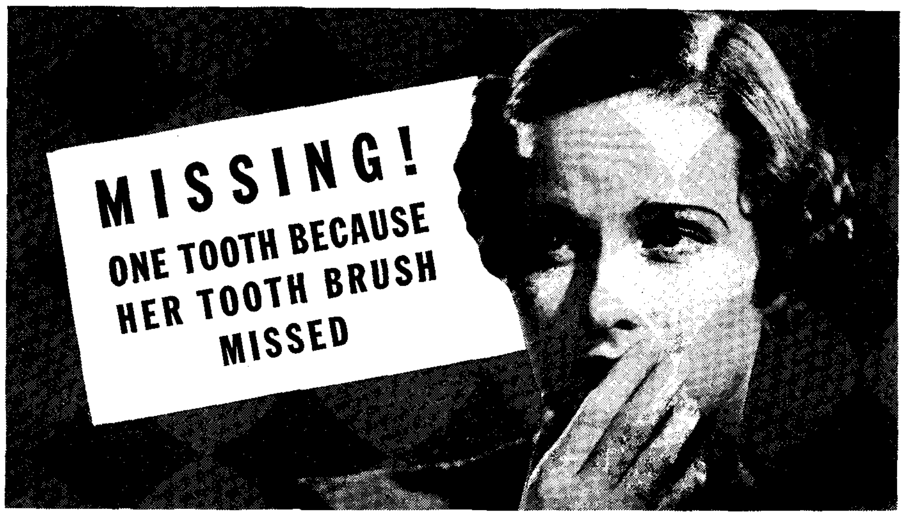
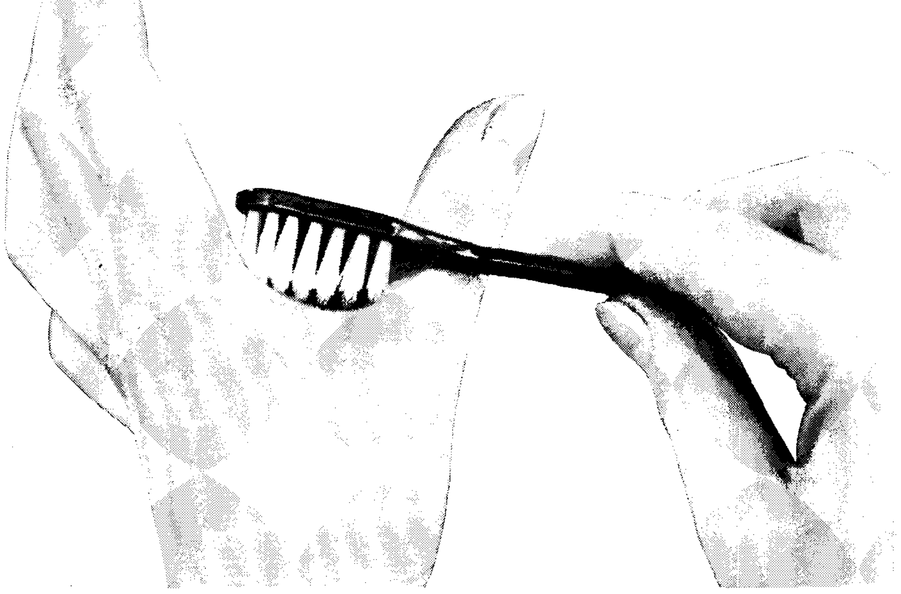

MISSING!
ONE TOOTH BECAUSE HER TOOTH BRUSH MISSED

FOUND! the tooth brush that reaches and cleans all your teeth



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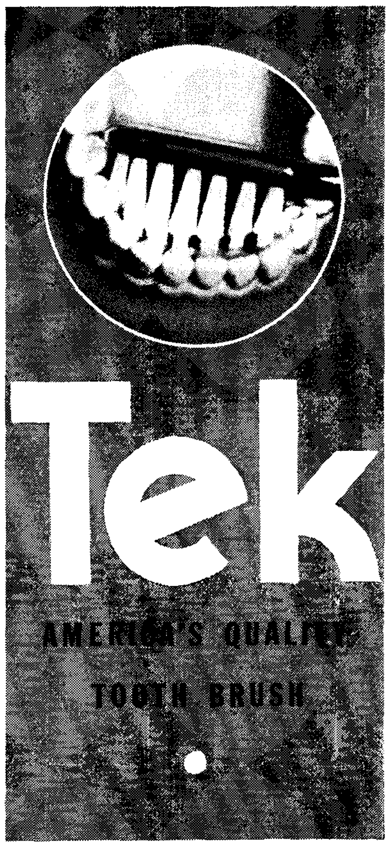

Only an Elephant

Continued from page 17

I had barely time to nudge Miss Patty Lee to a place of concealment behind a hedge, when a score of young ladies arrived, just in time to see Professor Spottswoode crawl from the brook, dank and sputtering. Shaking a dripping finger at me, he cried, "You vicious brute! I've always said you were dangerous. I shall demand that you be destroyed forthwith."

Destroyed forthwith! I own I quaked a bit. For I read malevolence in his eyes.

"Now, Professor," said a gentle voice, a voice I knew and loved, for it was the voice of Little Missy, "you must not be cross with Junior. He was just skylarking, weren't you, Junior?"

I nodded. Muttering, the wet professor stalked away.

Little Missy was the only daughter of our president. Her name was May Beth, but to me she will always be Little Missy, the strongest influence for good in my life. We were born in the same year, and brought up together.

SO MY dismay may be imagined when, a few weeks after the ducking episode, I saw her in close converse with Professor Spottswoode in a secluded nook back of the chem lab. I divined from the way she blushed and dimpled that it was not of moods and tenses that he spoke to her. The next day I saw them start off on a horseback ride together, and I would have trotted after them, but the professor curtly ordered me to go back to my diggings. When they returned from their ride, I saw, or perhaps imagined, that Little Missy seemed flushed, and a trifle tousled.

In the days which followed, perturbed and anxious days for me, they were much together, he and she. Well versed as I was in the ways of young women, it was patent to me that Little Missy was infatuated with this comely, but, I felt sure, unworthy pedagogue. His wooing was not pursued in any open and manly way. He was sly, dissembling, and I suspected skullduggery, if not worse.

I, alone, seemed aware of the dire drift of events, for her father, engrossed in his academic duties, seemed quite oblivious to the peril menacing his child.

Socrates writes of the gadfly of conscience. That, I said, is the part I'll play in this drama. I followed Professor Spottswoode wherever I could, seeking to give him the impression that I was just a blunderer who, by chance, happened upon his trysts.

One lovely southern night I interrupted a rendezvous between him and Little Missy back of the gym. I frisked and sported about them until the alarmed professor left her and returned to his rooms in the fac club. Scenting a ruse, I followed him on velvet tiptoes. The lights in his lodgings were not switched on, so I lurked in the bushes, my taupe complexion blending with the night. Presently, like a thief, he slipped from his window and started stealthily, to my great surprise, toward the little town of Culpepper, three miles away from the college.

As he sidled along the winding road I trailed him, which took no small amount of deftness, for magnolia trees hardly hide all of my inches. He reached the bungalow-sprinkled outskirts of the village, I not far behind, and steered a devious course, avoiding the chief avenues, till he reached a congeries of mean streets near the railroad tracks. He let himself into a small, plain cottage with a latchkey. To spy, I know, is not the part of a gentleman; but this was an emergency; I waived my scruples; I spied. Cautiously I crept to the side of the cottage and peeped into the living-room. I saw, seated there, a blond woman of imposing stature. Professor Spottswoode approached her, and kissed her in gingerly fashion, as if he were afraid she would bite him in return.

"Hello, Spotty," said this woman. "So you've decided to come home for a change."

Home?

"Now, Cora darling, don't be difficult," he said in a wheedling voice. "Be patient."

"Patient, my eye," retorted this Amazon. "You're ashamed of your wife, you blob of soft soap. I'm as good as any of those wives out there, even if I did work in a circus."

"Of course you are, angel," he said. "But I must pave the way—"

I was so overcome by the discovery of his infamy that I forgot discretion and pressed closer to the house. My shoulder brushed it and it trembled. Professor Spottswoode beheld my accusatory eyes. He bounded to the window like an irate goat and I forbear to repeat the oaths he hurled at me.

"Out of bounds, eh?" he cried in a voice of ire, tinged with gloating. "That finishes you, my friend. I have the president's promise that if you ever left the campus you would be destroyed forthwith."

I knew of that edict, of course. I knew I had broken the law. But are there not times when one must? I turned, with a shrug of disdain, and walked away; but I did not feel insouciant. My enemy had me in his power now.

Next morning I saw Professor Cooley coming toward me, accompanied by two rough-looking artisans, and my heart went numb when I saw that my master's face was grim, and that the two men bore heavy chains.

"Junior," said Professor Cooley, "you were out of bounds last night."

I confessed my guilt with an inclination of my head.

"You must suffer the consequences," he said. "Chain him up, men."

REVOLT seethed within me; but I remembered I was a civilized being, and I stood, passively, while they shackled me with an iron band round my hind right leg, and tethered me to a stake driven deep into the ground. Oh, the ignominy of it! And the irony.

"Now, Junior," said Professor Cooley, sternly, "this is absolutely your last chance. I have assured the faculty that if you misbehave in any way once more I'll have you killed, stuffed and mounted. Watch your step."

So there I stood, loaded with gyves, like a common felon. Passing me, Professor Spottswoode harpooned me with a jeer, but from a safe distance.

That night a bright new moon looked pityingly down on me as I paced back and forth, as far as my brief chain would permit, like the unfortunate man in the Ballad of Reading Gaol. I could not sleep. I brooded. Was this justice? Behind my quarters is a privet hedge, and behind the hedge I heard whispers.

"So it's all agreed then, honey child," said a masculine whisper. I knew it. That churl, Spottswoode.

"I guess so, Rudolph," said a tremulous voice. I knew it, too. My beloved Little Missy.

"Tomorrow night," he said, "at the stroke of twelve I'll wait beneath your

(Continued on page 40)

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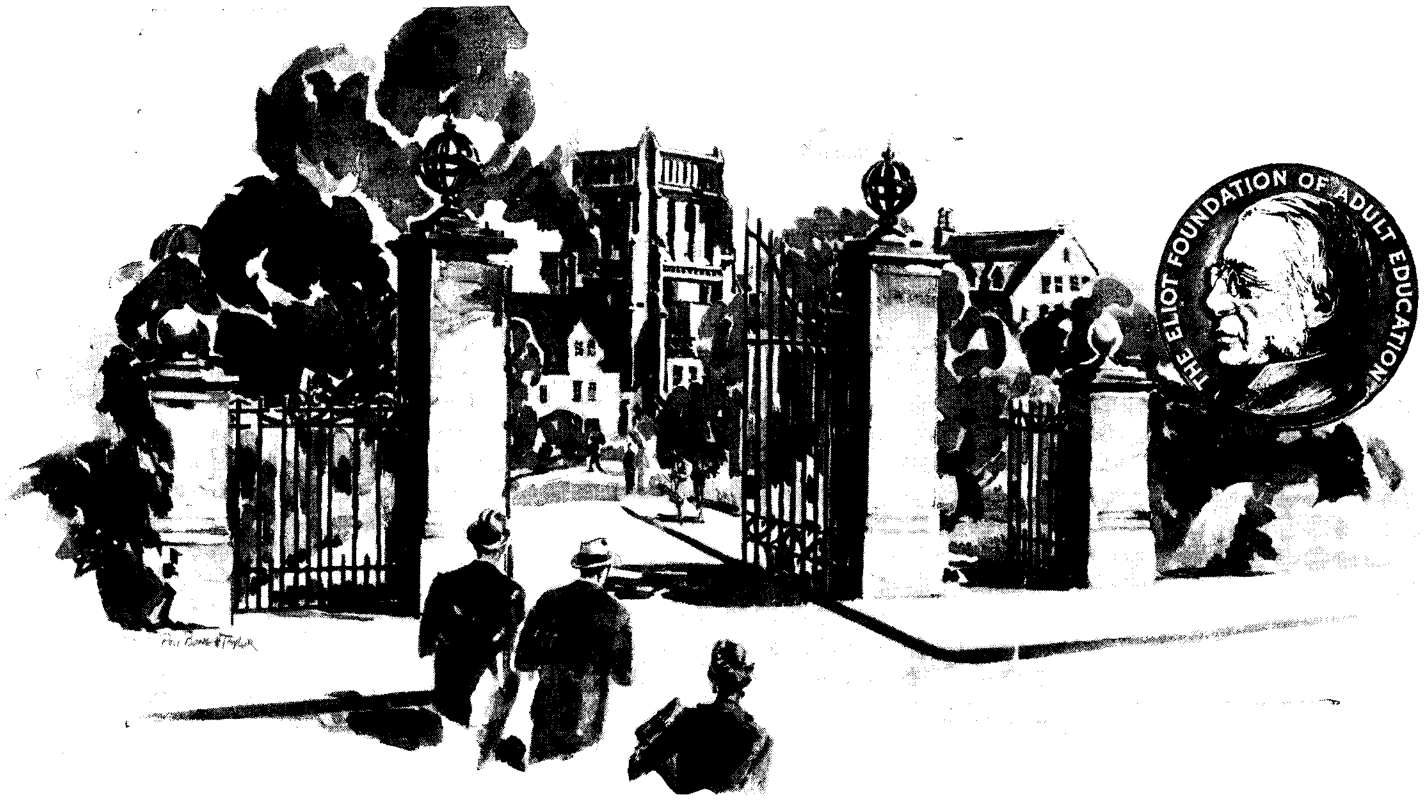
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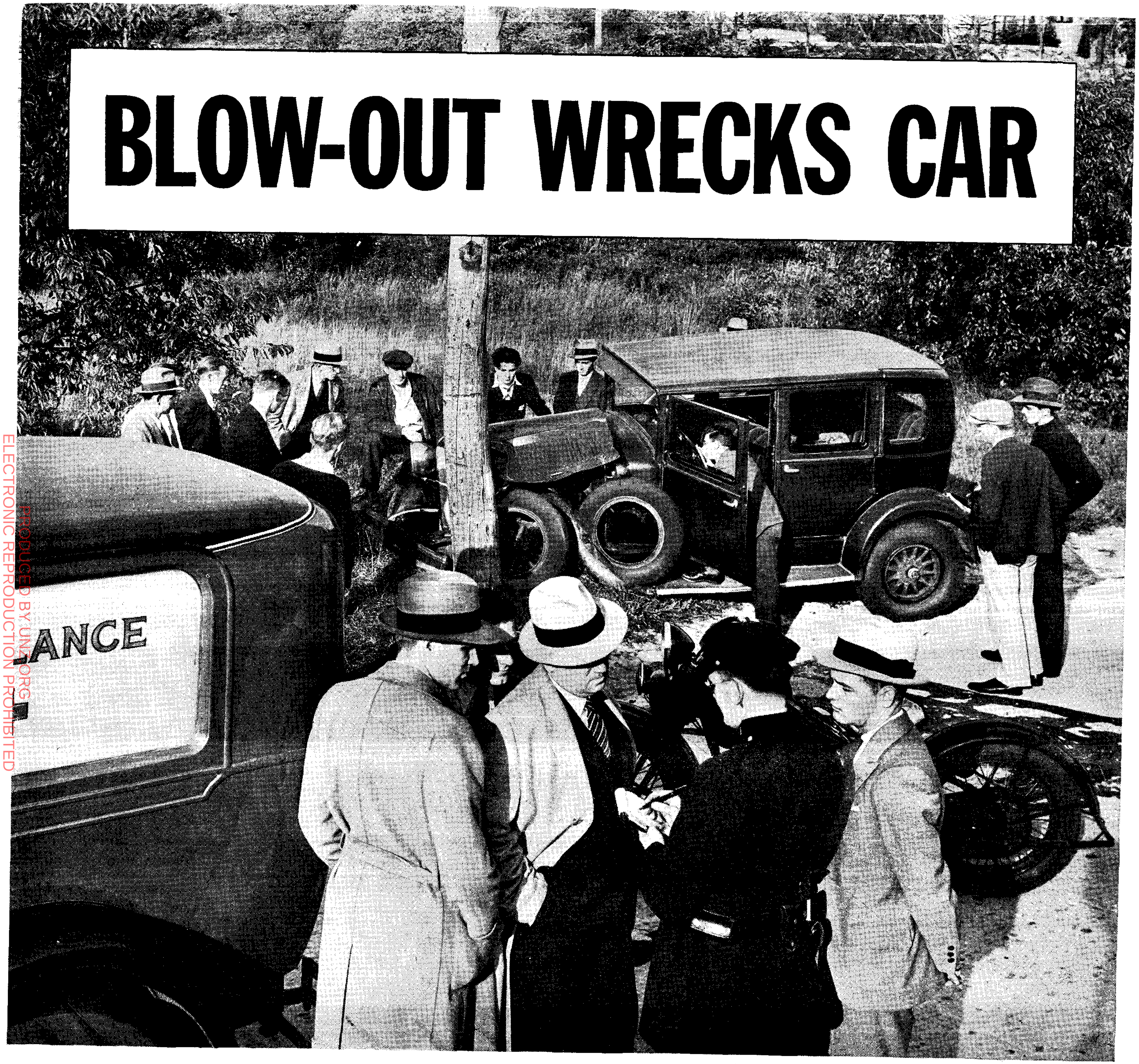
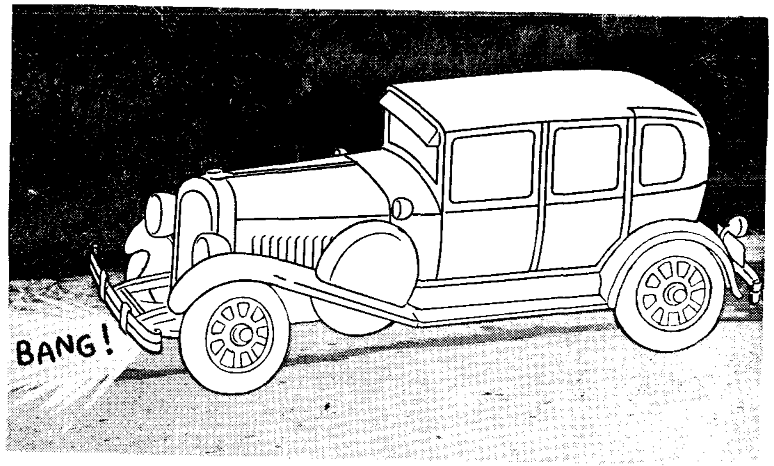
NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

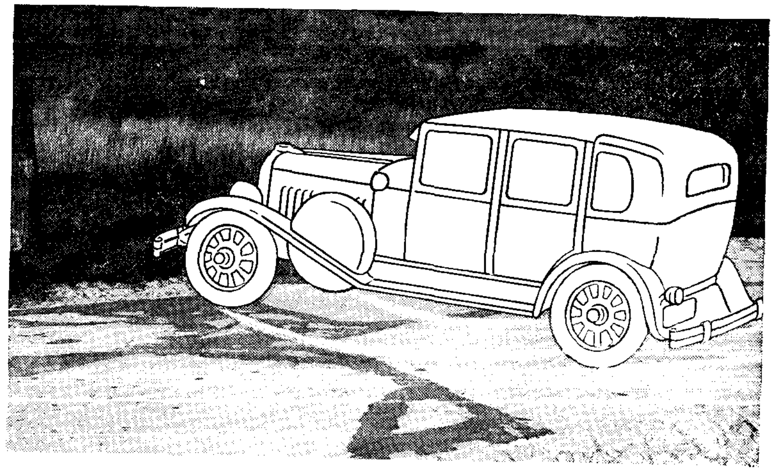
ADDRESS ....

BLOW-OUT WRECKS CAR

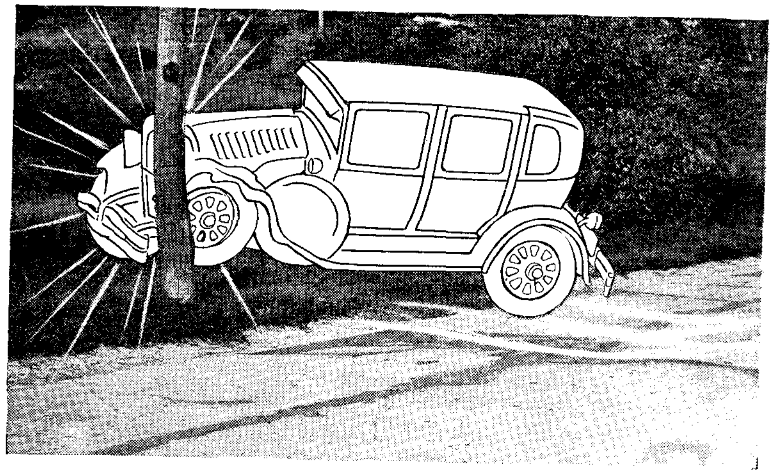




On a motor pleasure trip. Spinning along at 40, 50, 60. Suddenly they came face-to-face with the most dreaded spectre of the highway—a blow-out!



A terrible drag set in. He tried to steer. He tried to stop. But he had no choice in the matter. The car was snatched from his control. He was headed for trouble.

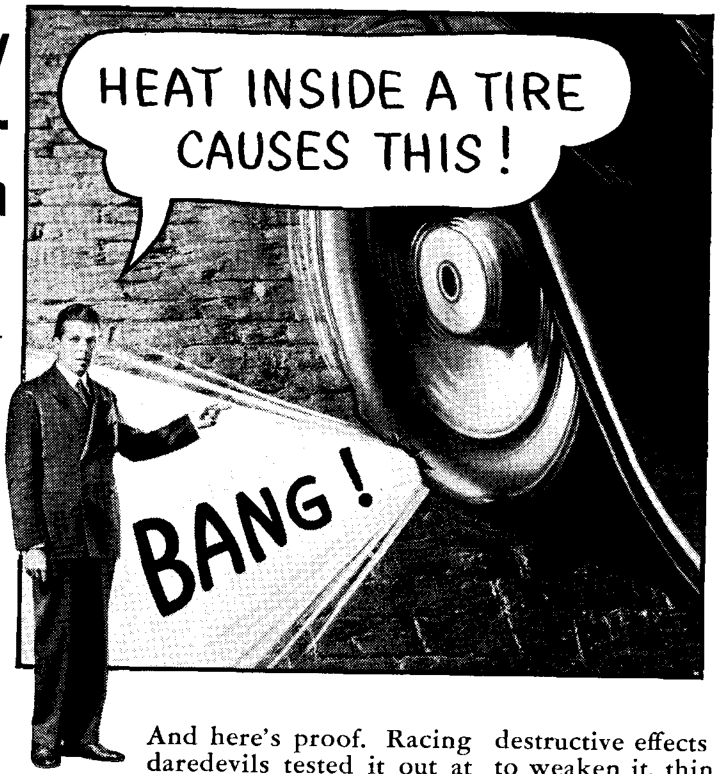


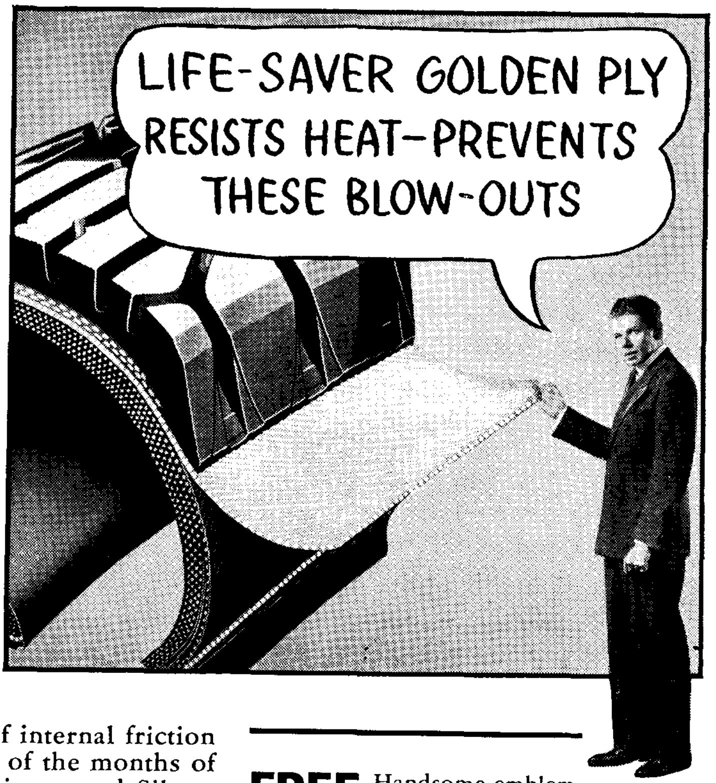
They might have been killed. Others have had a similar experience—and paid dearly for it. Yet they could have had blow-out protection at no extra cost.

NEW TIRE ENDS BLOW-OUT FEAR

—GIVES MONTHS OF EXTRA WEAR

Sensational Life-Saver Golden Ply Makes New Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires 3 Times Safer From Blow-outs at High Speeds


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS!
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

THE odds are strong against you when you have a blow-out. Especially if you happen to be speeding at the time. BANG! The rim hits the highway. You tug at the steering-wheel. But the car careens off the road in spite of your strength. It's all over in a flash. And your chances of keeping off the accident list are mighty slim—unless you have plenty of luck.

Today, unless you are protected, the danger from blow-outs is greater than ever. Due to high-powered motors and the whirlwind revolutions of smaller modern wheels, the heat generated *inside* the tire is terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms inside the tire where you can't see it. It grows—bigger—BIGGER—and then BANG! A blow-out. The rim hits the road. And a terrible drag sets in like some unseen monster pulling your car off the highway.

To protect motorists from blow-outs—to give you a tire that *will* stand up under the terrific speeds of today's high-powered automobiles, every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable engineering invention, found only in the new Silvertown, resists heat. Binds the tire carcass and tread virtually into a *single unit,* inseparable even under gruelling driving conditions.

Thus, blisters don't form. The great unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it even starts. The "safest-tire-ever-built" is now made 3 times safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds.

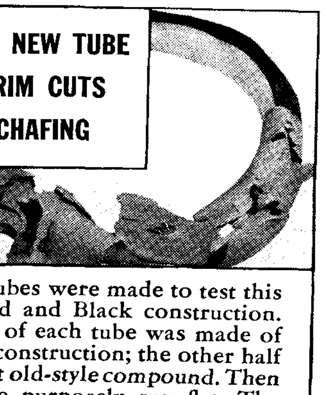
And here's proof. Racing daredevils tested it out at breakneck speeds. Tested it on the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

For everyday driving think of how much safer you and your family will be with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns on your car! And without the destructive effects of internal friction to weaken it, think of the months of extra mileage the big rugged Silvertown will give you.

Don't gamble when human lives are at stake. Get a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns *before* your turn for a blow-out comes. Remember, they cost no more than other standard tires. Look for the dealer displaying the Goodrich sign or for your Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your Classified Telephone Directory.

FREE Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 326, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

AMAZING NEW TUBE ENDS RIM CUTS AND CHAFING



here's proof!

Special tubes were made to test this new Gold and Black construction. One-half of each tube was made of the new construction; the other half of the best old-style compound. Then they were purposely run flat. The old-style construction was torn to shreds. Yet the Gold and Black half was unharmed by this punishment.

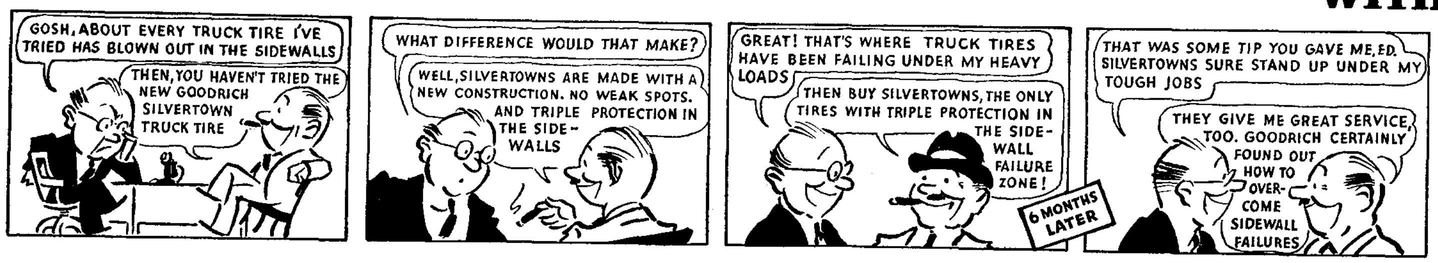
Goodrich Gold & Black Tubes

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

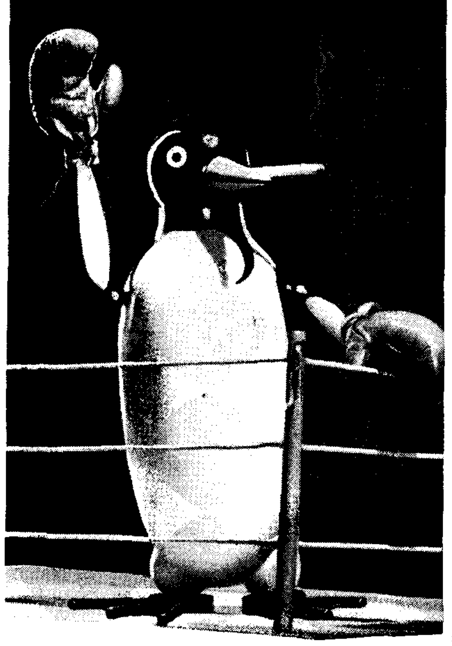
GOOD NEWS *for* TRUCK OWNERS


GOSH, ABOUT EVERY TRUCK TIRE I'VE TRIED HAS BLOWN OUT IN THE SIDEWALLS
THEN, YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THE NEW GOODRICH SILVERTOWN TRUCK TIRE
WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD THAT MAKE?
WELL, SILVERTOWNS ARE MADE WITH A NEW CONSTRUCTION. NO WEAK SPOTS. AND TRIPLE PROTECTION IN THE SIDE-WALLS
GREAT! THAT'S WHERE TRUCK TIRES HAVE BEEN FAILING UNDER MY HEAVY LOADS
THEN BUY SILVERTOWNS, THE ONLY TIRES WITH TRIPLE PROTECTION IN THE SIDE-WALL FAILURE ZONE!
6 MONTHS LATER
THAT WAS SOME TIP YOU GAVE ME, ED. SILVERTOWNS SURE STAND UP UNDER MY TOUGH JOBS
THEY GIVE ME GREAT SERVICE, TOO. GOODRICH CERTAINLY FOUND OUT HOW TO OVER-COME SIDEWALL FAILURES

DO YOUR TRUCK TIRES BLOW OUT?

Every new Goodrich Silvertown Truck Tire has this Protection against rim and sidewall breaks. **1.** PLY-FLEX distributes the strains *throughout* the tire. **2.** PLY-LOCK protects the tire from breaks caused by short plies tearing loose above the bead. **3.** 100% FULL-FLOATING CORD. No cross-cords to cause internal friction and heat. Insist on getting this 3-way protection—now available at no extra cost. See your Goodrich Dealer.

A NEW CHAMPION *in throat comfort*



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smoke-heavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. **FREE** coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

**Send for illustrated premium list.*

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
REDEEMABLE
KOOL
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED

15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Only an Elephant

Continued from page 36

window and hoot twice like an owl. Drop out your valise and jewel case and slide down the rope. I'll have a car waiting in Gardenia Lane and away we'll go to Tampa to the boat which will bear us away to Rio, and a life of love together—"

"It sounds so romantic, Rudolph," said Little Missy, "but I'm sort of scared. Couldn't I please tell Daddy?"

"No," he said, firmly. "That would take all the glamour out of our elopement. You can write him from the ship."

"Are you sure you love me, Rudolph?" she asked.

"Of course I do, my angel," he said. "There is no other woman in my life, there never has been, and never will be any other woman but you, sugar."

I lunged toward them but my chain jerked me up short. I tried to shout, "He lies. He has a wife."

But to them my words sounded only like, "Grrrrumpp—garoooooooosh."

They hurried away.

TO ME the next day was ten thousand hours long. I walked round and round and round, like a demented thing. Here I was, stronger than any man in the state, and better educated than most, yet I was impotent to prevent this imminent catastrophe.

Dusk came at last, and the moon again showed its glowing face; but it brought no light to my tormented mind. I heard the chapel chimes strike nine. An æon passed. Ten. Another æon. I stared across the silent, silvered campus trying furiously to think. Suppose I started to bellow? It would be ascribed to ill-humor or toothache, and though I might split the heavens with my outcries, they would not keep Spottswoode from carrying out his hellish enterprise. When the bells began to toll eleven it was to me as if they tolled a death knell. I must act. I must do something.

An idea darted through my mind. I saw its dangers but I scorned them. What if I was shot, skinned and stuffed? My duty was clear.

I wrapped my trunk around the stake and pulled. The stake came up. Holding it in my mouth, so it would not dangle behind me, I plunged through the hedge and raced fleetly toward the town of Culpepper.

It was Saturday night. Crowds thronged the gay-lit streets. Pressed for time as I was, I had to take the most direct route to my objective, and it lay down Main Street. To go that way was folly, I knew, for I should probably be observed, but this was no time to think of self. So down Main Street I tore. Women screamed. Horses ran away. At Jackson Street, a policeman tried to halt me. I tossed him into a fruit stand. Emerging from amidst the tomatoes, he blew his whistle. Panic was rife. I heard the ping of his pistol and felt a bullet bounce off my posterior. Somebody turned in a fire alarm. Sirens began to scream. I sped along. Behind me sounded a hue and cry. I rushed pell-mell along till I came to the cottage where dwelt the secret spouse of Spottswoode.

She was in bed, in a pink kimono and curl papers, reading a copy of Billboard. I tossed chivalry to the winds. My trunk flicked through the open window, and encircled her waist. I drew her to me. She howled and wriggled and scratched; but she was a mere puppet in my grasp. Clutching her, as a halfback does a football, I turned and ran the gantlet of an embattled Main Street.

An aroused citizenry took pot shots at me as I whizzed by; but the buckshot deterred me no more than if it were pop corn. I scattered those who tried to bar my path as a tornado scatters paper dolls. Onward through the night I galloped till I reached the ivy-clad halls of my Alma Mater. Even as I dashed through the Lily Lou Cobb '09 Memorial Gate, from the steeple sounded the slow strokes of the midnight hour. Far behind me I heard the dim hubbub of my pursuers.

Holding the squealing matron aloft, as one might a flag, I sprinted across the campus. As I rounded the porch of the president's spacious mansion, I heard issue from the shrubbery a quite passable simulation of the plaintive hoot of an owl. Standing there was Professor Rudolph Spottswoode. He never uttered a second hoot; for right in front of him I set down his wife.

"Oh-ho, Spotty," she cried, in a coarse and ominous contralto, "so you spend your evenings giving imitations of birds under schoolgirls' windows, hey?"

"Now, Cora," he began to whimper—

There were some cucumber frames about a dozen feet from where he stood. The lawful Mrs. Spottswoode executed perfectly what I believe in sporting parlance is called "a right uppercut to the button." Professor Spottswoode sailed through the air, and came down in the cucumber frames amid a jangle of broken glass, which, I confess, was sweet music to my ears.

Then the president, half asleep, came running out in his nightshirt; and the police department, the fire department, a platoon of militia, and several hundred of the populace all arrived in one loud, indignant lump. I faced them. For in the window above I had seen the white features of Little Missy.

Professor Spottswoode dragged himself up out of the cucumbers, and his face was fermenting with chagrin and rage.

"I told you he was a dangerous brute," he stormed. "He's gone mad. He's run amuck. I demand that he be destroyed forthwith."

Willing militiamen leveled their rifles at my breast. I looked back at them, proudly, and waited. But before they could unleash their lethal volley, a slender, graceful figure in a nightgown had thrown herself between me and my executioners.

"If you-all shoot Junior, you-all shoot me," cried Little Missy in ringing tones.

"Don't shoot, men," said the president. "I reckon if my daughter wants to save him, she's got a mighty good reason for it."

TIME has passed.

I am still at Hollyberry College, free to go and come as I please. By next semester I hope to have qualified for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Professor Spottswoode no longer adorns our faculty. His wife carried him off to a career as barker in front of the tent show where she appears as a strong woman. Little Missy is engaged to a fine, upstanding young civil engineer from Georgia Tech, and I am content.

And now, if I may be permitted to be personal for a moment, my own engagement has been announced to a young lady of my own race, an artiste I met while she was playing in a circus here, a Miss Esther Jumbo. Esther has not had my educational advantages, but she is charming, and a splendid housewife, and I know that we are going to be radiantly happy.

For Snapshots at NIGHT

USE THIS LAMP

35¢ LIST
PHOTOFLOOD
MAZDA
105-120V
MAXIMUM LIFE TWO HOURS
. . . with the new SUPER SPEED FILM

Makes pictures easy to snap INDOORS

All you need is a camera with an F/6.3 (or faster) lens,* (use wide open); some of the new super speed film and a few G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps in your light sockets. Then you are ready to take snapshots around the family circle, of friends, parties, children . . . AT NIGHT!

G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps are good for two hours of picture-taking...good for dozens of pictures.

Get some of these lamps and some of the new film from your druggist or camera dealer and enjoy SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

*Cameras having slower lenses, such as box cameras, can get good pictures with short time exposures.

For action pictures and shots of babies and pets, use G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps. They operate simply, in light socket or from flashlight batteries. Enable even box cameras to get lively night shots. Each lamp gets one picture. Retails for 15 cents.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTOFLOOD LAMPS

Snapshots at Night!

. . . with Eastman's remarkable new "SS" film

IT was welcome news. It spread in a hurry. Now . . . for the first time . . . thousands are making snapshots indoors—at NIGHT!

Pictures you've always wanted. The fireside scenes. The parties. So many new picture opportunities.

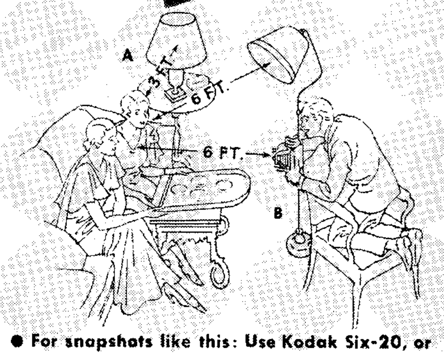
Use any camera with an *f.*6.3 (or faster) lens, two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs (they screw into any light socket), and the new Kodak Super Sensitive Panchromatic Film. "SS" Film, Eastman's latest, has three times the speed of ordinary film under artificial light.

Just use the camera as you would for an outdoor snapshot—hold it in your hand and press the button. Click—you've made a snapshot at NIGHT!

Interesting Folder Given Free

- Indoor pictures are easy with "SS" Film—the only trick is arranging your lights. Ask your dealer (or write us direct) for the new free folder, "Snapshots at Night." This leaflet also tells how to make successful night pictures with any camera with the 15¢ Mazda Photoflash lamp. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

HOW TO GET THIS PICTURE



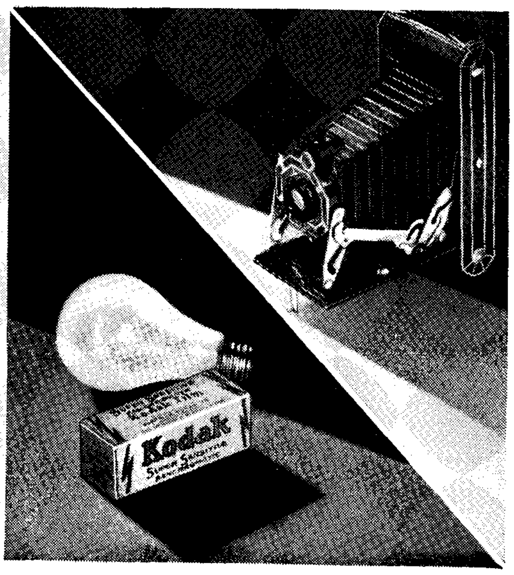
- **For snapshots like this: Use Kodak Six-20, or any other camera with *f.* 6.3 or faster lens (at the *f.* 6.3 stop opening), loaded with the new Kodak "SS" Film. Exposure 1/25 second.**

Arrangement of lights: Two Mazda Photofloods (35¢ each) in lamp "A"; one Photoflood in lamp "B." Place white tablecloth or sheet over a high-backed chair to subject's right, to reflect light on shadow side. Photofloods (illustrated at right) are good for two hours or more of continuous use . . . good for lots of pictures.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

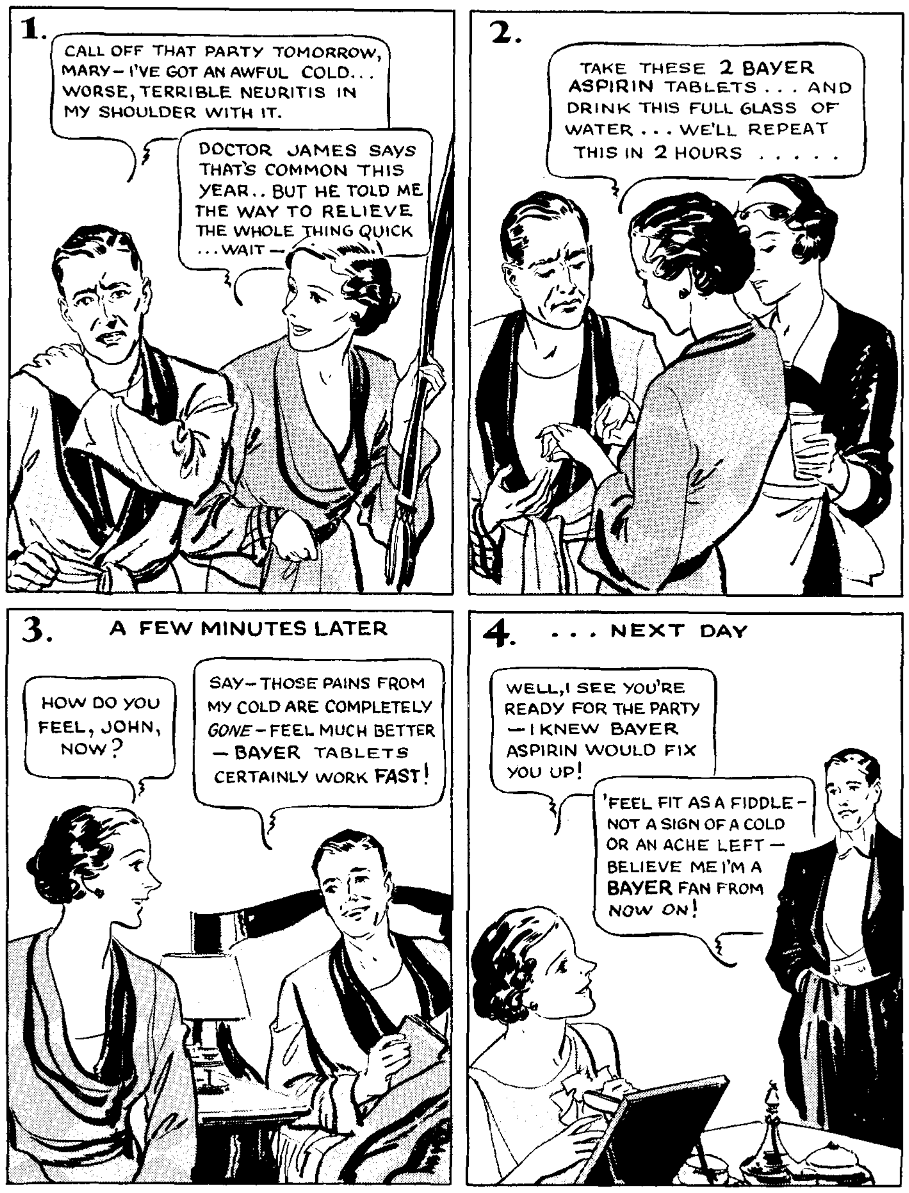
- KODAK SIX-20 *with Kodak Anastigmat lens f.6.3 is ideal for making night snapshots. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, price $17.50.* KODAK SIX-16, *with f.6.3 lens, pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, $20.*

KODAK "SS" FILM *makes practical a wealth of pictures, indoors and out, that amateurs formerly found impossible.*



HOW TO RELIEVE A COLD QUICK AS YOU CAUGHT IT

Neuritis and Sciatica That Follow Colds Eased at Once


1.
CALL OFF THAT PARTY TOMORROW, MARY– I'VE GOT AN AWFUL COLD... WORSE, TERRIBLE NEURITIS IN MY SHOULDER WITH IT.
DOCTOR JAMES SAYS THAT'S COMMON THIS YEAR.. BUT HE TOLD ME THE WAY TO RELIEVE THE WHOLE THING QUICK ...WAIT –
2.
TAKE THESE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS . . . AND DRINK THIS FULL GLASS OF WATER . . . WE'LL REPEAT THIS IN 2 HOURS . . . . .
3. A FEW MINUTES LATER
HOW DO YOU FEEL, JOHN, NOW?
SAY– THOSE PAINS FROM MY COLD ARE COMPLETELY GONE – FEEL MUCH BETTER – BAYER TABLETS CERTAINLY WORK FAST!
4. . . . NEXT DAY
WELL, I SEE YOU'RE READY FOR THE PARTY – I KNEW BAYER ASPIRIN WOULD FIX YOU UP!
'FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE – NOT A SIGN OF A COLD OR AN ACHE LEFT – BELIEVE ME I'M A BAYER FAN FROM NOW ON!

Almost Instant Relief This Way

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

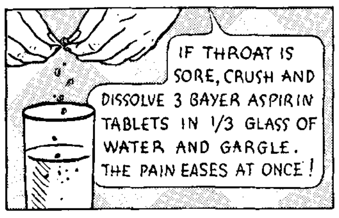
The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds and the aches and pains that they bring with them.

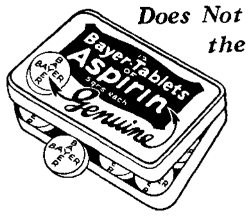
It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. It eases at once the pains of neuritis or sciatica that often follow a cold and are especially common this winter. *An ordinary cold is often checked almost as quick as you caught it!*

That is because the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are so made that they start working almost instantly.

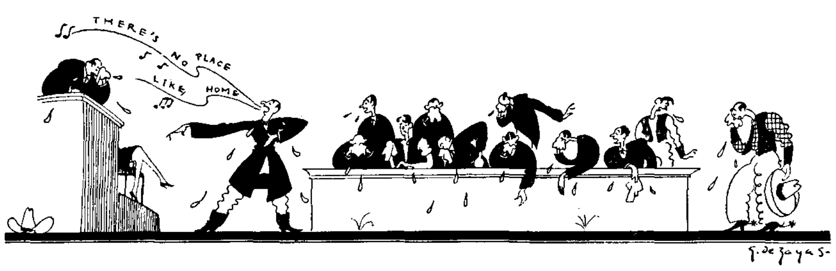
You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water and gargling with 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets crushed and dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.


IF THROAT IS SORE, CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN 1/3 GLASS OF WATER AND GARGLE. THE PAIN EASES AT ONCE!


Bayer-Tablets
Aspirin
Genuine

Does Not Harm the Heart


THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

An amusing way of swaying a jury was used in Texas in 1911. A woman was on trial for the confessed murder of another woman whom she had hated. Her lawyer, realizing she was doomed, closed his summation by singing "Home, Sweet Home" in a tear-choked voice. The jury tearfully acquitted her.—*By H. B. Saler, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Not all countries use silver coins. Today there are none in circulation in Belgium, Finland, Denmark, Albania, Argentina, Belgian Congo and Paraguay. For a number of years prior to March, 1933, no silver circulated in France and the majority of its colonies.

Our calendar repeats itself every 400 years. And in each of these 400-year cycles, odd as it may seem, the 13th of the month comes on Friday more often than on any other day of the week.—*By Mrs. J. E. Trevor, Ithaca, New York.*

England now has an "applausometer," an electrical device for theaters that records the quantity of applause in units on a dial which is projected on the screen. It will not only be used to judge the value of pictures and vaudeville acts but also the popularity of aspirants in singing and beauty contests.

Persons afflicted with catatonia, a form of dementia praecox or adolescent insanity, often have spells when they will stand in one fixed and strained position for hours, even days if permitted, and violently resist any attempt to move them. Others sometimes lie rigid in bed like a corpse for months and have to be forcefully fed through a tube.

Many famous botanists believe that all the vast variety of flowers throughout the world are descended from one single flower, the simple little buttercup.

Upon entering many temples in Japan today, the first act of a worshiper is to arouse and attract the attention of the god by striking a bell that hangs just inside of the door. The Japanese do not believe in offering up their prayers to a deity when he is dozing or has his mind on something else.—*By Celia S. Gordon, New York City.*

The value of blood tests in cases of disputed parentage seems to be overemphasized. They cannot establish the fact that a given individual is the parent of a child. They merely exclude those who could not be so related to it. Secondly, even this meager information is only obtained in about one third of all examinations.

Undoubtedly the longest time that a man ever spent in a dungeon was 69 years. He was a Tibetan monk who had sought the "higher life" in the cellar of a monastery. When dragged out into the sunlight a short time ago, he was found to be bleached white, his eyes colorless and blind and his body shriveled to half its former size.

All personal messages that are broadcast on short waves—to police cars, ships, commercial stations and amateur operators—are confidential and listeners who divulge any facts that they overhear break a Federal law, the maximum penalty for which is a $5,000 fine and five years in prison.—*By G. W. Walter, New Hartford, New York.*

Of the $16,715,000,000 that the people of the United States have invested in foreign countries, 63 per cent of it is in the other nations of North and South America, 29 per cent is in Europe and the remaining eight per cent is scattered throughout the world. Canada leads all other countries with $4,537,000,000 or 27 per cent of the total.

The "Elements" of Euclid, which was written by this famous Greek mathematician about 300 B. C., is the only scientific textbook in the world that has remained in use for more than 2,000 years, and the only written work—except the Bible—that has passed through more than 1,000 printed editions.—*By W. H. Wright, Pittsford, New York.*

In a naval battle, the effect of a high explosive shell bursting within 30 feet of a ship's bottom is said to be as dangerous as a direct hit below the water line.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Rough Air

Continued from page 21

The dogfight out of which he was now presumed to be coming had been filmed two weeks before. This was the last of that story; he was an injured American aviator with a ship out of control, trying to get over the lines before he crashed. So, in simulation of this, he fell from the heavens in a crazy, pinwheel descent, five full circles before easing off. He came out of the drop, but he didn't come out of it clean. He curled upward, stalled and slid off on a wing, rocking through space a little like a leaf settling sidewise along dead air. At a thousand feet he lessened the strain, purposely heavy-handed, and felt the ship protest this sloppy work. It wasn't hard to fake something that once had been real enough; except for the trees this was verbatim out of his own life and all he needed to make it complete was a sticky finger of blood trickling beneath his helmet.

He said to himself, "Now," gently, and steadied the ship a moment, watching the trees converge and jump at him. This was the last trick. He put her down then, hard, and felt the solid, cruel smack of undercarriage and earth. The ship bounced high, threw him against his belt. He rocked the plane, as though trying to miss the trees, and then, left wing down and right wing up, he let the ship take the grief. He cut the engine just before she hit. There wasn't really a great deal of impact but he knew, without having time to look, that his wings were gone. In the brief seconds to go he swept his goggles out of his eyes, tucked his feet back and threw his forearm across his head. Momentum carried the ship beyond the trees; he heard the whining snap of barb-wire across the undercarriage. The ship hit the ground with a heavy, rending smash and he felt himself being carried upward as the tail went over.

PECK came dragging his angular body from out of the Los Angeles heat and stopped to support himself at Bill Gaynor's desk.

"I got that dope, Bill. Nobody out here is supposed to know it. Her name was Dolly Vay and she wore a small fig leaf and a smile in Ziegfeld's 1925 show. You know—the third blonde from the left end with the mole on her right hip."

"So the poison-pen note is from her. Why should she be sub rosa?"

"Maybe she's workin' for an angle. Layin' low till somebody forgets to shut the gate."

"Keep it quiet," adjured Bill. He rose and walked down the aisle to Carson's desk. She had both hands on her desk, but she hadn't moved them for the last fifteen minutes. It was something he'd noticed across the room. "Look," he said, "if it's the heat why don't you scram?"

"Do you know of any cooler place?"

He put his hand in his pocket and jingled some silver. "No," he reflected, "I guess it wouldn't be the heat." He started to speak, but turned and walked away.

The clubs editor swung the extension phone over. "For you, Carson," and Anne wheeled rapidly to take the call. Bill Gaynor saw the half frightened expression on her face fade after she had answered. She said, "I couldn't get to that preview tonight," and hung up. Bill returned to his desk and got Peck's eye. Peck came over.

"Buzz around and see if you can put the finger on this Vay femme," said Bill.

"The detective bureau's gonna squawk if I lay a lot of work—"

Bill Gaynor broke in impatiently: "Yeah? When I want something out of those master minds I want something. You tell 'em that."

Anne got up and went to the water cooler in the morgue. Old Wade looked up from his far desk, through the dim light, not seeing her. Age, she thought, had its compensations; a lot of things didn't bother old Wade any more. She stared critically into the mirror and pressed the shine from her forehead with the flat of a finger and returned to her typewriter, to the unfinished line of gossip which wouldn't march any farther. Flyers' wives, Jim had said, hated to hear the phone ring. She understood that now. Each jingle of the extension hurt her physically. It would have been better to go out and watch the crash. Yet this was one of the things she had sworn never to do—not to be wifely, not to be possessive.

HEAD bowed over the copy, she wondered if she could keep that bargain with her pride. When you were in love you lost, apparently, some of your self-respect. Perhaps Jim had spoken from deepest wisdom that night in the cheap restaurant when he had warned her to stop him then. In some things he was so clear-sighted, in others so blind. Carol Castaine knew that fact and built her clever game around it. But it was hard—why else should she, Anne, be staring at the typewriter all the afternoon—to realize he couldn't see what the whole colony was now seeing. She didn't have to turn her eyes to the cheap gossip tabloid on her desk to read the item on the inside page. That was burned in her memory: "A certain famous flyer, engaged to a very clever newspaper woman of this village, has been seen places with a certain dazzling star. So what?"

All the vicious, cynical amusement of the world lay in those last two words. So what? It was dirty, grimy. Jim was in it, unknowingly; she was in it and could not help herself.

The clubs editor answered the quick whir of the phone. Anne pressed her two hands together, but didn't look up. It was four-thirty by her wrist watch, and the clubs editor said, "For you, Carson," and transferred the extension. Sam Wein's voice came along the wire:

"All over and not a scratch."

She drew a deep breath, seeming suffocated. Sam Wein said, hearing no answer: "You there? It's all right. That guy—he could fly an apple box."

"Thanks, Sam." Her voice was dry, barren. She stared at the typewriter a moment, and suddenly locked it. She couldn't play Castaine's game and she couldn't change Jim Breed. But perhaps she could make him see what had to be seen—perhaps she could open his eyes. She folded a pack of copy paper into her purse and went back to the morgue. When she came out her shoulders were straight; she walked from the local room with her heels tapping curtly, into the heat of the day. A taxi deposited her at Castaine's portico half an hour later. Castaine, lounging on a divan with a glass of iced tea, seemed faintly surprised.

"I wish," she said, "I could look as cool as you do."

"I don't feel cool. I feel as though I were plastered with soap."

"It doesn't show on you. It never does." Castaine's eyes sharpened. She had a spongelike quality of absorbing

(Continued on page 44)

Healthy HAIR

—well-groomed with VITALIS

50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE. Rub Vitalis briskly into your scalp. It tingles with new life—and your hair has a chance!

use this 60-Second VITALIS Workout!

THE Vitalis workout is a revolutionary development, based on a new theory which has gone over with millions of men who are following it! They have already found that a twice-a-week massage with Vitalis keeps hair healthy—and keeps it in place, lustrous, rich-looking, handsomely-groomed.

Practically every man, young or old, suffers from tight, dry scalp. And the Vitalis workout can correct this condition.

Tight dryness goes. Your scalp wakes up. Necessary oils are restored to scalp and hair. Loose dandruff can't clog the pores. Pure vegetable oils lubricate your hair without leaving it "gummy" or "patent-leather." Your hair stays in place —and looks the way a man *wants* his hair to look! Get Vitalis today from your druggist or your barber.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH. Comb your hair, and brush it well. It looks rich, lustrous, well-groomed. No "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER

Your barber knows what Vitalis will do for the scalp and the hair. Let him prescribe Vitalis for yours!

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

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Avoid cheap automobile lamps that give you "cross-eyed" driving light.

Any automobile lamp you buy will give you light—but it takes the utmost in precision manufacture to give you a lamp that insures *safe, controlled* light.

Safe, controlled light means lamps free from these defects which actually make your car cross-eyed: Lamps with filaments too close together or not properly centered . . . Lamps with crooked bases . . . Lamps with poorly shaped bulbs.

Avoid these—and other defects which spell trouble—by looking for the famous GE monogram when buying automobile lamps. It is the best guarantee of easy seeing for night driving that you can get. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from page 43)

the good of others, a native ability of mimicking excellence. She was, Anne well knew, trying to find something now she could use. "Well," said Carol, "you never reveal anything you don't want to. I guess I couldn't do that. What's in me has got to come out. Anything in particular you're after today?"

"Yes," said Anne. But she relaxed in the chair. She mustn't, she knew, play the part of the outraged woman coming to beg at Castaine's feet. Castaine, in every fiber an actress, would love the counter part; Castaine would blow her out of the water—and revel in it. She could even visualize that mobile face changing to pity and sweet sorrow. This was Castaine's game. So, then, her own game was best. Very casually she let her glance drift back to the small and darkly beautiful woman so inwardly intense, so outwardly supple. "I want the dope on you and Jim," Anne said.

"MY DEAR," murmured Carol, politely incredulous. But her head lifted.

"Don't get me wrong," warned Anne. "This is a professional visit. After all, I run a Hollywood column, and I can't let every other column in town—especially the scandal sheets—beat me to legitimate gossip."

"Scandal sheets? Well, what are they saying?"

"You've read them, Carol. So we start there. What shall I say in print tomorrow?"

Carol's eyes narrowed, but her husky voice was full of softness. "You're my best friend, Anne. Do you suppose for one minute *I'd* come between you and Jim—"

"Never mind the formal denial," interrupted Anne briskly. "Be honest with me."

"How utterly ridiculous," said Carol, at once impatient. "You're engaged to him, aren't you? The thing is too silly."

"I told you this was a professional call. Not personal."

Castaine reared from the divan and went half across the room, her shoulders raised. She stopped and swung; and Anne saw the glitter of anger. "You're very clever," said Castaine. "I always knew you were. But this isn't so professional. You wouldn't link me with Jim Breed in print. *You* wouldn't do it."

"It will be in my column Wednesday morning," said Anne evenly.

Castaine's wide mouth was thoughtful in the following silence. But Anne knew that this woman's shrewd brain was alive, full of calculation. "A story like that would hurt you," Castaine finally answered.

"How could it?"

Castaine's eyes then were almost green; her face was quite sharp. "I believe I see. You think, by printing this gossip, you'll have the town laughing at Jim and me. That's pretty cheap."

"It's cheap now, because everybody's whispering—everybody believes I am ignorant of what is going on—and therefore that Jim is cheating on me. Nothing could be more untrue. Jim isn't capable of such a state of mind. When I print the straight fact that you two are interested in each other, all the whispers die. It's in the open then—the vicious slander is killed by daylight. That is all I want."

Castaine reverted to a more careless speech. "That leaves *me* in a swell spot, doesn't it? Carol Castaine made out a chiseler—being generously forgiven by you. No, I won't have it!"

"What are you afraid of?" challenged Anne.

"Afraid?" mocked Castaine, openly contemptuous. "I'm never afraid of anything." Her voice ceased to be husky; it became strident, accusing. "But I am not going to be laughed at. Get that, Carson! You're very clever, but all this sweetness and light doesn't fool me for a minute. It isn't Jim you're trying to protect. You've had your feelings hurt and now you think you can make a sucker out of me. Well, try it and see how far you get!"

"Truth never hurts anybody—not anybody honest," Anne pointed out, quietly.

A car came crushing along the driveway gravel and stopped. Castaine stood over Anne, shoulders pulled up, features as hard and determined as they ever could be. Such as Carol Castaine was, Anne thought swiftly, could be seen pretty clearly now. The woman was full of cunning and terrific energies, and her instincts were wholly self-protective. All that happened in Castaine's life had to be weighed for personal advantage; nothing else counted. She was a single-minded woman, admirable and beautiful—yet somehow brutal, like a jungle flower that sucked the nourishment from surrounding life to produce its own brilliance.

Gottschalk came in, glum and indifferent, with Sunshine and Trent behind him. Jim Breed followed slightly later, jingling his car keys around a thumb. He seemed quite cheerful and when he saw Anne a pleasant surprise showed in his eyes. She felt instantly a quick relief. It was good to know he was not embarrassed to meet her here, that there wasn't a trace of guilt in his big body. Whatever he did ran true to an innate honesty.

He said gently: "How do you get that look of being all square with the universe, Anne?"

"Is she?" intoned Castaine.

The men all looked at Castaine. Gottschalk's heavy glance divided itself between the women, immediately interested. "Pull your shoulders down, Castaine," he grumbled, "and let your mouth go loose. It's a damn' homely trick. You been quarreling. So what's it now you want and can't get?"

CASTAINE stared at Gottschalk with an ill-concealed anger. Yet this stolid German had the power to quell her. He knew her better than she knew herself; he had given her more, in the years of directing her, than she originally had possessed. So her swift blaze of resentment slid off his indifference, and presently she let her shoulders fall and walked away. When she turned she was lightly amused.

"Anne wants a story for her column. The great public, she says, is interested in knowing how I feel toward Jim Breed."

"What's that?" said Breed.

"Ask her," murmured Castaine.

"Why not?" Anne said quietly. "You're picture people—and that's my job."

Breed grinned. "Another blurb for Wings Over Hell? Well, Anne, tell 'em that Miss Castaine has nothing but admiration for my flying."

"Do you think Anne's interested in just that?" retorted Carol Castaine.

Breed's mouth straightened out of the grin. He showed a faint perplexity. Gottschalk went over to the sideboard and helped himself to a drink. Trent and Sunshine were silent spectators in the background. "You mean personal gossip, Anne?" asked Breed soberly.

"Would you rather have it as scandal in the yellow sheets or as reputable news in my column?" Anne countered.

"What's in the yellow sheets?" demanded Breed.

Gottschalk drank his whisky and turned. "So now we got what I saw coming." He waggled a finger at Castaine. "What you want you got to have and it don't make no difference how you get it."

"Gottschalk," cried Castaine, "I won't be laughed at!"

"You got a laugh comin'."

Breed appealed to the German. "Am I dumb? I don't follow all this shorthand conversation."

"You wouldn't, Jim," said Gottschalk. "In this world of chiselers you don't belong. So does not Anne."

Anne said, "So that appears to be that," and moved away from the circle. Breed followed, picking up his hat en route.

"I'll take you home."

THEY went out and got into the car. Breed idled down the cross-town boulevard, looking out into the six o'clock traffic with a steady absorption. He would be tearing that scene at Castaine's apart, Anne knew, in his slow fashion and he would have nothing to say until he understood. So they traveled all the way to the Normandy in silence. He parked there and walked upstairs with her.

"A drink?" she asked.

"It wouldn't hurt."

"Look in the kitchen cupboard."

He walked to the kitchen, where she heard him rummage rather aimlessly around, not much occupied by the chore. She pulled off her hat and looked a moment into the wall mirror, and turned abruptly, displeased; afterward she went over to a portable typewriter on a corner stand and drew a chair up to it. She got her copy paper from the purse, fed a sheet into the machine. Up in the left-hand corner she typed, "Carson—add Hollywood Chatter," and sat back, with her two hands folded.

"You want some of this?" Jim called from the kitchenette.

"No."

He came out with his drink and sat down again, on the divan behind her. The ice in his glass tinkled. She rummaged her mind for a line to open the paragraph she was about to write and found it hard to think, with Jim Breed in the room. He cut across her thoughts; he always did. The phone rang and she got up. Barry Trent's voice came over the wire.

"Look," he said, "how about dinner and a drive to cool off?"

"You work fast, Barry."

"You mean I'm following up a lovers' quarrel? Well, I'm human enough to improve my chances."

"There hasn't been any quarrel."

"So, no dinner and drive?"

"No—wait." She looked steadily at the wall. She wanted to turn and see what Jim's eyes said, but she didn't. So, she was just another woman playing one man against another, the oldest trick in the world. It was one of the things she had told herself she would never do, and yet she knew she would do it. When you loved a man, you got like that. She couldn't change Jim Breed. Nothing could ever change him except his own hurts, and if she hurt him perhaps he would see what had to be seen if they were to go on. She raised her mouth to the phone:

"All right, Barry."

"Fifteen minutes," he said, and hung up.

Jim sat bowed over his glass, finger slowly pushing the ice around the drink. Light came through a window and slanted across his black head and she could see the crooked crease of an old scar running along his scalp from temple to crown. She sat before the machine again, wrote one word with her forefinger and then swung into the paragraph. When she had finished she leaned back to scan it:

"Wings Over Hell is about ready for the cutting-room. Castaine and Trent and the air shots make this picture, with the old maestro, Ferd Gottschalk, lending to it his uncanny genius for the swift and unexpected turn. Such a combination ought to be box office from Puyallup to Pocantico. . . . We believe there is another summer's romance to be noted. Under the head of random observation in your notebooks put down the occasional squiring home from the lot of La Castaine by Jim Breed. It may develop, it may not. After all, *mes enfants*, this is Hollywood, where practically nothing that glitters is gold. But should the affair turn into something, remember that your roving reporter told you first."

It wasn't spiteful, which was all she could ask. She rose and handed it to Jim and went on into her bedroom, closing the door. Ten minutes later, dressed for dinner, she came out to find him relaxed in a corner of the divan. He had put his glass down, but he held the copy

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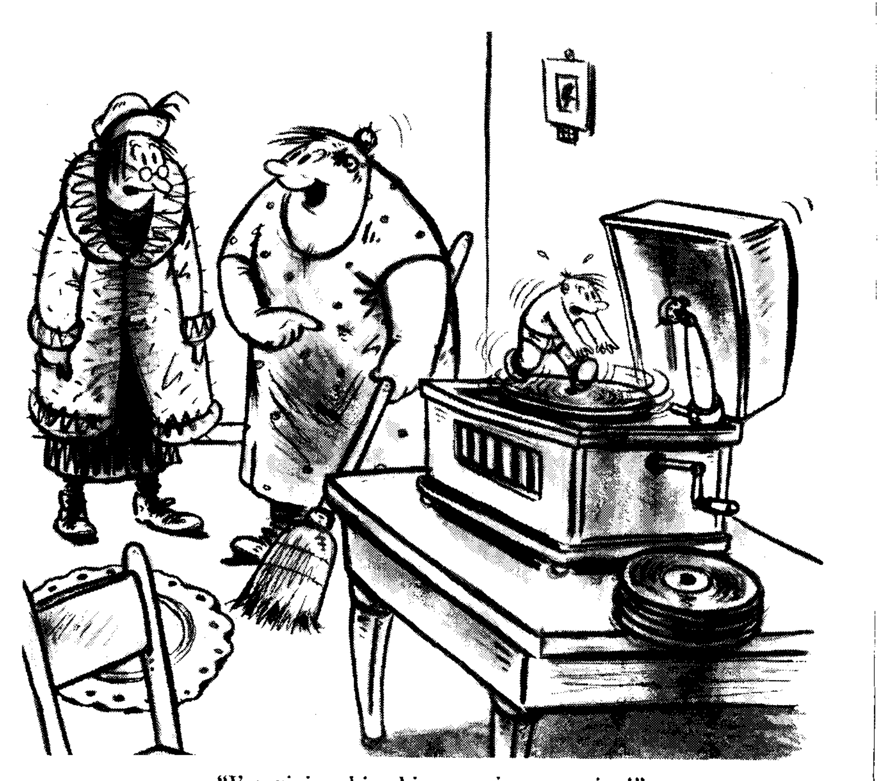

"I'm giving him his morning exercise!"

Frank Owen

THE MARK OF SAFETY

Light that cheats young eyes IS DANGEROUS!

A noted authority gives this simple rule for eye strain in children: "Watch your child as he reads. If he is holding the book or paper 14 inches or closer, the chances are his eyes are being overworked. He needs a trip to an eye specialist, better light . . . or both."

You may think your boy is getting all the light he needs because the lamp he is using is marked to give a certain quantity of light. But is he?

Inferior lamps often give as much as 30% less light than their marking leads you to believe. Your child needs that 30%, and usually much more, to help his eyes develop normally . . . to help him see with the minimum of effort.

Don't gamble with your boy's or girl's eyesight. Remember, inferior lamps give less light but *use as much electricity* as lamps that deliver *all the light* you pay for. Play safe. Always look for the famous monogram GE when you buy lamps. Then you won't be paying a premium for sight safety!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

"This SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA vacation is just what you needed, Bob"

HELEN: Isn't the Pacific *blue?* And such beaches. You'll go back looking like a life-guard.

BOB: Wait till you try the surfboard. There's a thrill for you—that and the deep-sea fishing.

HELEN: How could anybody be satisfied with an ordinary, humdrum vacation when you can do all this in 2 weeks—

BOB: For no more money. Boy, this mountain air has me on top of the world all right!

You can do it in 2 weeks

YOU need more than an ordinary vacation this summer. Use your precious vacation hours to get *clear away*—see new horizons—regain your perspective. Southern California's cool summer nights and rainless days can send you back a brand new person!

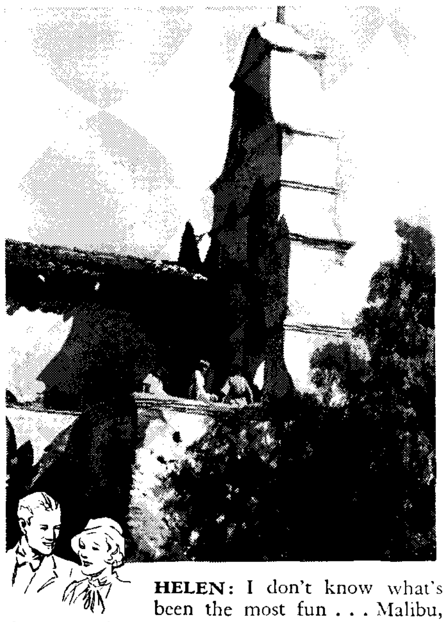
By train (fares cut again) even from New York, a 2-weeks vacation gives you 10 days actually here. And costs are amazingly low.

FREE: 72-page vacation book, with detailed costs—also routing

Send now for 72-page Southern California vacation fact-book, most complete ever published. Nearly 150 photos, details of everything to see and do here, itemized costs, time required, maps and detailed routing from your home city—*all free.* Just mark and mail the coupon.

BOB: This night life is certainly a liberal education—I never saw so many celebrities anywhere.

HELEN: And everybody's been so nice to us.. I'm positively surfeited with entertainment.



HELEN: I don't know what's been the most fun . . . Malibu, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Glendale, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Hollywood, Los Angeles . . . they're all marvelous.

BOB: And we'll be back for more next year!

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

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(Continued from page 45)

paper between his fingers. She couldn't read behind the passive set of his face; she didn't know what he felt. But he spoke:

"I told you once I'd let you into a worldful of grief. So this is some of it."

She stood in the center of the room, uncertain and unhappy. "To spike the dirty whispers, Jim. I can't have people talking about you behind your back. We put the truth in the open, where it belongs."

"What's the truth—what do you think is the truth about Carol and me?"

"I don't know," she said simply.

"Do you want me to tell you?"

She drew a swift breath and lifted a hand, as if to stop him. "No."

He stared at her in that straight, thoughtful manner she knew so well. "Then you're afraid of what I might tell you. That sort of thing shouldn't be between us."

"It isn't that," she countered. "It's something else. I don't want to be the sort of woman that stands home with a rolling pin. I'd lose all my self-respect. You don't have to bring your secrets to me." Then she could not stop the intrusion of a thin note of rebellion. "I don't want them."

"I see," he said, extremely grave.

"I don't think you do, Jim."

"Hollywood's got between us," he observed.

The phone rang, and Anne turned to it. The switchboard operator said: "Mr. Trent is in the lobby."

"Tell him I'll be right down." Anne swung from the phone, her heart suddenly pounding. "I'm going out for dinner with Barry, Jim."

He said: "If you don't care, I'll sit here a little while. Run along."

She got her purse, and walked to the door. She looked back. "You don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind."

But he did mind. It was there, in the solidness of his cheeks. She had hurt him, and the knowledge went coldly through her. She said to herself, "I won't go," and let her arm drop from the door's knob. But he was indifferently studying the carpet, and then she thought, "I have got to go through with it," and left the room. Going down the stairs to meet Barry Trent, despair got the best of her. She had begun by being frank, and now was trying the most ancient of subterfuges, and because it was not like her, because it violated her sense of rightness, she felt she would lose.

"YOU are feeling very low tonight," Barry Trent observed.

"Perhaps it's the weather."

"Perhaps," agreed Trent, and put his two hands on the table before him. Melody floated from behind the corner palms and couples turned gracefully along the shining, oval floor, underneath the subdued lights. One breath of breeze came out of the night to this roof garden. "Would *you* care to dance?"

"I'd be a poor partner."

He said: "I'd really hoped for a dance."

She looked up. "I'm a poor sport, aren't I, Barry? Of course." She rose with him, and they swung into the music.

"Why did you change your mind?" he asked.

"My mother always told me that when a man paid for a girl's dinner the girl had to repay it by amusing the man."

"Not very kind, Anne. You hit too hard from the shoulder. I want to dance with you only when you feel like dancing. I want to see you smile, but not from a sense of duty."

"You're a patient man—but that was my way of telling you you're really wasting your time."

"I'm a stubborn man," he corrected her.

The music stopped. Trent paid the check and they went down to the street and waited for his car to be brought around; it was full dark when Trent drove out through Los Angeles toward the northern hills. The houses and filling stations thinned out. Trent's wrist watch flashed against the light on the instrument panel. Looking around at him from the corner of the seat she compared the sharper, thinner lines of his face with those of Jim Breed. The comparison was just, but not kind. Barry was a brilliant man in his way, yet nothing seemed to come out of him. It was Jim whose personality disturbed you, took exciting possession of you.

"It isn't the heat that bothers you," said Trent.

"No."

Trent lifted his eyes from the road. "Don't fight Castaine. She'll knife you. You know nothing about the rules of her rough-and-tumble game."

"Any woman is capable of using the knife if her happiness is threatened. I could. But it would have to be something worth fighting for."

"Exactly—but not just a barroom brawl. That's what Castaine will make of this before you're through with her."

"I'd rather not talk about it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, I don't suppose it's cricket to drag in Jim Breed by inference. But I can't help it. You're getting a rotten deal. I saw that this afternoon."

"That's enough, Barry."

HE FELL silent. They went spinning up around the turns of a secondary highway, the car lights slicing a yellow trench out of the shadows of the canyon. Here and there an isolated gleam appeared from an occasional house on the hillside. But it was far away from the uneasy murmuring of the city. Around another turn Trent swung the machine off the road and stopped before a chalet-style cabin built on the side of a small ravine. Another machine chugged along the highway and vanished beyond the continuing curve. Trent stared at it. He lighted a cigarette.

"My place there," he said, indicating the cabin. "Care to see it?"

"I'm not sure I do," she said, faintly amused.

He looked straight ahead, through the windshield. "I wish you would. All you know of me is what you see on the lot. It isn't an accurate picture. There's something in there I'd like to show you."

"Very well," she agreed, and got out with him, her French heels curtly tapping against a board walk. Trent used his key on the door and opened it and went ahead of her, snapping on the cabin lights. She stepped inside, to see a single, high-ceilinged room which some Los Angeles decorator had turned into a modified monk's study, medieval style. Nothing relieved this severity except a fireplace and one wall lined by books. Many actors, she thought quickly, tried to express their private personalities in these small retreats back of Hollywood. But this seemed untrue, and she said so:

"Austerity and simple living. I don't think so, Barry. You may wish to have that in you, but it isn't there."

He closed the door, and the unstable surface of his face shifted. There was that chemical change in him which showed outwardly, erasing his detached, amused manner. He kept his hands still, which was unusual. He said abruptly:

"I'm in love with you, Anne."

(To be continued next week)

Medium Well Done

Continued from page 19

Staring at Blake, speaking in a voice without emotion, "I believe in her," Helen King said. Her eyes were soft with tears.

Blake realized the futility of argument.

"Maybe you'd be happier if Jane Westlake or Louise or some of the older women lived here with you for a while. It's too big a house. You shouldn't live alone. Maybe you ought to travel for a year. Why won't you marry me now that you need me? I hate to think of you alone through all these hours and—"

"Good night, darling," Helen King interrupted. "I'm not . . . quite alone." Quickly then, speaking to mask her statement, "Wong Sung is here. He's been a dear, the poor old thing."

WHEN Walter Blake had left the house, Wong Sung, the poor old thing, elected once more to intrude upon his sorrowing mistress. "More better eprybody come here see you now," he suggested. "You likee I make large dinner, eprybody come?"

"Go to bed," Helen King answered, smiling forlornly at Wong Sung.

On this night, instead of obeying orders, Wong Sung waited for an hour and then, at eleven o'clock, he left the house for a quick visit to the Cave of Harmony on Grant Avenue. He was gratified at discovering James Lee present in the assembly. "This is a fortunate moment for me," he said in his greeting to the younger man. "I desire to consult you relative to a matter that concerns the happiness of my mistress."

"You do me great honor," James Lee said, following the ritual of right conduct. "How may I be of service to you?"

He led the younger man to an inner room apart from the garrulous assemblage present in the Cave of Harmony. "With commendable filial devotion my mistress still permits herself to be torn by the claws of the demons of despair. She is a crushed flower. In her anguish she has sought assistance for her tortured spirit from an unworthy source."

"What would you have me do?" James Lee asked.

"The man she loves seems powerless to help her," Wong Sung answered. "Unless I am mistaken, she has been drugged with the nectar of spurious hope. Her will is broken, her reason seems to sleep. Even as an opium eater returns forever to the origin of his own hell, so has my mistress surrendered to a charlatan who gives her momentary release from the realities of her sorrow."

"Who is this person from whom your mistress seeks the gift of peace? You say Miss King is to marry Walter Blake? Has Mr. Blake no knowledge of the affair? Has he done nothing?"

"What can he do? His methods and his weapons would conquer a tangible enemy. They are futile against a foe from the spirit world."

James Lee nodded in quick decision. "I will help you," he said. "I have engaged enemies from the spirit world before."

Wong Sung bowed to his companion. "I cannot express my gratitude."

FOUR days after Kick Konrad landed in San Francisco, Little Starlight, with characteristic Indian courtesy, guided Marshall King through the pearly labyrinths of the spirit plane; then down to earth to where, in the little parlor of Olga Rousseau's house, Helen King sat waiting to hear her father's voice.

"The earth mists are cold," Little Starlight protested. "It has been dark and chill since we left the radiant realm of the spirit plane. I am unhappy. I grieve in sympathy for the sorrowing spirit who is beside me. He was so recently an earthling that he has not yet forgotten all of the cares he knew on the earth plane. I must return now to the radiant warmth of the spirit plane. I will leave my sorrowing companion. He will speak to you. Goodby, beloved friends of earth. Little Starlight loves you."

In the little parlor of Olga Rousseau's house thereafter for fifty seconds there was a tense silence. The silence was broken then by a faint moaning and a patter of incoherent, whispered words from Olga Rousseau's lips. Presently, more clearly, "I am trying . . . I am striving to do your will," Olga Rousseau whispered. "I cannot speak for you—speak to us. You are here. Speak to us. You are torturing me—speak to us."

Helen King sat forward in her chair. The nails of her clenched hands bit deeply into the pink flesh of her palms. Then a voice spoke to her, faintly at first. Then, seeming to strengthen with the vibrant emotion of love, "Helen, Helen, my dearest Helen. My beloved daughter—I am so happy to be with you again."

"Your father speaks to you," Olga Rousseau whispered.

"Oh, Father, come to me! I want to see you. Come near me. Let me touch your hand!"

"I will come to you presently, my dear. I cannot visit you on the earth plane until every transgression, every sin, every fault of mine, is forgiven. I will come to you some day and hold your hand. But before that day my earth life must be purified. One earth spirit still doubts me. He thinks I injured him long years ago and where there is doubt we of the spirit plane cannot appear."

"WHAT keeps you from me, Father? What is it that troubles you?"

"The barrier between us is a debt that I owe to an earthling who befriended me—a debt of gratitude and of money."

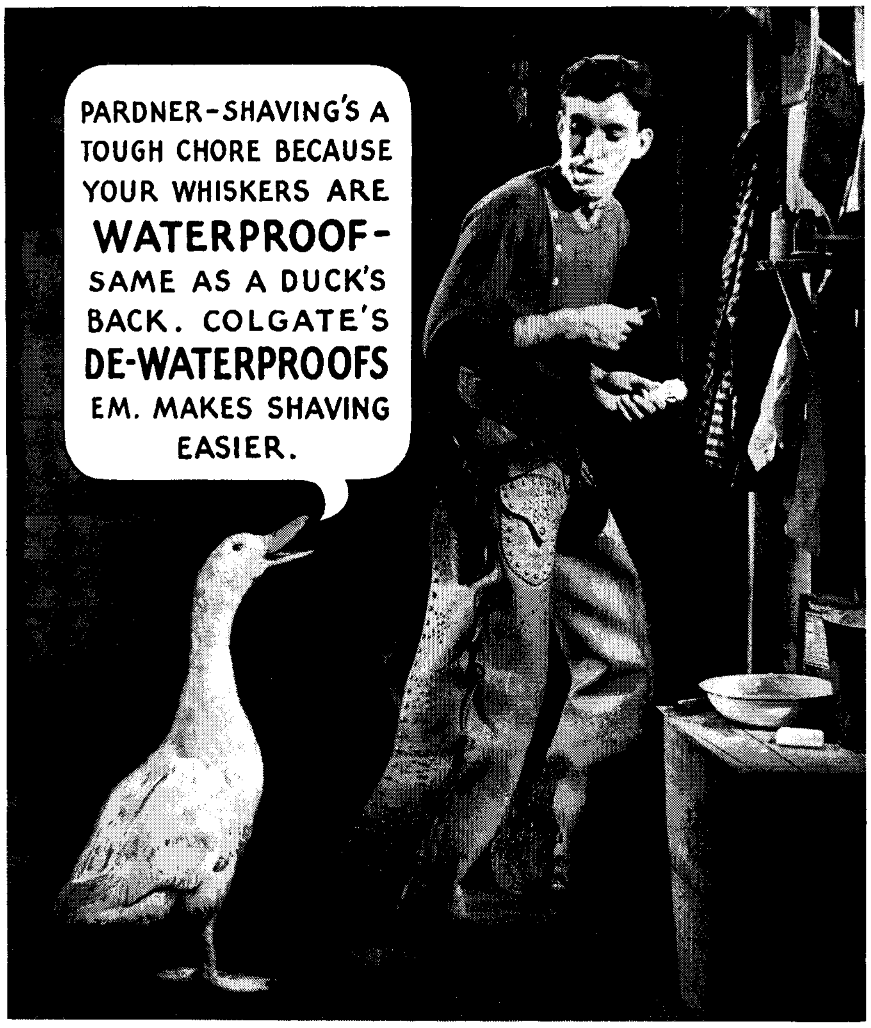
"Who is the man?"

"He is John Kellogg. He had faith in me in a moment of disaster. He loaned me money. I repaid the loan but he has never shared the profits of the first venture that was the foundation of my fortune. You were a little girl and you knew nothing of the source of my wealth, but from the money that John Kellogg loaned me I made my first fortune. In equity and fairness half of the profits from that venture should have gone to him. Until that debt is paid I cannot come to you."

"Where is this man? What sum do you owe him? Speak to me! Father, if you knew how I long to touch your hand just for a moment once again, these trifles would not keep you from me!"

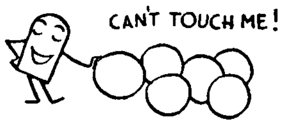
Abandoning generalities, the spirit of Marshall King spoke in the specific terms of a bank president. The debt of gratitude could not be well defined but John Kellogg's share of the profits from the money that he had loaned Marshall King amounted to three hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Kellogg could be reached in care of the Sterling Gold Finance Company of Chicago. Having set forth this data the spirit of Marshall King retreated from a sudden chill blast that seemed to descend upon his

(Continued on page 48)

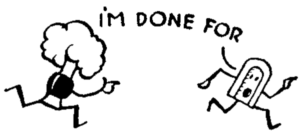

PARDNER-SHAVING'S A TOUGH CHORE BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE WATERPROOF-SAME AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS EM. MAKES SHAVING EASIER.

Every whisker on your face is wrapped in a tough, waterproof coating of oil that makes it hard to cut.

Once you remove every trace of that waterproof coating from every whisker, you get a shave as smooth as a barber's second time over.


CAN'T TOUCH ME!

But the trouble is—most shaving creams won't, *can't* remove *all* the waterproofing. Most shaving creams froth up into big bubbles—and you can't get a *lot* of *big* bubbles *close* around every whisker.



But Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream whips up into millions of tiny *little* bubbles.

Thousands of these tiny lather bubbles go to work on every single whisker you own. They crowd *close* to it. They completely surround it.

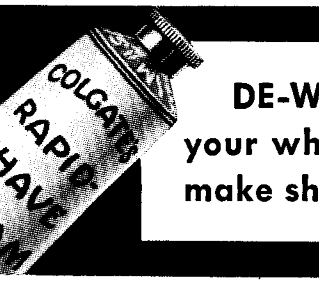
A CINCH FOR ME!

Thousands of tiny bubbles tackle each individual whisker and strip every trace of waterproofing from it. These tiny bubbles *emulsify* that oily, waterproof coating. They literally *dissolve it*—and wash it completely away.

Then they soak each whisker so soft that your razor slips through it like a knife through butter. Try Colgate's and see for yourself how much easier the *small bubble lather* makes your daily shave. See how much better it makes your face feel. The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢—that means less than a quarter of a cent per shave. Buy it today—try it tomorrow morning—and get the swellest shave you've ever known.

P. S.—For a perfect wind-up to a Colgate shave, try Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and Colgate's Talc for Men.

LARGE SIZE TUBE NOW ONLY 25¢



DE-WATERPROOF your whiskers—and make shaving easier

HOW SPECIAL OIL MAKES CARS GO FASTER

ONLY USE PENNZOIL IN OUR "DEMONSTRATOR," JOE. IT GIVES ALL THE EXTRA SPEED AND PICK-UP THAT ARE BUILT INTO OUR CARS
O.K. BOSS. TODAY'S HIGHER COMPRESSION MOTORS GET MORE GAS MILEAGE FROM PENNZOIL, TOO — !

World's Record Oil Increases Pick-up 10 to 25% — Saves You up to 12% on Gasoline

PEOPLE who *know* motor oils are today insisting on Pennzoil. And no wonder! They know that by using this special oil their cars run smoother, easier, *faster*. They know that when they use the correct grade of Pennzoil they can get up to 12% better gasoline mileage than before.

And they also know that even the *lightest* grades of Pennzoil can stand the terrific punishment of record-breaking speeds!

Breaks 14 World's Records!

Ab Jenkins in his Pierce-Arrow proved this. Using a *light grade* of regular passenger-car Pennzoil he broke 14 major world's speed records from 200 to 3000 miles. Clocked a 2 mile-a-minute pace for 25½ consecutive hours! No other oil has stood this blistering test. Only Pennzoil has enabled a car to go so far so fast!

Here's the Reason!

Pennzoil is refined from the finest Pennsylvania crude. Then it is *3 times concentrated* to give it an amazing *tough film* — to protect moving parts even at highest speeds.

With Pennzoil the non-lubricating elements found in many plain oils are distilled off and discarded. This cuts down *engine drag*. Lets your motor run freer and easier. The elimination of engine drag (*plus* being able to use a lighter oil with *safety*) enables you to get more speed and faster pick-up—*and saves money on your gasoline, too!*

Why buy plain oil when this *special* oil gives you so much more? When it makes your car run smoother and better and saves you money all along the line as well? Then be *sure* you get Pennzoil. Ask for it from any bonded Pennzoil dealer . . . *today.*

ORDINARY GREASE JOBS ARE RUINING YOUR CAR. WE HAVE A SPECIAL PENNZOIL LUBRICANT FOR EVERY PART OF YOUR CAR

CARS OFTEN RUINED!

Warning to car owners! At least 7 *different lubricants* are vital to special parts of most cars. Failure to get *all* of them means trouble and expensive repairs. Play safe! Have your car lubricated the Pennzoil Safety-System way. Then you can be sure you are getting the special lubricants your car needs.

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Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa. - Los Angeles, Calif.
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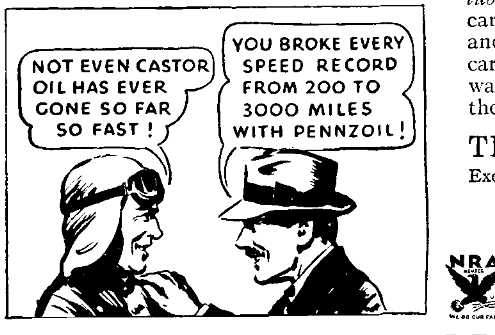

NOT EVEN CASTOR OIL HAS EVER GONE SO FAR SO FAST !
YOU BROKE EVERY SPEED RECORD FROM 200 TO 3000 MILES WITH PENNZOIL !

TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

REFINERY-SEALED CANS *now available. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*

MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

(*Continued from page 47*)

section of the Happy Hunting Ground.

For a moment thereafter communications from the unseen world were relayed through Little Starlight, whose robust physique rendered her immune to the rigors of the climate of the spirit land. Little Starlight's voice faded out on a swelling melody from the vibrant strings of a muted violin, and then, pulling herself together with evident effort, Olga Rousseau blinked her eyes at Helen King and voiced a well-timed plea for help as she collapsed in a dead faint.

SET against a longer list of negative characteristics, the proprietor of the Sterling Gold Finance Company could rightfully lay claim to the virtues of punctuality and good judgment. Playing the game, he rang through from Chicago on long distance promptly at the appointed moment and spoke to Olga Rousseau. "It came," he said. "A cashier's check for three hundred grand. What's the next move?"

"Hold out thirty grand for yourself and express the rest of it to me in currency."

"What's the next chapter?"

"You'll know when the time comes, Abe. Play your hand. Goodby."

Olga Rousseau turned to face the stupid-looking Negro woman and Kick Konrad. "So far, so good," she announced. "Little Starlight wins another bet. Abe has got the dough. He'll express the rebate in currency tonight."

Kick Konrad reached for a whisky bottle that sat on the table in front of him and poured himself a drink. "That's swell work, Olga," he said. "Two hundred and seventy grand! In the bag without a struggle. Where are you two dames heading for after the pay-off?"

"We're not heading. Listen, you rat, this is pin money. If I can rope her into making a will we bump her off with a realistic suicide effect and the big play is good for a million apiece."

"As far as I'm concerned there won't be any big play. You know what happens to repeaters. When that coin gets here I blow!"

"You'll stick like a good dog or you'll burn!" Olga Rousseau delivered her ultimatum with a spice of emotion.

"Yes, indeed, you'll burn," Lily corroborated. "We'll tell you when school lets out. Git yourself rigged with a make-up for the big reunion scene. You'd rather be Marshall King in Heaven wouldn't you, than Kick Konrad in Hell?"

Kick took another drink. Then surrendering, "I'll ride," he said. "Where's them pictures of King? How do you want him to show? White robes?"

"White robes," Lily confirmed, "and be careful not to burn yourself with the phosphorus."

"We pull the big play in this dump?"

"Not by a mile and a half," Olga Rousseau said. "The next act in this gold-bearing drama will be played in the King residence. And listen, Kick—if your travels take you up to the boudoir see that you keep your hooks off the sucker's jewelry! The spirits don't wear diamonds much in Heaven."

DEPARTING from his accustomed routine, late on Thursday afternoon, Wong Sung devoted nearly an hour to sharpening his pet meat cleaver. Earlier in the day, emerging from the Cave of Harmony after a consultation with James Lee, old Wong Sung invested sixty cents in the purchase of a fine-grained carborundum stone. Now, working diligently, he developed a razor edge along the ten-inch blade of his favorite cleaver. Presently he noted to his disgust that the thinned metal had become a wire edge. When this fault had been corrected he sheathed the narrow blade of the cleaver in a little teakwood trough lined with cork and set about the business of preparing dinner for his mistress.

With the coffee that Wong Sung served to Helen King, "You may go out tonight," the girl said. "I shall not need you. Nobody but Miss Rousseau is coming."

"You no likee me stay I go see my cousin. Missy Blake not come see you?"

"Not tonight," Helen King said. "He is busy in his office."

"What for he no come?" Old Wong frowned at this evident neglect on the part of Walter Blake. "More better he come see you epry night. More better you get married. Allee time too much stay all alone. Allee time cry like small child. I think you very happy get married."

Making appropriate allowance for the personal qualities of the old servant's advice, "Some day maybe I'll get married," Helen King said slowly. For a moment there was a wistful smile on her lips and then, more directly, "If Miss Rousseau is still here when you return you need not come in to see us. We shall want nothing."

AT NINE o'clock that night, twenty minutes after Olga Rousseau arrived, Helen King turned out all of the lights in the long living-room. At Olga Rousseau's direction she locked the front door of the house and switched off all of the lights in the hallway except one.

"Sit here in this chair near me," Olga Rousseau directed. "Help me with your own will. It will be very difficult."

"I'll help you," Helen King answered. "Maybe Little Starlight will guide him to me."

Olga Rousseau did not answer, for her body had suddenly gone rigid. There was a moment of silence after this and then, from an unseen source, Helen King distinctly heard the low, soft music of a violin playing the air that seemed to be Little Starlight's favorite. She heard a child's voice singing and then, in deeper tones, she heard her father's voice singing the well remembered words of his favorite song:

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the green fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is sweet rest for me."

Impulsively, half rising from her chair, "Father, come to me!" Helen King whispered. "Come to me now!"

Marshall King's voice was low. "I am coming, my dear; I am happy now," he said. "The error that barred me from the earth plane is no longer in my pathway. I am coming to you, my beloved child. It is dark. . . . It is dark here on the earth plane. The spirit world is so light and beautiful. It is dark and cold here in this shadowed vale. . . . Reach out your hand, my daughter. Guide me to your arms."

Marshall King's voice seemed to come from the darkened doorway that opened into the entrance hall of the house. The tones of his voice increased in strength and then, trembling with the quick shock of surprise, through the wide eyes of fear, Helen King saw her father's figure entering the room. The returning spirit, clad in a luminous white robe, seemed to glide slowly toward her. The girl saw that her father's face glowed with some faint unearthly light and that he seemed to smile at her.

"Here I am," she said, rising from her chair.

"I am coming to you, my darling. It is dark, so dark here on the earth plane. Stretch out your hand. . . . The darkness deepens. I must take you with me to the world of light when I return. . . . I cannot see you. This earth is as dark as a tomb of death."

Instantly, then, the dark room lightened. There was a click of an electric switch and Helen King saw the gliding apparition become violently animate. She heard a calm voice speaking: "Stick 'em up, Konrad! Stay where you are, Rousseau." James Lee stood in the open door of the dining-room. In his right hand Helen King saw a long, blue-barreled thirty-eight. The weapon was leveled at Olga Rousseau. Walter Blake stood back of James Lee. Helen King called to Blake, and then she fainted. In her last moment of consciousness she observed the seven-foot leap made by her father's white-robed spirit.

In the entrance hall of the house there sounded a sudden chatter of guttural Chinese from the throat of old Wong Sung and an oath from Kick Konrad. The zipping impact of three blows of Wong Sung's cleaver followed. Hearing this James Lee, hardened as he was to violence, winced. He snapped a pair of handcuffs on Olga Rousseau's wrists. Leaving her under Walter Blake's guard, he walked into the hallway of the house. He saw old Wong Sung standing above a prostrate white-robed figure. The elder Chinaman raised his eyes and smiled at his countryman. "I ketchum," he said to James Lee, and in his tone there sounded the mild pride of a modest victor.

James Lee stooped and laid his fingers on Kick Konrad's wrist. "You caught him plenty!" he said to old Wong Sung. "He's dead."

Accepting this manifestation of the will of Heaven, Wong Sung blinked his eyes.

"Large man die small fashion," he suggested. "Killum very easy."

In his report over long distance to his chief in the Department of Justice, "We got the Rousseau woman and Lily Lincoln, her Negro assistant," James Lee said. "We recovered all the money that had been taken from Miss King. Operative Miller arrested Abe Katzmann in Chicago. He was Rousseau's agent. Anton Konrad resisted arrest. It became necessary for my assistant in the case, Wong Sung, to use force in making the capture. Wong Sung is entitled to half of the reward for this criminal. . . . No. He hit him in the head with a meat cleaver."

THAT night in the Cave of Harmony there was a nine-course banquet. At the head of the banquet board, host to twenty of his admiring countrymen, Wong Sung related his version of the King-Rousseau case. "Imagine my surprise to discover that the gods of Justice had placed a keen-edged weapon in my hand at the very moment that I needed something of the kind to sever the tentacles of the octopus that had fastened upon my mistress!"

"A wise man understands a nod," one of the guests suggested.

"Aye!" old Wong Sung agreed. "How great a blessing is clear perception!"

Copy-Book Senator

Continued from page 22

to order for obviously unparliamentary remarks. The Democrats concede, ruefully, that he has a great nuisance value. Refusing to reply or retract, he stares up into their red faces with an invulnerable innocence that sets them mad. His manner plagues them so much that they grow petty and peevish, too. He throws them off-stride, and in digressing to rebuke him, they fail to stick to worth-while subjects. He is like the loud-voiced rooter in the right-field stand whose incoherent chatter upsets the other team's star pitcher.

In his frequent tours of the political circuit Senator Robinson escapes from the exile to which Washington sentences him. He is, without a doubt, the loneliest figure on Capitol Hill. When other senators clump out of a committee or caucus room arm in arm, joking and jabbering, Robinson slips along last and alone. Even on the floor, sitting or speaking, he is ringed by loneliness.

A Short Course in Magnetism

Since none of his colleagues has read Memory and the Executive Mind, they may not appreciate that Mr. Robinson is a self-made senator. They really ought to consult his book, for therein he explains how anybody can develop personal magnetism.

"It must be cultivated," says this charmer from Indiana. "Our first injunction to you in that direction, therefore, is to commence being earnest in everything you do. . . . If you are discussing a serious subject, discuss it earnestly. If you tell a funny story, tell it earnestly. If you sing a song, sing it earnestly. If you laugh, laugh earnestly. If you read a paper, read it earnestly. If you write a letter, write it earnestly. If you shake hands on the occasion of being presented to a friend, do it earnestly."

The senator also knows the secret for cultivation of a forceful expression:

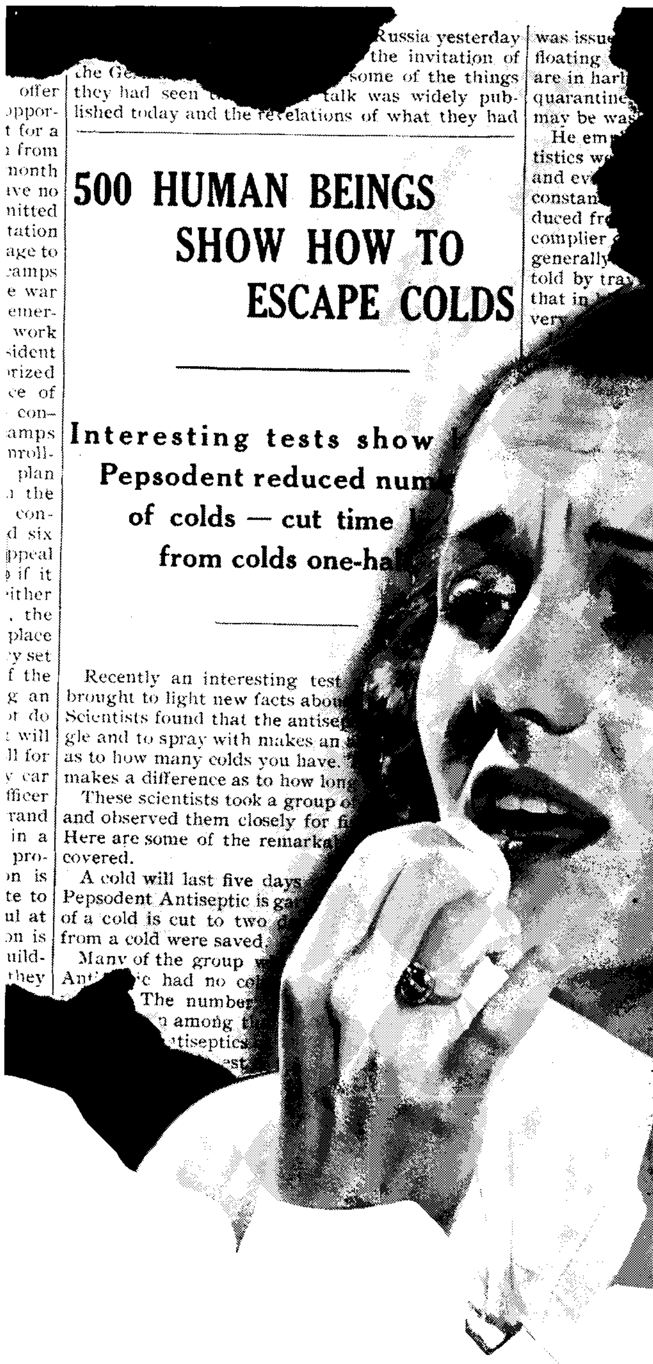
"Cultivate for yourself a strong countenance. You may just as well have a strong face as one that is vacillating and weak. It is simply a matter of choice. Look in a mirror sometime, and look at yourself seriously. Experiment, if you please. There is no occasion to make faces at yourself, to be sure, but you will see directly that certain expressions, simple in themselves, and had for the asking, give you a decidedly more forceful appearance. Make an effort to secure forceful facial expression then, we say in all earnestness."

Mr. Robinson's way of showing force of intellect and personality is to screw up his narrow eyes, slap his legs with open palms, beat a knuckle tattoo on his desk and scold. Maybe he didn't practice earnestly enough.

The copy-book influence shows most clearly in his speeches. He has managed to pick up a collection of words and phrases threadbare enough for even the most uneducated. When he talks of the veterans, he throbs with such novel passages as "the brave lads living and dead," "the flower of our youth," "keep the home fires burning." When he burns up opponents of full payment of the bonus, he bristles with such newly minted philippics as "a few paltry dollars," "swollen fortunes" and "organized wealth."

His halting reading of speeches filled with housemaids' jargon sets his listeners howling. Once he hits upon a phrase which impresses him as especially moving, such as "Ours is a noble heritage," he masticates it as if it were a favorite dish, pausing each time so that the Senate, too, may taste this delicacy he has concocted.

To Senator Borah, a natural orator, these efforts are always a fresh delight, and he would no more miss one of these speeches than he would his morning canter in Rock Creek Park. If other senators would only show the same patience, and amusement, the Hoosierite might do a lot of good in the upper chamber.



Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. It may be mixed with 2 parts of water—thus it gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% *fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.* What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water, many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

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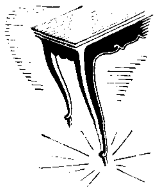
Natural Sound

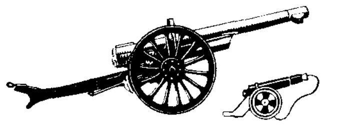
now achieved by a

HEARING AID

The Western Electric Audiphone transmits sound *clearly, naturally.* With the Audiphone, unpleasant noises—like the scraping of a table or chair—sound unpleasant. And they should. For that means the *higher sound frequencies*—upon which intelligibility of speech largely depends—are faithfully reproduced.



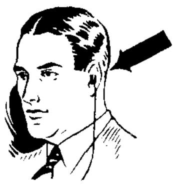
A cannon isn't a pop-gun



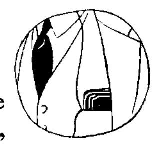
Your hearing aid should not amplify certain sounds too little, other sounds too much. With the Audiphone, all important speech sounds are amplified uniformly—which makes for *natural sound* and distinct hearing.

Making telephones showed us how

In 52 years of Bell Telephone making, we learned that *naturalness* of sound is the only key to easy understanding. We also learned how to make many types of apparatus—including the Audiphone—which transmit sound *naturally.*



Inconspicuous



All three Audiphone models are small, neat, inconspicuous. You may have an individually molded earpiece or one of four different-sized soft rubber earpieces. Select one that fits closely—important both for your comfort and for efficient sound transmission.

Send the coupon for your dealer's name—try the Audiphone—hear the difference for yourself.

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Broadway Bound

Continued from page 13

ready to take home. It's guaranteed to maim one and all who take it. Selah!"

A time lapse. Three months. They were crowded working hours for Eddie Ryan, a vacation interval for Gloria Stewart. For years Eddie had harbored within himself the ghost of an idea for a satirical revue with music. That summer his vision suddenly took definite form, grew swiftly until it crowded his imagination and finally clamored at his ambition for an immediate production.

He built, with pencil and paper for tools, a skeleton frame for his revue. He wrote and rewrote topical sketches, dug deep within himself for nuggets of wit which could be used as punch tag lines for black-out numbers. His pockets bulged with a litter of memoranda, old envelopes and fragments of menu cards on which he had hastily scrawled the record of some vagrant hunch on a lyric or a strain of melody. Broadway sweltered in the heat of late July when he was at last satisfied that the words and music he had written were ready for the breath of life that only skilled players could bring to them. He established offices then in the theater he had booked and an announcement of the promised production went out to the newspapers. He chose Labor Day as the date of the first rehearsal call and scheduled the Broadway opening for late October.

A NIGHT in August. Eddie entered the lobby of his hotel at that hour of hush when the street shadows begin their furtive flight before the gay advance of the first golden heralds of morning. He was tired, exhausted by a night-long battle he had fought with a song. For hours, sitting before a piano in his office, he had fumbled at the keys to capture a melody which always seemed to be just beyond the touch of his searching fingers. Now a sleepy clerk gave him his room key and a handful of mail. An express elevator carried him swiftly to the high floor from which his apartment commanded an eerie view of Manhattan's mid-town sky line.

"I've read the splendid news about the revue," a brief note from Gloria Stewart read. "I assume that you must have decided that now you need to pay the rent on some corner of Broadway you can call your own, but even after our talk I refuse to believe that there is only a single motive for success. I plan to give you proof that you are wrong. I shall be in town soon and will come in to see you in the hope that you may have at least a spear which I will not be too clumsy to carry."

During the summer Eddie had cursed himself for the harsh honesty of the opinion he had offered Gloria Stewart. He could justify his refusal to take the easy road of flattery to her friendship only by the fierce pride he had in the bitter battle a trouper must wage if he would win his way to the high places of the theater. Now, with this first word that had passed between them since their talk at her home, he savored again the memory of his moonlit moment of intimacy with Gloria.

A sudden decision brought him to his feet. He flipped his cigarette away and crossed then to a tall dresser which backed against his bedroom wall. There he stood for a long moment, staring skeptically at his mirrored reflection. At last he shook his head.

"Be your age," he advised his twin of the looking-glass. "You're just a hoofer. Don't forget it, kid."

Two weeks. A secretary entered Eddie's private office.

"A Miss Stewart to see you," the secretary announced. "She said you would be expecting her." . . .

The summer sun had painted her skin a golden brown. Her eyes were gay with the sparkle that comes with the caress of salty winds. His own Broadway pallor was a matter for jesting comment. For a time they exchanged a banter of easy trivialities. Then Gloria eagerly demanded detailed news of the revue and finally she told him that she had definitely decided to adopt the theater as a serious profession.

"What about the prince?" Eddie lightly demanded.

"The prince made a serious mistake," Gloria explained. "He gave my father a bad check."

Eddie's laugh was a sudden explosion.

"A piece of royal rubber," he gasped. "And it bounced just like the kind we grow right here on Broadway."

Gloria giggled.

"It did," she said. "But not as far as the prince when my father found out."

He studied her for a moment with shrewdly speculative eyes.

"My name ought to have a certain publicity value," Gloria suggested. "There always seems to be a certain amount of newspaper excitement when someone from Park Avenue moves over to Broadway. Perhaps—"

"My press agent would agree to that," Eddie interrupted. "You might help him out. Maybe you could shoot a couple of millionaires for him. That's always good for space."

"I'll give him a special list," Gloria promised. "In one or two cases I could even combine business with pleasure."

"Good girl," Eddie chuckled. "We can't afford to pass up any angles in this business."

For a moment he stared thoughtfully at the green surface of his desk-wide blotter. His fingers fumbled abstractedly against the blunt blade of a bronze paper cutter.

"Of course I suppose I should really expect to begin in the chorus," Gloria said. "I have allowed myself the hope, though, that you might be able to arrange at least a tiny part for me. I know that I'm not ready yet for anything really important, but I have studied voice and dancing with the best teachers."

"I'M TRYING to dope out an angle," Eddie assured her. "There's just an outside chance I might be able to trick up a flash spot for you so you could maybe grab yourself a couple of notices."

He dropped his eyes again to the desk and resumed his study. Anxiety then caused Gloria to overplay a winning hand.

"I know how frightfully expensive these productions are," she said. "I'll be glad to work without salary. I know that won't amount to much, but of course, you understand, I don't really need the money. All I want is just the chance and—"

A silence, sudden and startled. The friendly warmth of Eddie's eyes was blotted out by a slowly rising cloud of anger. His lips flattened against his teeth in a tight line of cold contempt. His hand shook as he fumbled in a silver box on his desk for a cigarette and matches. Suddenly he rose and crossed to the door which opened to his outside office. He opened the door and stood behind it, spoke to Gloria with a voice which was harshly vibrant.

The first line of defense against exposure

is good resistance

Many people think they are taking all the necessary precautions against winter if they wear their rubbers and carry an umbrella. But important as these protectives are, they only take care of you *outside.*

The *inner* forces you need must be *built!* And the time to build them is not after you're sick, but *while you are well.* This is the new idea of *prevention* which is taking hold among sensible people.

It is an idea they have found no trouble putting into practice. Every day they add to their reserve forces with the aid of *Squibb Adex tablets!*

Squibb Adex are a concentrate of the important vitamins of halibut and cod-liver oils with Viosterol. They have the same building-up effect as the oils, but are easy, pleasant to take.

Squibb protects them with an exclusive process against loss of vitamin values so that each tablet *always* supplies not less than 1500 units of resistance-building Vitamin A and not less than 2450 units of sunshine Vitamin D.

Why not let Adex tablets aid in building *your* general resistance? This is the time of year to start with them.

Now at any reliable drug store. And insist on Squibb *Adex* Tablets-10 D. Prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

SQUIBB
ADEX
Tablets
10 D
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
NEW YORK
NRA
WE DO OUR PART

The vitamins of halibut and cod liver oil with viosterol.
In tablet form

"Come over here," he ordered. "I want to show you something."

She silently obeyed his command.

"Look out there," Eddie said. "Who do you see there?"

"People," Gloria answered. "A crowd—"

"That's right," Eddie interrupted. "People looking for jobs. They're professionals. They expect to be paid for the work they can do. Any dough they can talk out of me they need. They'll use it to buy food and a place to sleep, clothes to keep them warm."

He half closed the door. For a moment their eyes met in silent conflict.

"You can't graft your way into my show, Miss Stewart," Eddie said. "You can bow out of this office now and make room for a trouper who does need a salary. If I were you I'd go somewhere and buy a ticket from a speculator. I think that's where you really belong in the theater."

SUDDENLY Gloria abandoned all thought of explanation. Words, she knew then, would be futile weapons against the violence of his anger. She turned away from him then to avoid the disdain in his eyes and suddenly was gone through the door he held open for her exit.

Chorus call. Forty jobs. Five hundred girls who courted the favor of a smile from Lady Luck. While they waited for their brief moment of opportunity they jammed the bare stage of the theater, spilled out through the stage door and lounged against the brick walls of the alley-way entrance. It was a crowd that was vibrant with tension, taut gamblers nervous with the excitement of anticipation. There was talk of other seasons and rumors of new shows scheduled for early production dates.

A cable line dropped down from the high shadows of the fly gallery to spot a thousand-watt lamp at center stage. The girls were pasty pale in the harsh glare of this light. When they paraded the stage giant shadows lurched against the walls of the theater. A man in shirt sleeves slumped before a piano. When one of the girls was rated good enough for a voice test a stage manager noted her name, address and telephone number.

Halfway back on the orchestra floor Eddie Ryan lounged in an aisle seat. His companion was Bobby Spaulding, a dance director. Their soft hats were slanted low across their eyes. As each girl crossed the stage for their inspection their eyes were shrewdly impersonal, hard with calculation.

"Most of these gals have been around," Eddie commented. "I know it's tough, but I wish we could find a couple of fresh faces. The customers always go for a new angle."

"Why don't we dig up some beautiful stagehands?" Bobby suggested flippantly. "That's a novelty. Ryan's Revue glorifies the American stagehand."

Eddie ignored the jest, straightened suddenly in his seat and stared hard at the crowded stage. After a moment he stood up.

"You pick the rest of them, Bobby," he ordered curtly. "I just remembered a date. I'll see you later."

At the orchestra pit he ducked through a small door which led below-stage. A moment later he had climbed again to the stage level and stood in the narrow hall which ended at the dressing-room that was marked with a star. The stage doorman joined him there.

"A girl in blue, Sam," Eddie said. "The collar and cuffs on the dress are white. She's sitting on a prop box up against the back wall. Bring her to Number One dressing-room."

Defiance smoldered in Gloria's eyes. She accepted his offer of a dressing-room chair. For a moment they stared at each other and did not speak.

"What's this all about, Miss Stewart?" Eddie demanded finally. "I'm not putting on a charade here. I told you last week I had no spot for an amateur."

He was startled by the hard challenge of her answer.

"This is business," she said coolly. "We might as well be exact. To begin with, you've mistaken my name. My name is April Knight."

Their eyes locked in silent combat. After a moment he stood up.

"My dance director is out front," he said. "I'm checking out now, but I won't be out front any more today. If you've got what it takes, my dance director will sign you. That's law around this show shop, Miss Knight."

Eddie dined that night with Bobby Spaulding.

"I picked twenty for keeps," Bobby reported. "I got one new one for you. A gal by the name of April Knight."

He sighed.

"I wonder where they dream up those foolish monickers," he said. "This gal didn't look goofy but, on the square, that's the name she handed us. Her gambs are lookers."

Eddie choked violently on a mouthful of hot coffee.

"What's the gag?" Bobby demanded. "Can I laugh too?"

"Gambs even used to be known as limbs in our set," Eddie said. "It's a long story, Bobby. One of these days I might tell it to you."

Eddie Ryan and Gloria Stewart spoke no word to each other after she joined his company. During four driving weeks of rehearsal they saw each other during the working hours and then they shared together the nightmare madness of a dress rehearsal in a Philadelphia theater.

FIRST night. By some miraculous fusion of the spirit of a hundred back-stage personalities the revue that night was mechanically smooth. Gloria knew that night her first battle thrill as a member of a troupe that was fighting for a hard-won victory. After the first number the chorus changed swiftly to new costumes. They tiptoed down the stairs then to huddle anxiously together in the back-stage shadows. Their ears were alert to the battleground rumbles from out front that might reveal the progress of the conflict. A comedian made his exit on a gag line that was good for only a mild laugh.

"They're cold," Eddie muttered savagely. "Got to put the slug on 'em, kids. We'll hit 'em with this next number."

Music cue. Gay smiles swiftly wiped anxious faces clean of all sign of strain. A jaunty, debonair, swinging entrance. This dancing number began at a slow tempo and gradually increased its pace until it ended with a whirlwind of speed. Suddenly, to Gloria Stewart, the vaguely visible audience merged into a single monstrous personality. It was an enemy that must be battered into obedience by the assault of all the will and skill and nervous energy she could command. That enemy out there beyond the trench of the footlights must succumb to laughter, must surrender to their melodies and their exciting rhythms. When they reached the smashing climax of the finale number Gloria knew suddenly that she had won the precious prize of a deep contentment. She knew then that she had given her best to this furious battle.

Eddie Ryan sat in a booth in a restaurant on Broad Street. The last curtain had dropped on his revue an hour before. Now three men kept him company at his table. Bobby Spaulding was there and Manny Stein, his busi-

(Continued on page 52)

People Everywhere Are Calling It

"The World's Nightcap"

... Because It Quickly Brings Them Natural Sleep ... Entirely Without Drugs

Now There Is A Way To Get Your 8 Hours Of Sound, Refreshing Sleep At Night ... A Way That Acts To Replenish And Restore Your "Vital Surplus" While You Rest

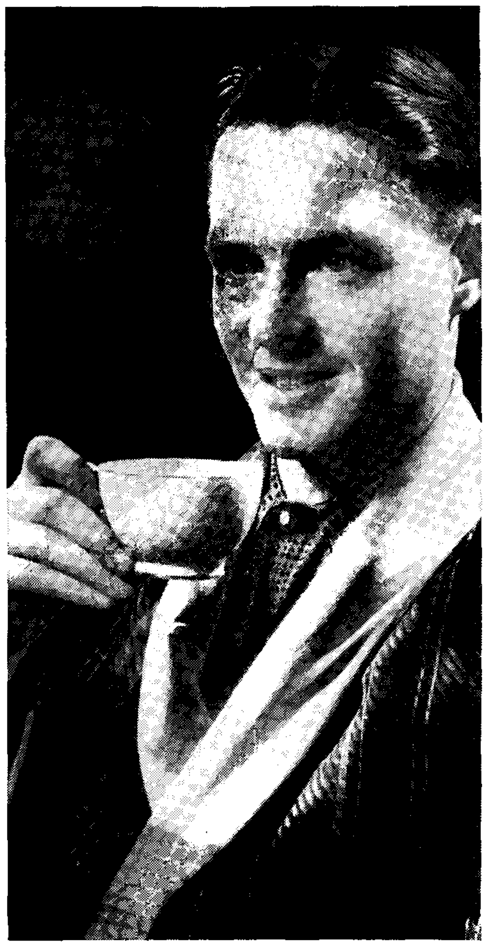
HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A way to fall asleep quickly and awaken far more rested mornings—teeming with new energy and vitality.

A way that will not only bring you refreshing sleep tonight—but acts to restore your normal tendency to sleep soundly *every night.*

It is a delicious food-drink, originally created in Switzerland and now made over here. Called Ovaltine and known as "the world's nightcap," it is taken religiously by men and women in 54 different countries today.

It contains no drugs—is not a medicine in any sense of the word. But is composed of elements processed wholly from *natural* foods.

You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few minutes before you go to bed. Then fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep all night more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.



Now—say goodbye to sleepless nights! The delicious food-drink here described not only brings you sound sleep quickly—but multiplies your energy and "staying power" next day.

New Energy Tomorrow

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—alive, alert, and "on your toes." Brimming with youthful pep to carry you through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to replenish body, brain, and nerve cells *while* you sleep.

So remarkable are the results achieved by Ovaltine that, during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While more than 20,000 doctors approve and use it for the health benefits it fosters.

You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it and see for yourself.*

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. And see how quickly you fall asleep!

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. Note how much fresher you look and feel—how much steadier your nerves.

So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Phone for a tin of Ovaltine now. You'll be glad you did!

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*** *1048*

NRA U.S. WE DO OUR PART

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

Safe
way to relieve
Colds

Don't take any chances with what you put into your nose and throat to relieve colds!

Your doctor will tell you that Mistol Drops are mild and harmless, even for children to use. They cannot irritate the delicate nose and throat membranes.

Colds are a germ infection. They usually start in the nose and throat, often spreading rapidly down into the chest where they may develop into very serious illness. Stop them *right at the spot where they start* and prevent the germs from multiplying and spreading into your system. That's what Mistol Drops do for you, at the same time bringing quick relief to sore membranes and stopped-up air passages.

Get a bottle today at any drug store.

Mistol Drops

Mistol Drops

STOP COLDS BEFORE THEY START

ALSO USE ESSENCE OF MISTOL ON HANDKERCHIEF AND PILLOW

WANT SOME EXTRA CASH?

You can have it in exchange for a little of your spare time as local subscription representative of COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. No experience or investment necessary. WRITE TODAY for particulars.

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York

I CAN'T SHUT IT OFF! THE WRENCH IS STUCK— IT'S RUSTY!
OH, IF YOU'D ONLY READ THE ADS! DON'T YOU KNOW 3-IN-ONE OIL PREVENTS RUST ON TOOLS?
NRA
3-IN-ONE OIL
IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

Household tools seldom wear out. They *rust* out! 3-in-One Oil prevents rust; lubricates better, too. Get a can or bottle and try it!

(Continued from page 51)

ness manager. The third man was Sam Bergman, a Broadway ticket broker. Bergman, according to Broadway legend, had not smiled since the day of his birth. Acting the part of a tough audience was part of his job. Broadway knew no man who could say that Bergman did not perform his job well and faithfully.

"The first-night hooey is all in," Eddie said. "Now I want you guys to give me the lowdown."

An embarrassed silence. Eddie was sardonic as he noted their reticence.

"All right, I'll start it," he said. "Tonight I've got a turkey. Shall I fold it now or is it worth some work?"

BERGMAN frowned heavily. "Your first half is O. K.," he said. "The cluck part is the finish."

"So I need a good finish," Eddie said. "What about Saturday night? Would you say it was that bad, Sam?"

"I ain't said that," Bergman protested. "You got the makings of a show. It just needs some fixing. A couple of hit tunes would help and you need one top guy for a build-up. If I was you, Eddie, I'd step in there myself. If you could maybe book a couple more weeks out of town and build everything around your hoofing, I figure you still got a good chance to bring in a tough ticket."

"I'm in sixty thousand now," Eddie said. "I can pay the freight here in Philly; but with business on the road shot the way it is now, another two weeks will cost me twenty thousand more than I've got."

"I'm only saying what you should do, Eddie," Bergman shrugged. "How you do it is your business."

A silence. Manny Stein broke it.

"I got an angle," he said. "There's a dame in this show by the name of April Knight, but that ain't her square monicker. A society editor tipped me tonight. She's spilling the story tomorrow. This gal's real name is Gloria Stewart. Her old man has got plenty of what it takes."

"So what?" Eddie demanded.

"So the kid is stage struck," Manny said. "Twenty grand is just a button to her old man. If he was promoted right he'd give it up just—"

"That's cold," Eddie interrupted. "I'm not backing this show by selling any chorus telephone numbers."

"Say, listen, her old man has already got her telephone number," Manny protested. "It ain't like as if he was a john or anything like—"

"It's cold," Eddie curtly insisted. "Drop it."

Manny sighed. His eyes were grief-stricken.

"I'm telling you something," he said. "It's wrong to kick a soft touch like that right in the kisser. What's your idea?"

"A honey," Eddie replied with sudden energy. "I'm going to book two extra weeks in Boston."

"On what?"

"On a hunch," Eddie said. "I've got a hunch you can dig that dough on Broadway, Manny. I'll give you some names. If they'll take it you can hock my future for the dough. I've got another hunch I can still get a hit out of this piece. If I'm wrong what do I lose? After all it's only money. Let's get out of here. I want to go to work."

During the next two weeks Gloria marveled at Eddie's apparently inexhaustible energy. At night he worked in the show and gradually increased the number of his assignments. At ten o'clock each morning he arrived at the theater with fresh rehearsal material which he had written while the rest of the company refreshed themselves with the hours of sleep he did not seem to need. By day he directed this new material and worked to give the entire production a dazzling speed. Once he was going through a dance routine in front of the full chorus. Again and again he stopped the number and pleaded for a faster tempo. At last he turned to the chorus and faced them with a whimsical grin.

"Listen to this, kids," he said. "This number is a weak sister. If we don't do this one faster the folks out front are going to get on to us."

They found new energy then in the refreshment of their sudden laughter. On the next rehearsal they gave him the frenzied fury of speed that he demanded.

At last the miracle happened. It was the Friday night performance of their first week in Boston. Suddenly Eddie Ryan's delicately geared machine began to function with smooth precision. The wheels Eddie had polished so carefully for two weeks all clicked into place. The comedy scenes played to solid laughter and when the audience left the theater they were whistling two new tunes. There was a feeling of electrical buoyancy in all the atmosphere of the old Boston show shop. That night the back-stage predictions of the troupers were confident and sure.

"We're in," they gleefully assured each other. "This one can't miss."

After the show Eddie was cleaning the make-up from his face when his dressing-room door opened to admit Manny Stein. Eddie masked the fear that clutched suddenly at his heart as he greeted Manny with an ironic grin.

"I've got a show now, kid," he declared. "What do I use for money to pay salaries with tomorrow?"

"Sam Bergman tipped me off to a guy by the name of Lee Reynolds," Manny said. "He's a Newark guy and a sucker for show business. He coughed up twenty grand for twenty-five per cent of the show."

Eddie was shaken suddenly with a fit of silent laughter. After a moment he stood up and patted Manny's cheek with an affectionate gesture.

"You got twenty grand from a guy in Newark," he said. "Manny, I'll give you a break. Next week how would you like to work Jersey City?"

EDDIE RYAN'S Revue was a Broadway smash. For a week after the opening he slept during the days like a man who had been drugged, awaking at night only for the time he was required to give his performance. On Monday of the second New York week he went to his office for the first time. It was late afternoon when he had cleared his desk of accumulated mail. He left his office then and went alone to sit in a seat in the last row of his darkened theater. There he closed his eyes and abandoned himself to a special delight.

Eddie had been ironically amused when he had first discovered that he loved best an empty theater. He loved its quiet and shadowed space because it was the workshop where his dreams were made to come true. Sometimes, in the peace of the working place, he would close his eyes and imagine that all the great people of the theater's glamorous past were trouping again. That afternoon he closed his eyes and summoned his perfect cast from the wings.

A staccato tapping clamored for his attention. He opened his eyes then and looked toward the stage. Gloria Stewart, clad in rehearsal costume, was working alone there. She tried a few simple syncopated-time steps and then loosened her muscles with a series of back bends. She followed these exercises with the difficult maneuver of a pull back, a wing and a half-twist routine. Eddie watched her efforts with surprised and approving eyes.

Suddenly he thrilled to the conviction that he was observing the first awkward but doggedly forward steps of a tough professional. Gloria shook her head with exasperation, stamped her feet impatiently when she failed by as much as a single beat to fit her tapping shoes perfectly to the rhythmic commands of the melody she hummed to herself. She was completely absorbed in her work, angrily intolerant of any accomplishment short of perfection.

Eddie had thought that he had forever locked his heart against another invasion by Gloria's charm, but suddenly he found that it had been opened to her again by a warm sympathy he now knew for the struggle she was willing to make in order to win the rewards to which her ambition beckoned her. He had been watching her practice work for the better part of an hour before he finally obeyed the command of his heart and spoke to her for the first time since the day he had offered April Knight a job if she could win it in fair competition.

"That isn't half bad," he called out from the shadows. "Let's see that one again."

GLORIA was startled by the sudden approach of his voice. After an uncertain pause she went back into the dance routine his speech had interrupted. When she finished she looked up to see Eddie climbing across the footlights.

"That's a tough one," Eddie said. "Watch me for a second."

She thrilled again as she saw his easy mastery of a difficult technique. After a moment he offered her his hand.

"Let's try it together," he said. "Sometimes you can feel the rhythm better that way."

For half an hour they worked on the step. She needed no spoken word to tell her that at last she had gained admittance to a jealously guarded fraternity. The vapors of misunderstanding, anger and hurt pride vanished as they joyously shared the deep communion of their absorbed attempt to master a difficult task. Eddie whistled with sudden surprise as he finally paused for a moment to glance at his watch.

"It's half-past seven," he said. "Look, you won't have time to go out for dinner. I'll send Sam out for coffee and sandwiches. We can have a bite in my dressing-room."

Coffee and cigarettes. He told her then of a new plan that was pleading with his creative energy.

"It's an intimate musical," he said. "I need a girl with a touch of class. Well, you've always had that and now you're learning to troupe. I'll get down to work on it right away. It's a natural for you. You can't miss in it."

Gloria smiled.

"Tell me something," she demanded. "Why must you do this production? Is there any rent you can't pay on a weekly profit of six thousand, two hundred and forty-one dollars and twenty-nine cents?"

Eddie's eyes were startled, wide with amazement.

"That's my profit last week to the penny," he said. "Where do you get your information?"

"I'm the man from Newark," Gloria said. "I was in a booth next to you after the opening that night in Philadelphia. Lee Reynolds is my uncle. He telephoned Bergman and arranged through him to have Manny get in touch with him."

"Was it your uncle's money?" Eddie demanded.

"No."

"Your father put it up for you?"

Gloria laughed.

"I asked him," she said. "He said I was crazy. Wouldn't give me a penny."

"Then whose money was it?"

"My own," she said. "A pearl necklace. It's worth a hundred thousand. I pawned it for twenty."

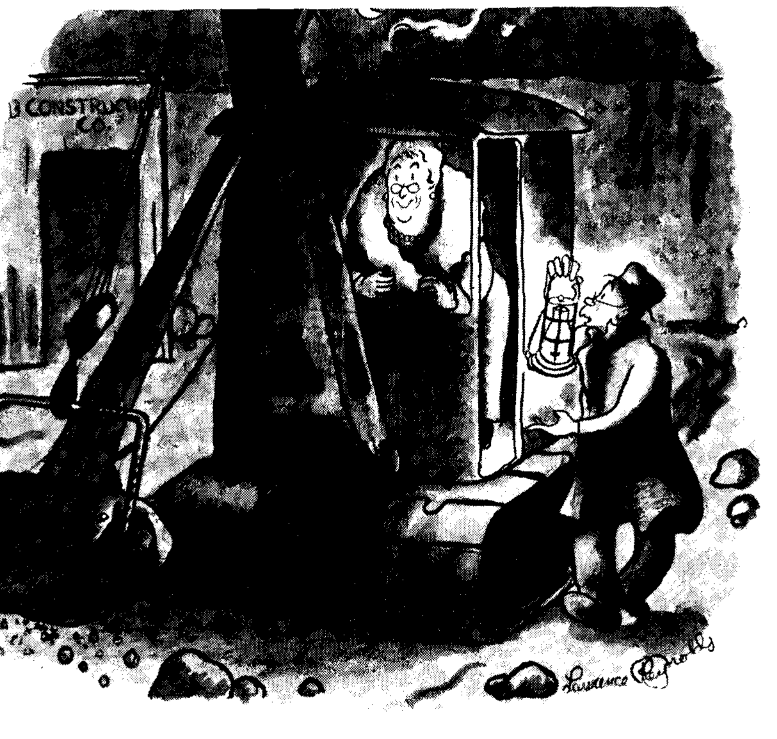
For an instant he searched her eyes for an ancient sign. He found it. A swift surrender as desire triumphed suddenly over pride. He kissed her. After a moment she broke away from him when she heard again the low note of his mocking chuckle.

"Why must you always laugh?" she wistfully demanded. "What is it now?"

"A gag again," he explained. "I'm sorry. I can't help it."

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me." He drew her to him again.

"Well, honey, you hocked the family jewels to put on a show," he said. "No doubt about it now, kid. You are a trouper."



"I can't help it, lady, if it was such a dull party you was at. I'm not supposed to let anyone fool with things"

Lawrence Reynolds

"NO TRACE OF DANDRUFF NOW," writes Maine Man

"I spent $100 on 'hair treatments,' but it took your Scalptone method to do the trick."

WATERVILLE, ME.: "I'll gamble that I have spent over $100 in 3 years on my scalp.

"I had a chronic case of dry scalp. And nothing would stop my head from itching and relieve my dandruff. At the end of every 3 days I'd have to wash my head again.

"I purchased a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and a bottle of Scalptone. Before I used up that first purchase, I noticed a great improvement. Now my scalp feels fine—no traces of dandruff whatever.

"And you've a wonderful idea about adjusting the oil in Scalptone—that certainly *sold* me." (*signed*) *Albert Roderick.*

Thanks, Mr. Roderick.

We don't promise miracles, of course. Some people who *think* they have dandruff, for example, really have more serious trouble, which needs a doctor's care.

But a lot of men have written us, like you, to say that the Scalptone method (with Packer's Tar Soap and Packer's Scalptone) is the most effective way they've found to get rid of dandruff and make their hair healthy and live-looking.

Packer's Scalptone method is simple, easy to follow. And so sensible—*it's the only treatment that you can adjust to meet the conditions of your own hair.*

Packer's SCALPTONE METHOD for Dandruff

A MINUTE A DAY KEEPS DANDRUFF AWAY

STEP

1 . . . a few minutes each week with PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP

2 . . . one minute every day with PACKER'S SCALPTONE

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture well in—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp . . . see it remove the dandruff scales . . . make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature. You add just the right amount of oil to the tonic to have your hair the way you want it. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

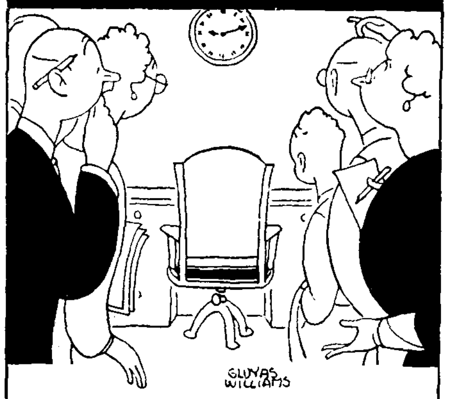
Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube

After 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. As for dandruff—well, this treatment usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied with the improvement in your hair, we'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

SERIOUS SITUATIONS



THE VACANT CHAIR

Where is meticulous Mr. Thackelberry who always enters his office precisely at one minute to nine?

SOLUTION: Mr. Thackelberry decided that the 7:55 was well worth missing for a third helping of Log Cabin Syrup and waffles. Men go for Log Cabin with its rich, North Woods flavor. A blend of Vermont maple, Canadian maple, and pure cane sugars. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin tin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

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MAGIC CASE HANDS YOU A
LIGHTED CIGARETTE

Imagine taking a light, compact, beautifully enameled case from your vest pocket. You press a magic button! A miracle happens! Automatically there is a spark ... a FLAME! *At the same time your* favorite brand of cigarette appears. Then you put the cigarette to your lips. You PUFF and SMOKE. The cigarette slides easily from the case ... delivered LIGHTED ... right to your lips.

What a revolutionary, dynamic invention! Scientists ... engineers said it couldn't be done. But we spent years in effort and a fortune in money ... and WE DID IT. Now this mechanical masterpiece is perfected ... guaranteed ... and offered to you at a price so low you'll hardly be able to believe it. We want to place a Magic Case in your hands ... for we know when you see it you'll gaze in wonder ... dumfounded ... swept off your feet. You'll never give it up.

I TOUCH A MAGIC BUTTON!
A LIGHTED CIGARETTE APPEARS!
I PUFF AND SMOKE!

15-Day Trial Offer

Mail the coupon! Just say the word and we'll give you a chance to SEE ... TRY ... this mechanical marvel. We'll send a Magic Case to you on 15 Days' Trial AT OUR RISK! And if you are interested in sharing the Big Profits that are pouring into our agents' pockets, check the coupon in the lower left-hand corner.

AGENTS
Millions in it for salesmen. The facts fairly scream Big Profits. Get trial offer

RUSH FOR TRIAL OFFER!

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4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: I'll try a Magic Case for 15 days at your risk. Tell me all about this revolutionary new invention and give me facts about your trial offer.

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Sun Babies

Continued from page 26

old gentleman with the scythe. Things like that add months to the life of a man, and these players were cheating that old gentleman terribly.

When you watch old men attempting to turn back the years by participating in sports which were patterned for far younger men the sight is usually a pathetic one, and sometimes, if it isn't a bit ludicrous, it's a bit sad. That isn't true when you watch the members of the Three Quarter Century Club. To begin with, they aren't attempting to turn back the years—they're only utilizing fully the years they have left. When you watch them you never feel sorry for them—you only feel a bit envious because they are so obviously enjoying life much more than you are. They are draining the glass of old age to the very dregs and they are finding it an exhilarating, pleasant drink.

It all started several years ago when a great number of elderly winter visitors found time hanging heavily on their hands. There were plenty of golf courses, plenty of facilities for horseback riding, deep-sea fishing, tennis and other more youthful diversions. All of these activities were fine for the youngsters but not so good for the old-timers.

"If we are to have any fun down here," the old-timers said, "we'll have to organize activities that we can enjoy. These youngsters don't want us in their clubs—and we don't want them in ours."

So they organized the Three Quarter Century Club. Some nautical-minded member told the others about a game called shuffleboard which he had once played on a transatlantic liner. As far as he knew, *the game had never been* brought ashore but there was no reason why it couldn't get rid of its sea legs and become a land game. There is a lake in the midst of the city and the civic authorities said: "Anchor your shuffleboard on the shores of Mirror Lake. The land is yours." The game was a hit from the start. They built two lanes; then four; and now there are ninety lanes of shuffleboard and they are filled, literally, from sunrise until sunset with players.

Once a year they hold a national tournament. The last one held in January attracted nearly a thousand entries from all parts of the country. It is estimated (beware—these are Chamber of Commerce figures) that there are 18,000 shuffleboard players in Florida alone. And now they have a $12,000 *clubhouse on the shores of Mirror Lake.*

Silly? Not at All

They discovered an old game which was enjoying wide popularity in Scotland—lawn bowling or bowling on the green. The club took that under its wing, built the best lawn-bowling courts in the world, and built them in what was now beginning to be known as Mirror Lake Park. To keep the youngsters away from the game they organized a lawn-bowling club and charged the members ten dollars a year. For that they could (and many did) play every day or a dozen times a day. Suddenly the club was embarrassed to find that it had $8,000 in its treasury—something on which they hadn't counted. This club had been launched with no thought of making money. They didn't know what to do with the money, so they solved their difficulty by building an $8,000 clubhouse in the park, and presenting it to the city.

Roque, which is croquet in short pants, also found a home on the shore of Mirror Lake. They saw the croquet mallet in half and they bank the course in spots to make it harder—and that's roque. In the park, too, are tables for bridge, checkers, chess, euchre, hearts and dominoes. At seven in the morning these tables are crowded with men who can't get out of the early-rising habit. The domino battles are especially hard fought.

Just silly games? Not at all. These are *all* weapons that these men are using in their fight against that old gentleman with the scythe—that old devil Father Time, who hasn't lost a decision yet.

On Sunday they call a halt and the old-timers take it easy. And what do they do on Sundays? They sing.

Sons of the Sun

It's like this: There's a long pier jutting out into Tampa Bay and at the end of the pier there is a building which houses an auditorium. Each Sunday afternoon the old-timers (and some young-timers) gather here. They form their own audience, for all who come are members of this informal chorus.

They are led by a magnetic young man named Barney Thompson. He gets up on a platform and says, "Let's sing After the Ball is Over, unless you people are too young to remember it."

So they sing After the Ball is Over, and that clever young Barney person pitches it in a low key so they can all hit it and it sounds pretty good.

But Barney stops them. "That's terrible," he scolds. "Now each of you turn to the person who is *sitting at your right and say, 'You were awful* then!'"

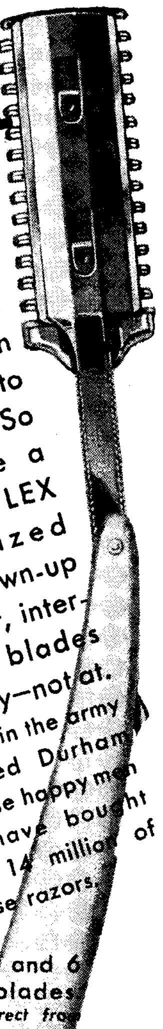
They laugh and they turn and shake hands and you hear them say to each other, "You were awful then."

Then they sing it again and this time it's swell. Sounds silly, doesn't it? That's because you've never seen it. Actually it isn't silly. It's human, and it's a little bit sad, and it's friendly and it makes you choke a little bit because you know that it's keeping their minds off the fact that they're old people who quite soon will have to travel a trackless wilderness—and have to travel it alone. And there's something rather beautiful about it, too, because they're all laughing and enjoying themselves and you're probably the only one in the auditorium conscious of the fact that they are old. Certainly they aren't conscious of it.

I wouldn't be surprised if St. Petersburg tried to copyright the sun one of these days. They call it the Sunshine City and there is a local paper which gives away copies every day that the sun doesn't shine. It's only been stuck 114 days during the past twenty-three years. They seem to think that the sun shines especially for and on St. Pete. If you come over from Miami on the east coast and if you happen to mention that Miami is enjoying lovely weather they'll raise their eyebrows and murmur, "How odd."

That sunshine is an able ally fighting on the side of those doughty Three Quarter Century Club members. They box and they play baseball and their laughter is heard in Mirror Lake Park from dawn to darkness, but every now and then you remember that they are fighting that tough opponent against whom no one ever got even a draw. The old man with the scythe is a tough baby to lick, but those old-timers of St. Pete are giving him an awful battle.

✓ PERSONAL To all Men Born in 1906 or Earlier



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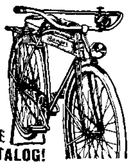

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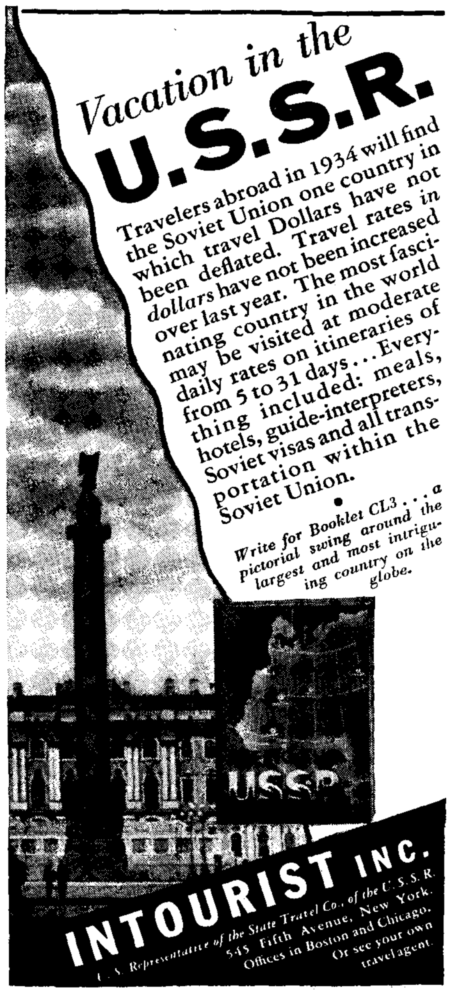

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Heat Wave

Continued from page 11

bars are wide open, of course. You don't have to know anybody, but you'd better go early unless you hunger for a little trampling, jostling, plunging and rib-slugging.

Here's one, a merry-go-round affair which revolves jerkily and with a teeter that reminds you of the side-show carrousel that used to come to the county fair for a week every August. It even has a calliope which wheezes Happy Days are Here Again and In the Sweet By-and-By, always ending suddenly and dismally off key. Happy days if you have the price. None of the barkeeps drink on duty, not because it's foreign to their habit or against the rules of the house, but, says our mixer, "You can't stand here eight hours watching this bar sail around and around with that damned barrel organ tooting, and drink too. The customers may hang on till the seats move out from under them and call it a cocktail hour, but I got to work fast. What'll you have? Give me something complicated and I'll pour it into you the next time you pass."

Here's Felix

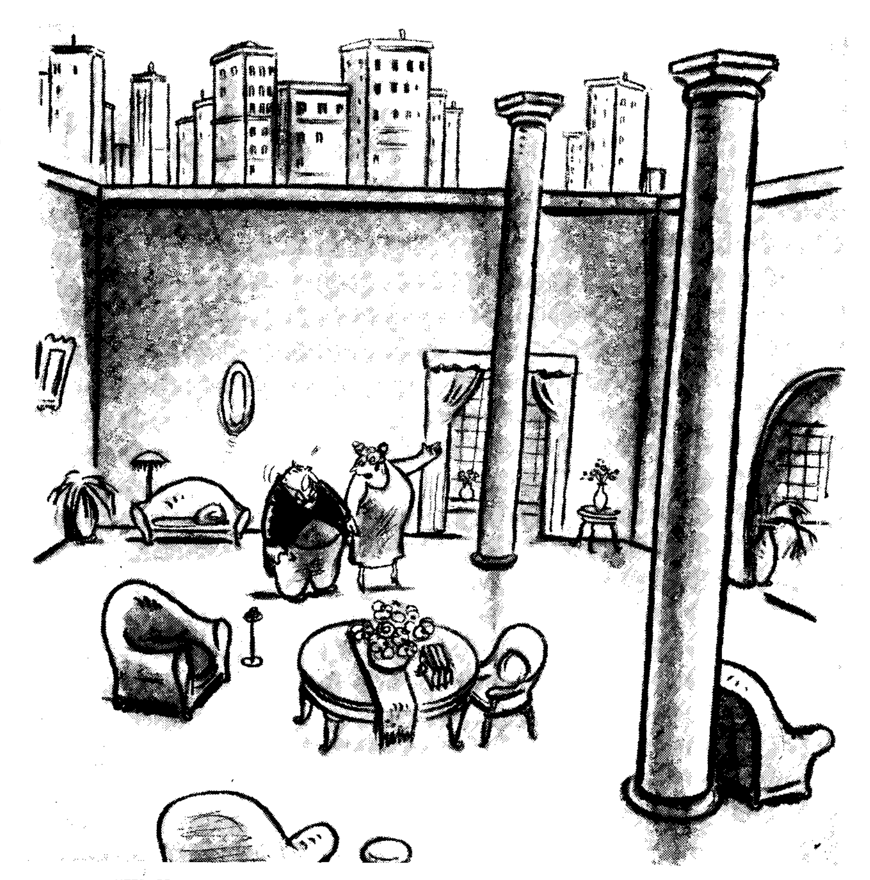
We can't stop at all of them. We have a long way to go, you know. But there's one over here you can't afford to miss. It's supposed to be the biggest of them all and quite unconsciously started something which is one of its big attractions. For such a big bar they needed a whole platoon of bartenders. But bartenders were hard to find—good ones who knew the difference between a dry martini and a sidecar. And there wasn't time to train them either. So the proprietors hired a gang of husky soda jerkers, gave them the 1934 Bartender's Guide and white aprons and told them to let go with both hands, being careful to do as little damage as possible to the bar and not to keep the customers waiting. The result was much better entertainment than most of the high-priced floor shows we shall drop in on. The boys took your order. If it sounded strange to them or meant nothing at all they looked it up in the book. Then, with one eye on the page and the other measuring, they aimed to please. Sometimes what you got wasn't all that you had expected; but you generally got a dividend, because the neophytes had yet to acquire the precise eye of the old-timers. And this was all right before the rush hours; but with a three-deep crowd—between five and seven—on the receiving side of the bar there was practically no time for research.

But now there are at least two hundred durable citizens fighting for elbow room at the bar and as many more at the tables. The noise is terrific, suggesting a Tammany Hall dinner. Naturally we're supposed to be gentlemen and give the ladies an even break, but if you are any too courteous, those girls behind you are not only going to kick you in the heels but drink your highball. We men will have to stick together here.

We should be making better progress but it would be foolish to overlook Felix's bar. The murals there are worth the stop and a few words from Felix are not to be scorned. And the liquor is pretty good too, although it is our earnest entreaty that you drink sparingly of this flood we're breasting. It is quite lethal after you've got out of the first-rate places like Felix's. But the populace is consuming it with gusto and it makes you wonder about all this depression talk you've been hearing. The simplest drinks cost you fifty cents and the stuff you buy from bottles bearing foreign labels runs up to seventy-five cents and a dollar a shot. Better follow the lead of an old campaigner and stick to beer. We'll see places where you'll lose caste calling for beer, but that's better than losing several of your vital organs. Here's Felix.

"Bars—drinking bars," says he, "are—baah. New York is right—no drink-

(Continued on page 56)



"Well, don't stand there! It's gone—go call up a detective!"

Frank Owen

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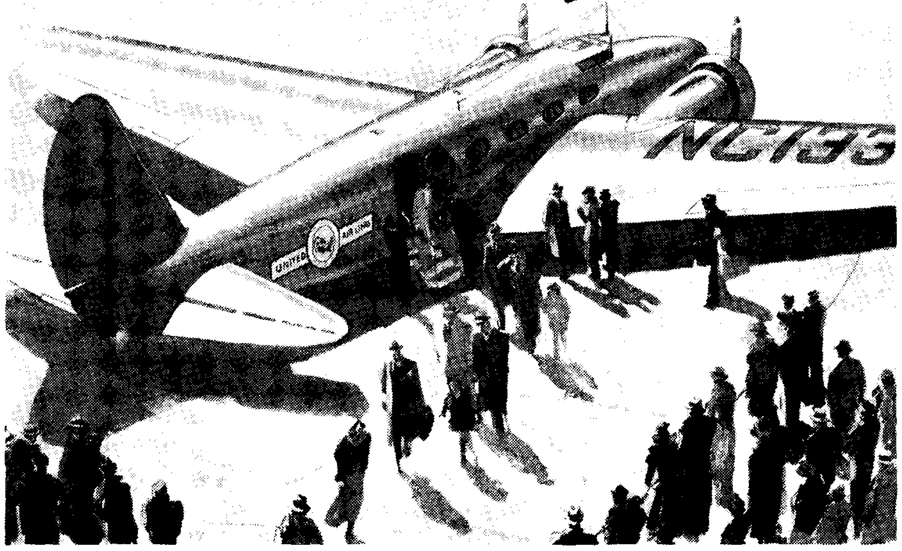

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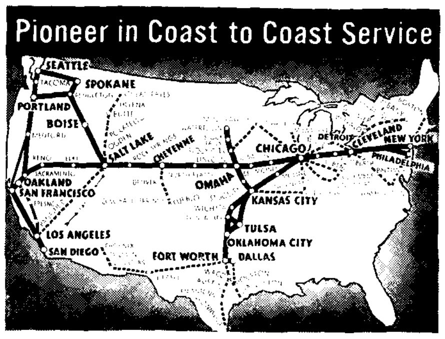

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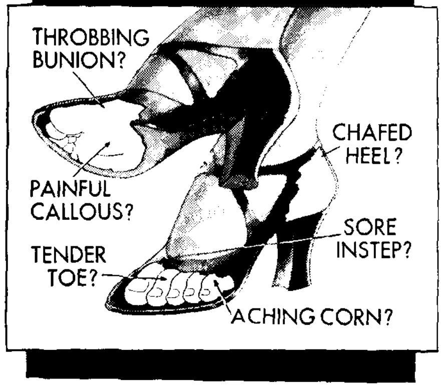
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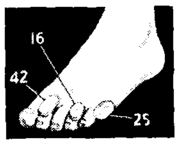
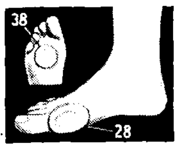


#42 for Hammer Toe
#16 for Thick Corns
#25 for Tender Joint Behind Little Toe



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(Continued from page 55)

ing at bars. Bars for men alone, maybe okay; but bars for men and women, they are no good. But how? If the man cannot bring the lady to the bar here he will go elsewhere. Money in the bar? Certainly, but it is no good. Look: A man and a lady, perhaps two ladies, stand here at my bar. Down there there are two men without ladies. They feel very badly about no ladies. The ladies here look at the gentlemen down there or the gentlemen down there look at the ladies here. So. The gentleman here with the two ladies begins to feel badly and takes perhaps two more drinks. So do the ladies and the gentlemen down there. No, my friend, New York is right. Money at the drinking bars—sure. But no peace, no peace. Two ladies, three gentlemen, six drinks, no peace."

Better Than Scab-Stripping

Yet Felix manages to maintain outward decorum at his bar and in his restaurant, as do the more elegant places like the Black Hawk, the Chez Paree, the Club Royale, the Paramount Club and similar shining dining places where such spotlight people as the Duncan Sisters, Babe Kane, Harry Richman, Vincent Lopez, Gomez and Winona, Helen Morgan and the like entertain us while we eat precious food that a poor busker would burn Chicago for. These stars are Doc Stein's gifts to Chicago's night life—these gold-standard torch singers, blues crooners, and purring dance bands that get four, five and six thousand dollars a week. For the most part the dining crowds are pretty commonplace-looking, soft-boiled, pudding-bellied, although once in a while you behold them snap out of their stuffed dullness when, say, Mae West, smiling as usual through her teeth only, saunters in. Or a gaudy major general with his band-box staff. Sit around long enough and you'll think you are reading the newspapers or the fan magazines—all sorts of celebrities, from members of the Washington Brain Trust, seeking surcease from their crushing labors, to Max Baer, who greets us by shaking hands with himself high above his head.

But they are conventional stuff, nothing particularly local about them. If we're going to see the real Chicago night we had better be getting on to such places as the Nude Eel, the Club Red Head, Number 22, the Last Round-up, the Club Rhumba, the Hogan Gals, the Howl Club, the Hot House, the Club Honey, and the Two-Bit Club. It is in these frail retreats that joy throws her shackles off and the hardy masses examine life.

Somewhere along the way we should catch up with Mr. Joe Kospar of East St. Louis, because the little clubs all know him and his two buskers. Of Miss Aster Lang you hear that she might have been a good torch "if she hadn't been left out in the rain so much." But of Mr. Eddie Elton—well, he's just another dancer who has failed to make the grade so successfully negotiated by the idol of all male buskers—Mr. Joe Frisco.

We are taken in tow in this club in South Wabash Avenue by a large, flaming lady who tells us she is our hostess. It is a new but already frowzy second-floor place whose proprietor's sister is married to the brother of a police lieutenant. The lights are very bad and ventilation entirely absent. A high-yellow band of five pieces hot-foots it around the tiny dance floor with the struggling merrymakers. Business is fine, the young woman assures us, and is going to be finer, although "If Boney can keep the dump afloat until next June, when the Fair reopens, we ought to clean up big. It used to be that every other guy was a sucker, but it's better than that these days."

"Like this hostess job?" we ask her.

"I've had bigger pains," she replies. "It's better than scab-stripping."

"Than what?"

"Scab-stripping. I was working for a guy down on the south side in the labor union racket. He would go to a guy who ran a factory that worked girls only and sell him protection. If the factory guy didn't come across with the dough—say a couple hundred a week—we would get a bunch of colored girls and stick up his help as they come to work and rip their clothes off. We'd send them in to him naked. When this guy I worked for was knocked off one night I quit."

When we prepared to move on we asked the lady to come with us but she refused, saying that Boney, the manager, would think she was taking his customers away and "you can't argue about anything with Boney because he don't like arguments.

"He just takes it for granted that anybody who tries to explain something's been double-crossing him and he is awful touchy about that," said she. "But stop in at ——" giving us an address "and ask Fingy, the manager, to show you what they've got."

Fingy apparently didn't mind arguments. He was having a torrid one with a fat man with a droopy left eye.

"I won't have no fan dancers before half past two and maybe three, if any," Fingy was telling the fat man. "I don't care if it's only a tennis racket she uses, fan dances don't get nowhere these days before half past two in the morning, and maybe three."

"Listen," said Bat Eye, "this gal don't use no fan. The only fans she's got is the guys who see her work. Does she work now or don't she work at all?"

"That's an idea," said Fingy. "She don't work at all—here."

"Oh, yeah," sneered Bat Eye. "Listen, guy, do you know—?"

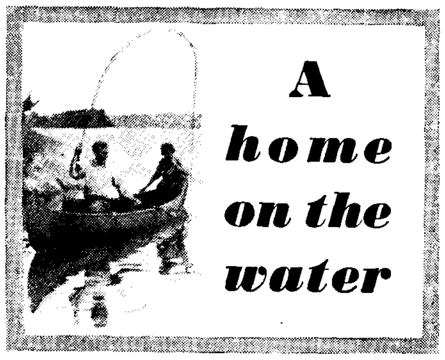
"And if I do, what?" said Fingy, moving away. "Go bite yourself. I got to talk to a couple customers."

The Busker Took the Rap

So there was no such nude nonsense at Fingy's at that early hour, although we learned several interesting things before we moved on. The buskers had threatened to be quite a nuisance, Fingy said. They would come in and without taking off their coats ask to be given a chance to sing or dance or whatever it was they did. Why, Fingy had demanded at first, should he permit a bunch of punk vaudeville throw-aways to come into his place and take money that he himself could use?

However, the customers had demanded entertainment—good strong stuff that hit you in the brisket and rolled you; none of this hifalutin revue stuff the big floor shows handed out. Girl stuff and no silver-spangled camouflage. And when torch songs were sung they wanted honest words and none of this equivocal tripe that the lily-livered snickered over in the lake-front places.

So the buskers were given their chance—and took all the chances. If the show got so raw that the authorities simply had to do something about it, the poor busker had to take what is generally known as the rap. The proprietor would tell the police that nobody was quite as shocked as he had been and that several months on the stone pile was all too good for such shameless hussies. The unhappy buskers—in particular the girls—were forever in a nasty situation because if they didn't take extreme chances they would not be permitted to perform, and if they did



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they were in some danger of being hauled off to the nearest lockup.

The life became all the more complicated by the entry of cheap racketeers who took over the management of the girls, making war on competitors and compelling the more reluctant clubs to give them the floor. And a girl was never sure when she might acquire one of these managers. She was told that from then on the tough gentleman at whom she was looking and to whom she was listening would look after her professional affairs. If she demurred, advancing the theory that she was doing pretty well on her own, she was informed that she was terribly mistaken and that no one was going to let her on no floor without a manager, and particularly this manager. So what? After a few buskers were taken for rides the survivors capitulated.

Working on the Customer

The life became pretty severe. If a club manager's patrons announced themselves weary of the same old show week in and out he was compelled to explain that, inasmuch as he had a lot of money invested in his establishment, he could not very well endanger it by offending the racketeer whose floor show he had. If he requested the racketeer to take his show off, that tough gentleman was quite apt to do it but also to return on the early morrow and hurl a large and violent pineapple through the window.

At first when the buskers went free-lancing around, singing and dancing for whatever was thrown to them, the managements of the clubs took fifty per cent of everything over a dollar. When the racketeers muscled into the business the proprietors were not counted or cut in until the contributions amounted to five dollars. They got half of everything over five dollars, unless the crowd became unusually enthusiastic and threw in as much as ten dollars. After that the proprietor's share fell to twenty-five per cent. Of course there are other arrangements but this appears to be the custom. It was all quite clear until you tried to find out what the unhappy busker got. Certainly the busker got no more than was coming to her and had to be pretty agile to be certain of that much.

The crowds, as I gather it, are loosest between two and four in the morning. A really enterprising place goes to work on the customer in earnest about two o'clock. It is then that the hostesses, who get a percentage of all the income from liquor bought at their tables over five or ten dollars' worth, exhibit their broadest talents. By that hour any gentleman who is out truly to enjoy himself should be most amenable to the hostess' exhortations to liberality and generosity. Thus pressed, the male guest is likely to hurl dollars where once he threw dimes, and as the show rises in temperature the money rolls in.

Some of the bigger clubs in this circuit will pay a reasonable salary to a torch singer whose name may glitter above the door, but the chorus that supports her must depend largely upon the crowd's liberality.

"You can't dance with the chorus," explained one proprietor, "because the chorus gals can't be bothered getting dressed and undressed all the time. The gals don't like to dance with the guests in their dancing costumes because they are liable to catch cold and, besides, it is very uncomfortable, they say. That's why I made up that sign there."

He nodded to a card over the bar. It had it: "Gentlemen will not go out on the floor after the girls, and anybody else who tries it is going to get in trouble."

"But you can dance with the hostesses," he said. "That's what they're here for—for gents out alone for an evening's sociable entertainment and a few drinks."

Out on the dance floor (about big enough for an honest dog fight but no more) there was quite a commotion. One of the hostesses, a small, plumpish girl, had let her middle-aged partner do just what he had been threatening to do for some time. She had been holding him up by her hands under his armpits. He was a big man, a two-hundred pounder, with most of his bulk between his chest and his hips. She had finally given up the unequal struggle and let him flop.

They were hoisting him to his feet, blubbering, and dusting him off. It happened that he was a steady customer, a good spender, so the girl was getting a nasty cursing. She was a little hysterical and wanted to know what the hell they thought she was: A truck? Anyway she was sent down. That means that she might not work in this club for a week and the word would be passed along to other club proprietors that she was not to be hired. This frightened her a little because her income is from tips alone and like most of the girls she is never more than a dollar or two ahead of no money at all. The gentleman insisted on dancing with another hostess. This one, a cast-iron amazon, took him. But I'd hate to have a woman look at me as she looked at him.

It would have been different had he been a stranger whose finances were approaching the vanishing point. These people always seem to know just about how much money you have, it being one of the duties of the hostess to find out. If he had been a punk, one of the dour gentlemen who sit against the wall (they drink sparingly and never have to pay for it) would have sauntered out and given him a swift, one-syllable lecture on customs and manners and, if he didn't seem properly impressed, hurled him into the street with warnings and a broken nose.

"Drop in again, sometime, gentlemen," said the proprietor as we were putting on our overcoats. "I'm running a nice place here and I want a nice patronage. Have a shot with me before you move on."

Joe Kospar Speaks

We shook our heads, pointing to the crowded bar, where among other lively sights we beheld two girls mauling each other.

"In my office, I mean," he said. "I been noticing that you gents weren't hitting anything hard. Listen," he said when he had closed the office door, "What you guys looking for? Oh, yeah? Well, this is all on the up and up, see. Some of us ain't got no license, just a permit. I pay two hundred and fifty for the permit and I got to be nice if anybody big drops in. No, I ain't saying a thing. I pay two-fifty to begin with and somebody else can tell you who gets it. The two-fifty is for the permit and maybe I slip a couple hundred to the ward organization and maybe two-fifty if business is good. You needn't be afraid of this stuff. I drink this stuff myself. Drop in again sometime and bring the wife."

In Twenty-second Street we caught up with Mr. Joe Kospar of East St. Louis but things were not going well with him, Miss Aster Lang and Mr. Eddie Elton. He hadn't been able to sell either of them to anybody for any price. Mr. Elton had passed out and was sleeping—head loosely back, mouth open. He needed teeth.

"Amateurs," said Mr. Kospar gloom-

(Continued on page 58)

DUNLAP

America's Smartest Hats

A man wearing two hats at one time would look ridiculous—but scarcely more so than a man who wears one hat on all occasions.

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"Is yours the DUNLAP, sir?"

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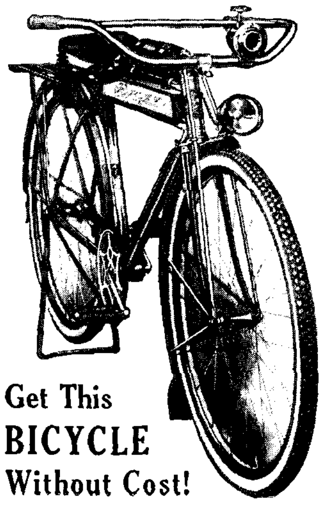
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I CAN'T, GIRLS. MY EYES ARE A PERFECT SIGHT FROM CRYING!

30 MINUTES LATER!
JUST LOOK AT CLARA NOW! IT'S LUCKY FOR HER I KNEW HOW QUICKLY MURINE CLEARS UP BLOODSHOT EYES.
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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

ily. "That's the trouble with the profession—amateurs. A few years ago a performer (paff-ormer) was a performer. Singing and dancing was a profession and those who were in it did it. But it's got so that any gal who can dance enough to keep from getting walked on by the next gal can get in a chorus or even do a single, provided she ain't got no pride. Look at that boy over there."

A tall youth with hollow cheeks was sitting at a table juggling a knife, fork, spoon and a plate. A dozen men and women had left the bar to watch and applaud. One of them handed him a highball. He drank it with his left hand, keeping up his juggling with his right. But the head waiter plowed through and yanked the young fellow to his feet.

"Listen, you," he said. "Outside. Beat it. Didn't we tell you you can't do no stuff in here? On your way. We got our own show."

They threw his overcoat after him as he stumbled through the door. Mr. Kospar explained.

"A professional," he said. "Working for flop money, maybe. The show privileges here are owned by a friend of West Side Jack Barry. There ain't a gal in that chorus who's ever been a professional before repeal. Just kids they picked up and had some hop-headed professional train. It's easier that way; you don't run up against professional pride. A professional performer wouldn't stand for it. Got too much pride."

Miss Aster Lang sniffed.

We moved on to a larger club. It was three o'clock in the morning but the place was crowded. A massive doorman ushered us in. Every table was taken.

"That's okay," he said. "For anybody who looks okay we make room. Wait a minute and I'll get rid of a few undesirables."

"Have any trouble picking them out?" we asked, looking over the swaying mob.

"Don't have to," he grinned. "Our gals put the finger on them and I hand 'em their hats."

The waiter asked us whether we had noticed the quartette that had just vacated our table.

"Gover'ment," he said softly. "Dicks."

"Looking for kidnappers?" we asked.

"I don't know what they're looking for," he said. "But they been in before. Anybody could tell them."

"Maybe the government wants to know how repeal is working."

"I don't know what they're looking for," he repeated. "But they're gover'ment. Anybody could tell them. What'll you have? The kitchen's closed."

The Drunk-Trick

It was almost five o'clock when we dropped in at Benny's where, two nights before, a busker had been shot through the abdomen because he had persisted. Mr. Kospar told us about it.

"They know who did it," said Mr. Kospar. "But what the hell. A busker. The guy who did it was run out of St. Louis. He bust the wrong knee one night."

"He what?"

"Bust the wrong knee," said Mr. Kospar. "He was working for a contractor. I know it was him, all right, from the description I hear. Him and his brother worked for this contractor together. This contractor was in the beer business. If there was somebody he didn't want around bothering him he would tell this guy who did the shooting at Benny's and this guy and his brother would slug whoever it was their boss said. Then while he was laying on the ground, before he come to, they would smash his knee caps with a lead pipe. But one night he bust the wrong knee. The guy had influence."

"And what became of his brother?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Kospar, "but if you was to bet he was dead you wouldn't be throwing your dough away much."

We didn't ask Benny about it, thinking it might be wiser. We got there just before the place closed. Daybreak was just around the clock a bit and Benny's was all but deserted. A few of the lights still burned. Some were out, others smashed. The tablecloths were wet and discolored. Chairs were tossed about, some overturned. Strips of paper and cloth and three or four hats lay straggling on the dance floor. Two waiters sat at a corner keeping what they call the drunk-trick (waiting to serve early morning drunks). One was asleep. The other drummed the table listlessly with a fork. His hands were dirty.

Benny and a bartender were leaning backward against the bar, their arms folded, listening to the police calls on the radio.

"On Your Toes, Baby"

Benny and the bartender paid no attention to us (nor to each other) when we joined them at the bar. As our eyes became focussed in the gloom we saw a girl asleep on the divan in the rear of the reeking room. She was half sitting, propped up in a corner. A singing hostess—and a very young one.

Her cheap, spangled dress was ripped halfway down the side. Her make-up had run. Somebody had drawn a heart on her forehead with a lipstick. An obscene notice, printed on a menu card, had been pinned on the wall above her head. She was probably a little drunk but also half dead with weariness. One arm and one leg dangled limply off the divan. We went over because we wanted to see whether she was breathing. Benny and the bartender continued to ignore everything but the police calls.

Neither did they pay any attention to a square-faced man who came in and, without a word, went behind the bar and poured himself a murderous drink of rye. He was about forty-five, wore yellow gloves, a camel's-hair coat with a tied belt and a derby hat. The waiter who was awake stood up nervously and nudged his sleeping partner with the back of his hand.

"Looking for somebody?" the stranger asked us genially.

"No."

"You come to the right place," he said.

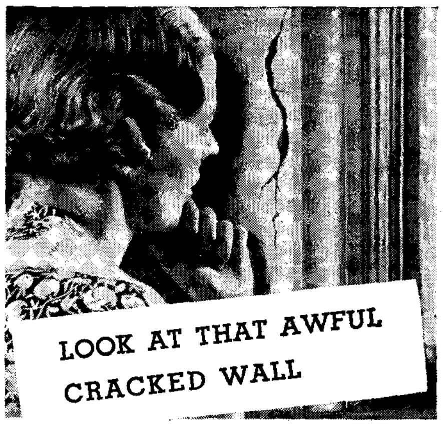
Without a word to Benny and the bartender he walked lightly to the sleeping girl in the corner and slapped her smartly in the face. He smiled as he did it. Her head rolled and her eyelids quivered, but she was too far gone.

"Snap into it, baby," he shouted.

He slapped her again, harder this time, and she whimpered sleepily. Benny and the bartender didn't look. They heard nothing but the police calls. The girl's eyes were open now. She looked at the man vaguely, slowly recognizing him, and made little instinctive tidying motions, pulling herself together. She mewed a little but we couldn't tell what she was trying to say. He slapped her again, so hard that her eyes closed for a moment, although she didn't shrink back or cower.

"On your toes, baby," he cried, still smiling. "Get into your coat and come with papa. You're seeing a big girl-show guy at nine and you got to be pretty. On your toes."

He hit her again as she got to her feet. She cried but didn't say anything. Then she got into her coat and went out with him.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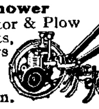

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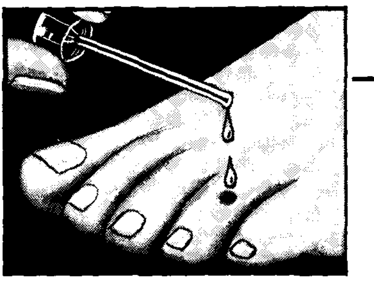

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If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 9

"I won't break down," she said.

At the door of her house on East Sixty-third Street they parted.

"You're sweet to want to dine with me, Uncle," she said, "but you're worn out. You need rest more than I do."

Old Coghlan smiled knowingly.

"Is it all solicitude for the venerable uncle?" he asked. "Or is your brilliant counsel coming to dine?"

She had that lovely satin skin that rarely colors. But now its tone of creamy ivory was faintly stained.

"He's not coming to dine but he'll be in later," she said.

"Having saved the lady, he comes for his reward?" smiled Buell. "Well, don't withhold it, my child. Don't let anything interfere with happiness. You made a mistake four years ago. Ames swept you off your feet. You couldn't be blamed for that; there were few men more attractive than John. But he was, as we both know, a scoundrel. I know that only pride kept you from divorcing him within a year. Now, I suppose you feel that you treated Forman pretty shabbily in jilting him. But that's over; that's done. The man loves you. I think you love him. Do you?"

HER gray eyes looked bewildered. "I ought to be able to answer that, but I'm not. I did love him once, or thought I did. Then John—but Carl has been so fine since. And through these last months—what he's done for me—love him? I think I must."

Buell's smile grew broader.

"I think you do, my dear."

She crossed the sidewalk; a gaping crowd stared at her. How long would it be before necks cease craning, before people forgot that she had been one of the principals in a murder trial? Would she ever feel that she had privacy?

She went through the door held open for her by Johnson, the butler. The man tried to speak, but his voice choked and tears flowed from his eyes. As he closed the door behind her, shutting out the morbidly curious, it seemed to her that he shut out all the horror of the past half year. Here was home, the home which had been denied to her since her arrest six months ago. But it was as though she had left it only yesterday. There was Mary: Since she was a little girl she had eaten food prepared by Mary. There was Nora, the parlor maid. There was Olga, the kitchen maid. There was her own maid, Jennie, and behind her were two housemaids, Minnie and Lizzie. Frank, the footman, beamed upon her, and here, crowding through the others to mutter incoherences, was Tom, her chauffeur. Tomorrow they would again be her servants, but this afternoon they were her friends, they were the people who loved her, who had known her, most of them, since she was a child. The men wrung her hands and the women kissed her. Tears and hysterical laughter were evidences of their joy and devotion. And finally she broke through them and reached her bedroom on the second floor.

She went into the bathroom and turned on water in the tub; she shook bath salts into the water. Then she returned to her bedroom and divested herself of clothing. She lay for twenty minutes in the steamy water. There were contacts that might never be erased, but soapy immersion would make their memory dimmer.

But at last she sat before the mirror in her bedroom, clad only in negligee. She glanced at her clock; it was six-thirty; she would dine peacefully here at eight; at nine-thirty Forman would call. The faintest smile curved her lips as she contemplated his visit. She knew how he felt, knew how he had always felt. How cruelly she had used him. But he had forgotten that cruelty. And she would make up to him for the injury she had done him in marrying John Ames.

Her uncle had asked if she loved him. She had been able to find no certain answer to the question. For what was love? Was it the fiery thing she had given to John Ames which had blazed for a brief month and then turned to ashes? That blaze could never be rekindled for any man. But what she had for Forman was something deeper, something truer, something more permanent. Oh, she would be very sweet to Carl. He had been loyal, steadfast, and his love for her had never wavered.

Did she love him? She shook her head doubtfully. But certainly her affection for him was greater than for anyone in the world. If it was not love it would prove a most acceptable substitute.

She stretched herself upon a day-bed but not to sleep. Eyes half closed, relaxed as she had not been for many months, she contemplated her future.

They would be married shortly, would go abroad. Or perhaps Uncle Coghlan would lend them the Terrier. That would be even better. They could pick the yacht up at Miami and cruise the tropic seas. She felt a faint flush steal over her.

At eight, still in negligee, she dined. She permitted herself one glass of wine. Champagne brought a hint of color to her cheeks and deepened the sparkle in her eyes. At nine-fifteen she was dressed. If she needed other assurance than the testimony of her mirror, the exclamations of Jennie gave that assurance. And at nine-thirty she entered the drawing-room downstairs, where Forman, always punctual, awaited her.

Tall, blond, well-built, he was the perfect masculine foil to her feminine self. Lips slightly parted, she stepped into the room. A yard from him she paused.

"What does the rescued lady say to the gallant knight who has saved her?" she asked.

SHE stood there, hands at her sides, posed as simply as a child. Forman felt his nails dig into his palms. In all the world there was no woman as beautiful as this girl. At least, for him there never had been nor ever would be anyone as lovely. He stared at her, drinking in each lovely line. Then he stepped forward, his arms went about her, and his lips were crushed to hers. He felt her body grow taut, then she relaxed in the abandonment of giving. The fragrance of her was heady, and the glory of her was thrilling. Minutes he held her before he released her and led her to a couch.

"The last time I kissed you was four years ago," he reminded her.

"I've not forgotten," she told him.

"For four years I've carried the memory of that kiss. I'll carry the memory of this one for the rest of my life," he said.

Her straight brows arched questioningly.

"Won't this be forgotten in others?" she asked.

"There won't be any others," he replied.

She stared at him uncomprehendingly. Her laugh was uncertain.

"Rose, why did you kill him?" he asked. "You didn't have to do that.

(Continued on page 60)

I WAS AFRAID I'D MISS THIS DANCE...BUT VICKS VAPORUB BROKE UP MY COLD BEAUTIFULLY.
AND NOW REMEMBER TO GET VICKS NOSE DROPS... THEY'RE A GREAT HELP IN PREVENTING COLDS.

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A TRUE STORY

By A FATHER

who asked the doctor what to do for his children

MOST of these true stories you've been reading have been by mothers. Well, here's one by a father, proving that fathers, too, some times may be worth having around the house.

Mr. Roger Clifton Dickey, of Salem, New Hampshire, is a well-known author of magazine stories.

"I'm the proudest daddy in the world with my two splendid children," he writes. "Carol Ann is nine, and she's a mighty sweet girl, too. Herbert Clifton (Buddie) is four, with a hundred percent grin.

"Three years ago, when Carol was in the second grade, she brought home a note from the school nurse which had us all worried. Her grades in school were not too good, and she was under weight. Naturally, we took her right to the doctor, who summed up all the trouble in two words, 'improper elimination.'

"Of course, we had been using Nujol off and on for many years, *but from that day on we have never been without it.*

"Carol is a very different girl now, and a few days ago she brought home another note from the school nurse. This one read, 'There has been a fine, consistent gain in Carol's weight.' When she passed from the third to the fourth grade, she got eleven A's out of twelve studies, and she got A for the entire year in health! I think that's a splendid record, don't you?

"So far as Bud is concerned, he started taking Nujol as soon as Carol did. He was only a year old at the time, and of course nature did the rest. He started off right, and he's been splendid ever since. You might call him a preventive rather than a curative case, for Bud is a walking advertisement for Nujol.

"Here are a couple of pictures of my children. I am glad to allow you to publish them, because maybe some other father may see this letter and discover something in it that will help his kids to be well and strong too."

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You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my extra large mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've known in months.
Take one of my plump, meaty late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

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But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new, large, late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so plump and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

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My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 extra large mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a fillet, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $3.00 within 10 days.*

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(Continued from page 59)

There was divorce, wasn't there? In the name of God why did you have to do murder?"

"Are you completely mad?" she asked.

"I think I must be," he said. "To want to kiss a woman who I know has killed her husband is proof enough of madness, isn't it? And to love such a woman, a woman who in coldest blood shot down the man whose name she bore—to love her is not to be merely mad; it's to be utterly insane. Madness is a thing of a moment, but insanity is a thing that lasts."

Even her lips were white now.

"You dare to believe that I—killed John?"

"Believe it? I've known it from the beginning. Just as I've known I loved you, that I can't help loving you even while I despise you."

"You're completely serious?"

"It would be a poor effort at humor, wouldn't it?"

Color surged back into her face, staining her throat and bosom.

"Then why—why did you kiss me just now?"

"Because I thought that touching you, holding you, kissing you, when I know you for the murderess you are, would cure me."

"And has it?" she asked quietly.

"I never will be cured," he said. "But I'll never see you again."

"And the evidence whose presentation convinced a jury, and a judge, and the newspapers, and the public, did not convince you?"

He had regained self-control now.

"It fooled me, my dear, no more than it fooled you."

"I think you'd better go," she said.

"I think so," he replied.

SENATOR BRANCH stared at his caller.

"But I don't get the point, Coghlan," he said. "Mrs. Ames was found not guilty by a jury of her peers. No one can go back of that verdict, no vindication can be more complete."

"Except the conviction of the real murderer," said old Buell.

"But, my dear fellow, if Mrs. Ames did not kill her husband, then he must have killed himself; there were only two possibilities, as was amply demonstrated at the trial. Ames was found dead in his own bedroom. The only unlocked exit from the bedroom, save the open door to the bath, was the door to the sitting-room which adjoined Mrs. Ames' bedroom. Mrs. Ames was in the sitting-room when she heard the shot that killed her husband. Her own testimony is conclusive proof that Ames must have killed himself. The gun was lying beside him, the medical testimony said that the wound could have been self-inflicted. If it wasn't self-inflicted, who else could have committed the crime? Your niece stated that she neither saw nor heard anyone else in Ames' bedroom. And now you say that she wants to find the real murderer. But isn't she convinced that it was suicide? At the trial she stated her belief in the suicide theory; the jury accepted that theory, as did the press and public. There *couldn't* have been a third person."

Old Buell mopped his forehead with a great square of linen.

"I know it. Ames killed himself. But Rose seems now to have some doubt of that. You know what women are like. Ames was a blackguard, but after all he was her husband."

The senator frowned.

"But I thought they were all washed up shortly after the marriage. I had an idea—I don't know where I got it—that she and young Forman—and there's a brilliant attorney—would carry on an earlier romance."

"I had the same idea," said Buell. "I rather hoped for it. They're made for each other. But it seems to have gone up in smoke somehow. And now Rose comes to me and wants me to engage the best detective possible to find out who killed Ames."

"But it's ridiculous," said Branch. "If Ames didn't kill himself then his wife shot him. That's brutal, but it sums up the situation. Now, we both know she didn't kill him. So there's only one answer."

"I've explained that to my niece twenty times," sighed old Buell. "But she won't take it. So I've come to you, my lawyers, to get your aid."

"Why doesn't she go to Forman?" protested Branch. "We aren't criminal lawyers."

"No more is Forman. But anyway, something's gone wrong there, and she won't listen to my suggestion that she let him engage someone. Who's the best detective in New York?"

Senator Branch leaned back in his swivel chair. He locked both thumbs in the armholes of the white waistcoat that he wore as concession to the sartorial dreams of a poverty-stricken youth of half a century ago.

"Funny you should ask me that. I don't suppose I know a single detective in the city. I mean, in a business way. I've met Greening and a few like him at political gatherings. But my own impression is that aside from furnishing night watchmen, or getting divorce evidence, or providing strike breakers, private detection simply doesn't exist. But three nights ago, at dinner, some of us were talking about the exploits of Sherlock Holmes, and I told them that there was a man in New York who had done things, not as fantastic, but as brilliant as anything that Conan Doyle's hero had ever accomplished.

"I know of one case where, seventy-two hours after the nude body of a woman was discovered in a woods in Jersey, he identified her. Fifty yards from the body he found a button. That was his only clue. Six months ago, I happen to know, four men were arrested in a Connecticut town. They had planned to assassinate the governor of one of the Eastern states. And they'd have done it but that this man tipped off the police. He's a newspaperman, a very brilliant and very drunken reporter on the Leader. If there's any man in New York who could solve the mystery of John Ames' murder—if it was a murder—Sam Kernochan is the man."

Coghlan Buell nodded.

"Name's familiar. Where have I seen it?"

The senator grinned.

"Probably in the Leader, you dithering old dodo."

"Ditto to you, you senile fossil," said Buell. "But will this man take private cases?"

"We could find out in a couple of minutes," said Branch. "Only I think your niece is perfectly mad."

"So do I, but what's that to do with it? I'm just her uncle and have to do as she says."

"Lucky for you she isn't your daughter. She'd make a bigger jackass of you. But it's bad business, Coggie. After all, she got a verdict of acquittal. The whole country is with her. Nobody doubts her innocence; the world is convinced that Ames killed himself. Why not let it ride?"

"That's what I said, but she won't. Can you get hold of this Kernochan fellow? And will he keep his mouth shut about our wishes—Rose's wishes—if he doesn't want to help her?"

"I know the publisher of the Leader very well. You must know him, Fred Bowman. He'll respect a confidence and if he says we can trust Kernochan then we can." He pressed a button and spoke into the receiver. "Get Mr. Bowman of the Leader on the phone for me," he said into the office telephone.

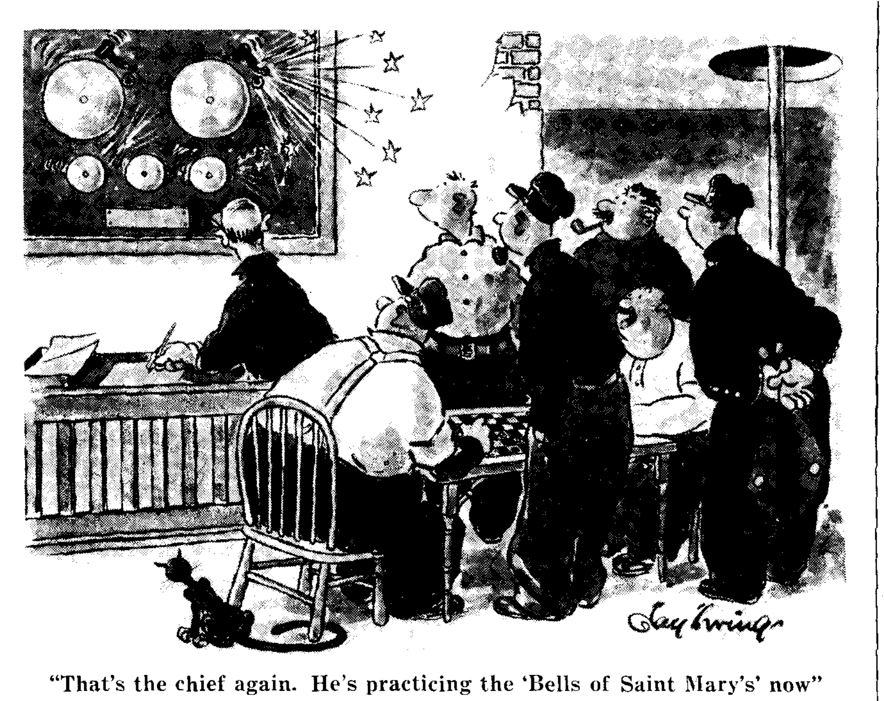
A MOMENT later he was speaking to the publisher of the Leader. In a few words he explained the purpose of his call, then he listened for fully two minutes.

"Much obliged," he said at length. "I hardly think we'll want him under the circumstances. Much obliged to you. Goodby."

He turned, with a queer grin on his face, to his caller.

"I don't think Kernochan's the man we want," he said. "He's apparently the one man in New York who is convinced that your niece killed her husband. He returned to the Leader office after the verdict was rendered, and ranted and raved about the farce of murder trials where a pretty woman is concerned. He wrote the kind of a story the Leader was glad to print, but after it was written he staged quite a scene in the office.

"He apparently wanted the Leader to blast the jury and the judge. He said that if the publisher had any courage at all the Leader would denounce the court that dared acquit a murderess. He said that Bowman is so afraid of libel suits and contempt proceedings that any



"That's the chief again. He's practicing the 'Bells of Saint Mary's' now"

Jay Irving

writer on the paper was handcuffed. He was quite definitely drunk and when Bowman heard his noise and came out to make inquiry, young Kernochan denounced him bitterly as a sniveling, truckling, time-serving rat. Bowman is still heated up about it. He fired Kernochan and says that he doubts if any other paper will take him on, so unreliable has he become. Bowman says he hears the young man is drinking himself into delirium tremens at a favorite hang-out near police headquarters. Too bad. A very brilliant young man, but not the young man you want."

"I think he'd be the very man," said old Coghlan.

"But he believes in your niece's guilt," protested Senator Branch.

"Then evidence that would convince him would convince the world," said Buell, with a sapience far beyond his usual mental level.

"If there *is* any evidence," objected Branch. "But there can't be. And if you set this man to work, and he found no evidence, the very fact that he didn't find any, and that you engaged him—well, you can see," he finished lamely.

"Bowman say anything about his character? Will he keep a confidence?"

"Oh, yes," replied Branch. "Said he was sorry for him. An absolutely honorable and straightforward chap. But a wild drinker and never has seemed to realize that a newspaper is a business institution. He thinks a newspaper should be the sword of God."

"It should be. Where is this hang-out of Kernochan?"

"DID you see Senator Branch, Uncle Coggie?" asked the girl.

Buell frowned.

"I saw him. He thinks your idea is all wrong. The world is convinced of your innocence. It's convinced that John killed himself. You're convinced of that, aren't you?"

"I was," she replied slowly, "until after the trial. I'm still convinced of it, I suppose. But if there's any chance in the world that John didn't kill himself, that he was murdered, I want it proved."

"It's all over now," said Buell. "Revenge isn't worth while. The agony of going through another trial—granting you found evidence that someone killed John—it isn't worth it."

"It isn't for revenge; it isn't to punish someone. It's to prove I'm innocent."

"But, my darling child, it's *been* proved."

"Not to Carl," she said.

"What do you mean?" cried her uncle.

"I mean that Carl told me the night of the verdict that I was guilty and that he knew it and that he never wanted to see me again." She lifted a hand. "Now don't dash off and horsewhip him, Uncle Coggie. He defended me and won me an acquittal. If he thinks I'm guilty—that's his affair. Don't try to make it yours. But help me to find someone who'll convince him that the jury was right."

"You love him that much?" asked Buell.

She moved slightly the sweetest pair of shoulders in New York.

"Or hate him that much. Does it matter? Couldn't Senator Branch suggest *anyone?*"

"He said there were no private detectives worthy of the name. The only person he thought had real detective genius was a drunken reporter, recently discharged from the Leader. And he is not the man for the case."

"Why not?" she asked.

"He agrees with Carl," said her uncle softly. "In fact, he was discharged from the Leader because he made a scene because the paper would not denounce the verdict. But that didn't stop me. I thought that a man convinced of your guilt would be the very man to dig up evidence. For evidence that he discovered would have to be real and that's what you want. So I went to the resort where he spends most of his time. He had reached that stage of drunkenness where his speech is very clear. Some men are like that. His mind is probably as keen as it ever was in his life. That, too, frequently comes before the breakdown with men of his type. He listened to me very courteously, and said that he was flattered at my confidence in his ability. But he said that if he took the case he was convinced he would merely prove more conclusively to himself that you killed John. And he further said that if he did manage to get further evidence against you he would find some paper in New York with courage enough to print that evidence. So, of course, he's not the man for you."

"Why isn't he?" she countered. "You haven't any doubt, have you, Uncle?"

Old Coghlan gasped.

"God forbid, my child. You're as innocent—well, as I am."

"Then why be afraid of any investigation? Why fear that this man Kernochan can find any facts that would reflect on me? Uncle, I want him engaged. My God, do you know what it's like to realize that the man who has loved you for seven years suddenly thinks you're wicked? I think I love Carl. Certainly I was ready to marry him. More than ready; eager. And he—tells me that he has got an acquittal for a guilty person. Uncle, I must prove to him that I didn't do it. Is this Kernochan the best man for this sort of thing?"

"Branch says he's a genius. Bowman, the publisher of the Leader, says the same thing."

She looked at her uncle, smiling faintly.

"Where does Mr. Kernochan do his drinking?" she asked.

"You want to see him?"

"Tonight. Now," she said.

Old Coghlan shook his head.

"Let's talk this thing out, my dear. After all, I know other lawyers. Branch isn't the only man who can advise us. Another of my lawyer friends might happen to know detectives. The fact that Branch doesn't think highly of them as a class doesn't mean anything. Nor does the fact that he thinks so highly of the abilities of young Kernochan mean that Kernochan is a genius. The young man is prejudiced against you and is drinking heavily. Let's forget him."

"UNCLE, you didn't want me to retain Carl. You said that he had no experience as a criminal lawyer. But I knew he loved me and I had a feeling that a man who loved me could not fail me. I have the same kind of a feeling now. I want Kernochan."

Buell smiled quizzically.

"But young Kernochan doesn't love you. Of course, my dear, he will do so at sight of you. But at the moment—and he *has* seen you every day for several weeks at the trial—the young man doesn't admire or like you. In fact, he has an obsession about you. You represent to him the triumph of guilt over justice. He almost hates you."

"That's my feeling, my hunch. A man that loved me defended me and came to believe that I was guilty. Now, a man that I want to prove I didn't kill John believes I'm guilty, hates me. I know, it doesn't make sense. But do you think Mr. Kernochan can be found again tonight? I'd like to talk to him before he drinks himself into the hospital."

Old Buell sighed.

"I know where to find him. Shall we go?"

(To be continued next week)

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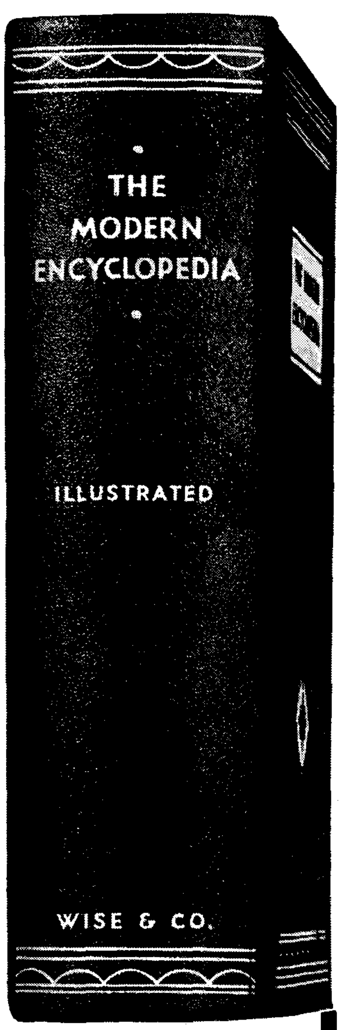

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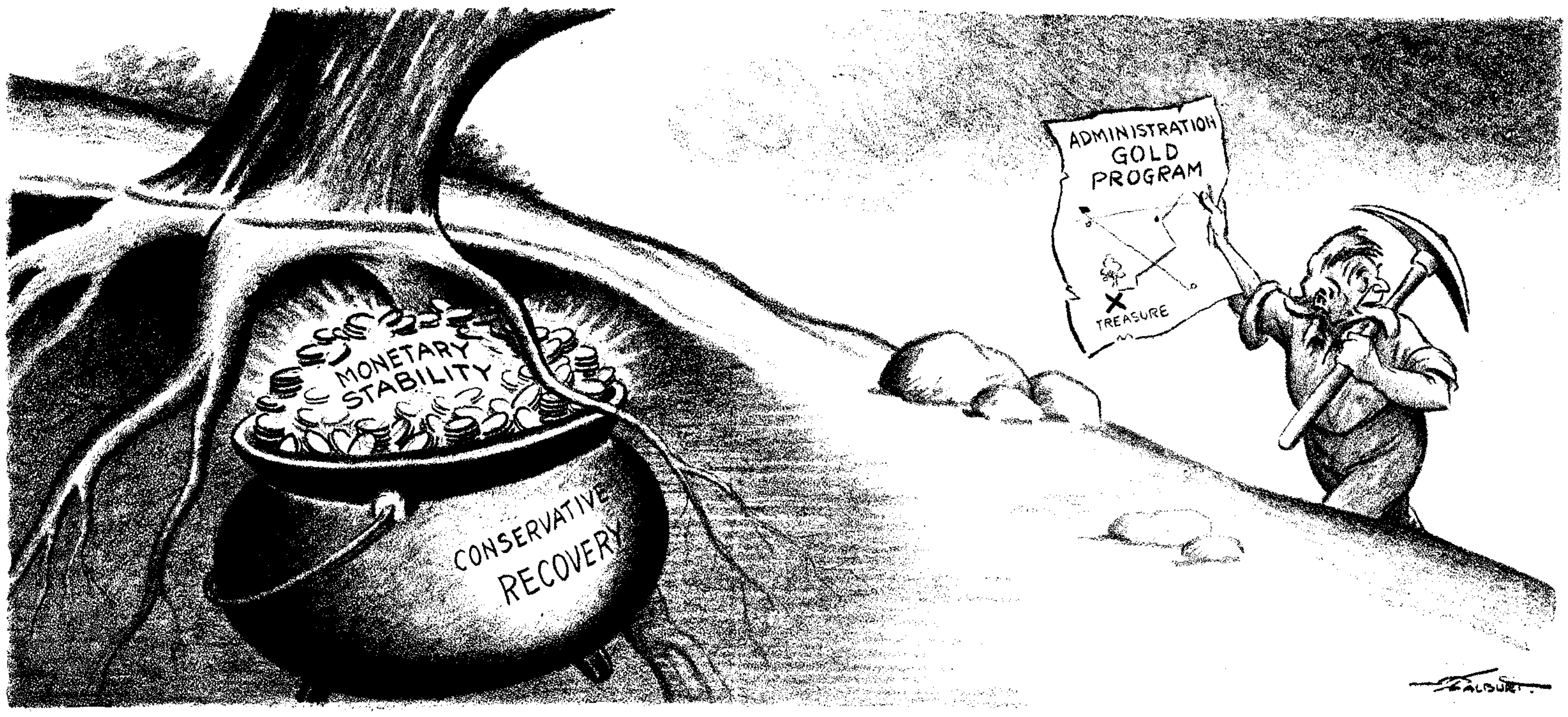

Pot of Gold

THE more the gold standard changes the more it is the same. After all the tumult and the shouting the pile of gold in our national treasury does precisely the same work as before. The number of grains of precious metal in the dollar is smaller now, but gold is still the measure of value and gold is still the commodity to be finally employed in the settling of the debt balances between the United States and other nations.

Years may elapse before it is possible to see clearly without passion or prejudice the full meaning of the historic monetary changes through which we are passing. It is, however, perfectly plain now that the innovations we have witnessed are part and parcel of a world-wide effort to modernize the gold standard. Radical as the Administration's program appeared to many, in certain essentials it was merely an American appreciation of the principles laid down by the experts who drew up a program for last summer's Economic Conference.

Like other things in our changing world, the use of gold as money has changed. Years have passed since many regularly used gold coins in the United States. Denver and San Francisco, in deference to old mining customs, used gold and silver coins long after paper money had been universally employed elsewhere. Paper supplanted metal because of its convenience.

Since the World War most countries, even those on the gold standard, stopped minting gold into money. Instead of manufacturing coins, gold has been accumulated in bars and stored in vaults.

The purpose was of course to prevent hoarding. Hidden gold is not much use to anyone, but gold in the national treasury is a public servant. So the economists recommended that gold be kept as bullion in the Treasury and that it be used chiefly by nations to settle debt balances which could not otherwise be paid. The economists also recommended that the reserve of gold kept to back up dollars and other moneys be reduced.

The purpose of these suggestions, which were largely incorporated in our law, was to make possible the use of gold by all nations. Since the World War most of the existing monetary gold has piled up in five countries. The United States has and has had the lion's share. It is desirable, therefore, to limit the use of gold so that there may be enough for all countries.

So far as the average man in an American street is concerned, no injury has so far resulted from lowering the gold content of the dollar.

The principal object specified by President Roosevelt was to raise prices. Nobody objects to that unless the price rise gets out of hand. Administration leaders spoke of the 1926 price level as being reasonable and desirable. Mr. Roosevelt expressed the hope that, once prices had risen satisfactorily, the price level might be kept stable during a generation. This is a highly conservative program.

We have heard much silly talk about reducing the debt burden by cutting the gold content of the dollar. Many have assumed that we are divided into two classes, borrowers and lenders. This isn't the case. The same men are borrowers and lenders. The life insurance companies are great lenders and the larger life insurance companies belong to the policy holders.

Nearly 33 million ordinary life policies were in force in 1932. That same year the insurance companies paid out to policy holders more than three billion dollars. Any politician who ignores the interests of anywhere near 33 million ordinary Americans who have invested their savings in insurance is in for a licking.

President Roosevelt made no such mistake. He said clearly that he hoped to arrive at a dollar which would be equal in value to the dollar borrowed. Since 1929 obviously the dollar has bought more wheat, cotton and other commodities than it did in 1926. No injustice is done by returning dollars of the same buying power as those borrowed.

The number of grains of gold in a dollar is not the only thing which influences prices. Many other factors are involved. Not least important is world trade. Secretary of State Hull has been in South America attempting to make treaty arrangements to increase our trade in that region. George Peek is busy in the State Department trying to find new markets for American farm products. Ogden Mills, Republican spokesman and potential presidential candidate, is advocating measures to restore our export markets. What happens to prices depends very considerably on world trade. Our gold program is just one factor.

All of the bankers and experts have long been agreed that the unsettled war debts stand in the way of international currency stabilization and normal world trade. Already the gold value of the debts owed us has been reduced not less than 40 per cent. Sometime the war debts must be finally settled. The task ought not to be impossible.

Under the gold law the Secretary of the Treasury, with the President's approval, may trade in foreign exchange for the purpose of keeping the dollar stable. A fund of two billions, representing the profit obtained by lowering the gold content of the dollar, is at his disposal.

All in all a tremendous experiment is being made but an experiment aimed at conservative recovery and monetary stability. The government is trying alone to accomplish what in other years was brought about by widely scattered individuals and business houses each acting in its own interest. The fact that the government is exercising this responsibility is the greatest of all the changes brought about by our new monetary laws.

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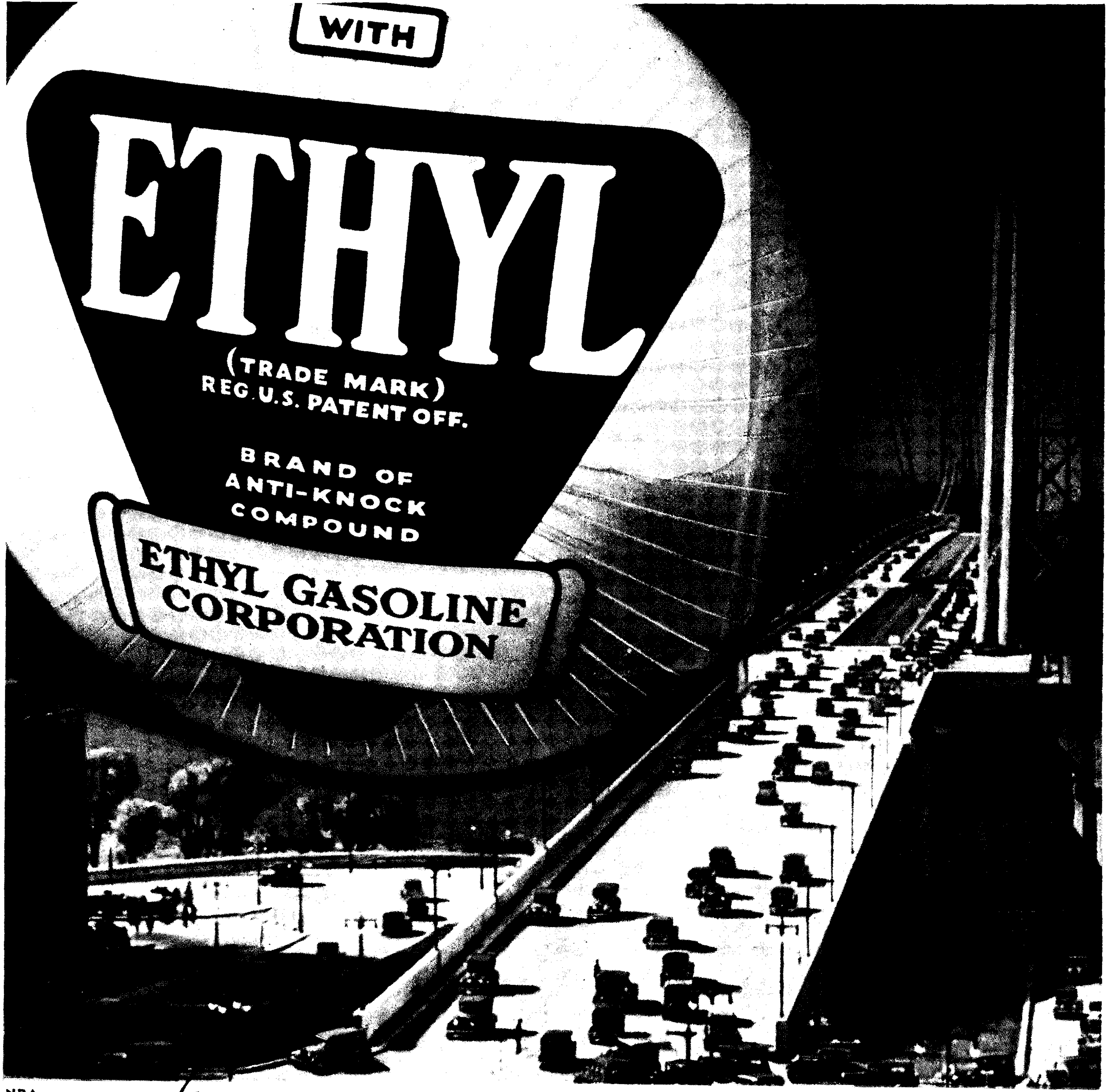
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